THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, ESQ.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

Of all the "familiar faces" that within the last twenty years have vanished from the social circles of the metropolis, none has been more missed, or will cause a greater blank in convivial society than one which Death has lately withdrawn from the great family groupe. Associated with Music and Song, Wit, Humour, and an extraordinary power of Improvisation, it was the face most eagerly looked for in all gay parties, and the lover of laughter felt certain that neither the dinner-table nor the drawing-room would be a dull one where he recognised the features of the late Theodore Hook.

His brilliant reputation, however, did not rest solely on his conversational sallies and impromptu performances, unusual as they were, and must have been, to astonish Sheridan, who is said to have been present at one of his most remarkable exploits—the singing of an extempore song, in which no less than threescore persons of the company obtained a point a-piece. It was to one of these extempore efforts undertaken in defence of the Prince Regent against an insinuation at a public dinner at Worcester, that he was indebted for the kind notice of George IV., and the friendship of the Duke of Cumberland, which ultimately led to his appointment to the treasurership of the Mauritius. As a Novelist he was also amongst the most popular authors of the day—and the Readers of this Magazine ought to kno that the very last employment of his pen was devoted to their entertainment. It was the closing act of a literary career, of which, as becomes us, we will now give a brief sketch.

If Genius and Talent be hereditary, Theodore Hook unquestionably derived a considerable portion of his endowments from his Parents, both of whom were persons of superior abilities and acquirements. His Father was James Hook, a composer of much celebrity in his day, and whose Ballads were especially popular with the frequenters of

Vauxhall. He married Miss Madden who, as Prima Donna at the then fashionable Gardens, gave to her husband's songs all the advantages they could derive from a sweet voice and an agreeable style of singing. She also enjoyed a respectable share of literary reputation as the Authoress of the "Double Marriage," which was published in 1784, and hence no doubt the bias so prominent in both her sons. James, the eldest, produced in 1795 an Opera called "Jack of Newbury," and two years afterwards another dramatic piece named "Diamond cut Diamond," besides being the reputed author of two novels of considerable celebrity "Pen Owen," and "Percy Mallory." But his profession was the Church, in which by his superior attainments he was raised to a Deanery: whilst his son, the Rev. Dr. Walter Hook, following in his father's footsteps, has been promoted to the office of one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, and rewarded with the Vicarage of Leeds.

Theodore, younger by twenty years than his brother James, could scarcely fail to profit by the advantage which such a home must have afforded to a boy of quick parts. After receiving a tolerable home education he was sent to Harrow, where he made a profitable use of his time, distinguishing himself no less in the eyes of his masters, than in those of the scholars—for he was the very model of a Harrow boy—daring, clever, and fertile in resources, whether for mischief or mirth. He was afterwards for a short period at Oxford, where he was matriculated and nearly rejected at the same time, from his over willingness to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles—"Oh, ah, to *forty* if you choose." A latitudinarianism that somewhat shocked the grave Master of St. Mary's Hall.

It was the misfortune of Theodore Hook to lose his mother in his sixteenth year, a period when the influence of such a parent would have been essentially beneficial. Possessed of an extraordinary fund of animal spirits, it is not surprising that his youth, thus uncontrolled, should have been marked by many irregular and extravagant escapades: but these were far from being his only distinction. The society of his father's friends, most of whom were in some way connected with the Theatre, probably fostered an inclination towards the Drama; for at the early age of seventeen he produced his first dramatic attempt, a Comic Operetta, called the "Soldier's Return," and which was represented at the Haymarket in 1805. For this piece as the first instalment of his literary gains, he received a banker's check of 50*l*. Soon afterwards he produced a Farce, called "Catch him who Can," and "Tekeli, or the Siege of Montgatz;" and having by the success of these pieces established his reputation as a dramatic writer, he continued for the next five years to draw the chief part of his income from the same source. His other productions during this period were, the "Invisible Girl," a sort of Monologue intended to display to advantage the powers of the unrivalled Jack Bannister—a Melodrama called "The Fortress"—"Music Mad"—"The Siege of St. Quintin"—"Killing no Murder"—"Safe and Sound"—"Ass-assination—and "The Will and the Widow." He afterwards added to this list, "Trial by Jury," and "Darkness Visible." A controversy with the Deputy Licenser, who opposed the performance of "Killing no Murder," afforded the town some amusement—but the Farce was ultimately produced, the cause of

quarrel, a Methodist Parson, being *converted* into the *Apollo Belvi* so well known to the admirers of Liston.

It was during the performance of these pieces that Hook naturally became a constant frequenter of the green-rooms of the different theatres; and those who had then the privilege of the *entrée* to the *coulisses* can never forget the fun which his presence produced. The entertainment behind the curtain was fully equal, if not superior, to that enjoyed by the audience before it. Never shall we forget the effect produced upon Dowton and the other actors on the stage during one of the serious scenes of a sentimental comedy of the day, by Hook's possessing himself of the livery coat of one of the under performers, and with a tragedy strut marching on to the stage to present a letter to Dowton, who, taken by surprise at the sight of the new performer, could not utter a word, while the rest of the actors were convulsed with laughter. We remember likewise one night during the performance of Monk Lewis's melodrama of "One O'clock, or the Wood Demon," that Hook having found that there was a second speaking-trumpet in the property-room, possessed himself of it, and placed himself in the flies. When the demon roared into speaking-trumpet No. 1, "*My prey—my prey,*" Hook, with speaking-trumpet No. 2, continued the speech and the same voice, "*For I am devilish hungry,*" to the great astonishment of the audience. This freak, however, drew down the serious anger of the manager, who threatened to expel the delinquent, but contented himself with locking up the second trumpet as a *particeps criminis.*

In the meantime the Dramatist mixed extensively in society, which he carefully studied, and thus obtained that knowledge of its various phases, and the insight into character which he has since displayed so effectively in his numerous publications. He also cultivated his musical talents with such assiduity and success, that he could sit down at the piano and extemporise any kind of vocal performance, from a sentimental Ballad to a burlesque Opera. With such accomplishments, a prepossessing exterior, unbounded confidence and inexhaustible spirits, it is not surprising that his company was almost universally courted. In fact, by the brilliancy of his wit, his convivial powers, and his agreeable manners, he quickly enjoyed a position in society that few literary men, by profession, have ever obtained.

His first attempt in Fiction was a Novel styled the "Man of Sorrow;" but the one that obtained for him the greatest celebrity was the First Series of "Sayings and Doings." The publication of this work immediately placed him in the front rank of our modern Novelists. It obtained an extensive popularity, and was followed by a Second and Third Series, with similar results. To these succeeded "Maxwell," "The Parson's Daughter," "Love and Pride," "Gilbert Gurney," "Gurney Married," "Jack Brag," "Precepts and Practice," "Births, Deaths, and Marriages"—the last Novel he lived to finish being "Fathers and Sons," which is nearly brought to a conclusion in our present number. He also edited "Pascal Bruno," "Cousin Geoffrey," "Peter Priggins," "The French Stage," and a work now on the eve of publication called "The Parish Clerk."

To Biographical Literature he contributed the "Life of Sir David

Baird," and the "Memoirs of Michael Kelly;" but in the projected "History of the House of Hanover," we believe he made no progress; he liked better to create than to seek for materials ready-made. Latterly, indeed, he was loth to engage in any undertaking which was likely to require much literary labour.

In the *John Bull* Newspaper, which he started in conjunction with several influential men of his own party, he became one of the most powerful advocates of the Conservative cause, and continued to conduct the Journal with unwearied spirit and energy till attacked by his fatal illness. His influence as a political writer concurred with his fame as a Novelist and his reputation as a Wit and Humourist to enlarge the circle of his acquaintance, and from his habits of intimacy with many celebrated contemporaries, his conversation teemed with interesting anecdotes and clever observation. At the tables of the great he was therefore a welcome guest, and the best dinner-parties and soirées of the season, lost more than half their attractions in the absence of Theodore Hook.

In the course of this pleasant and brilliant career, he received, as compliments and presents, a great variety of snuff-boxes—so many indeed of every kind and quality, as to fill a tolerably large drawer. One of these tokens arrived late at night, in a case, and accompanied by a letter, which he did not give himself the trouble to read, whilst the case was carelessly tossed in the drawer with the rest. The next morning, however, he felt curiosity just sufficient to induce him to inspect his new present, and was agreeably surprised, on opening the case, by discovering a magnificent gold box, richly set with large diamonds of the purest water! It had formerly been given by the Pacha of Egypt to Sir David Baird, whose widow, in turn, had presented it to her husband's Biographer.

Mr. Hook was a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, and a Member of the "Garrick" and the "Athenæum," from their first establishment. At both of these clubs he was a frequent visiter, his convivial powers making him excellent society for some, whilst his amusing conversation ensured him a hearty welcome from others. He was likewise an Eccentric, in the day when the society so called was in its zenith, and was made a member of that then celebrated society the same evening with Sheridan, Lord Petersham, and many others who were busy in the Westminster election, when Sheridan was opposed to Mr. Paul. But let him present himself where he would, the jest was always ready on his lips—and he was not only "witty himself, but the cause of wit in others." He had only to enter a circle which the moment before had been as dull as a funeral, and instantly the whole party were inspired with new life, and jest followed jest, till the subject was exhausted —when the punster would give the idea quite a different turn, and continued the skirmish in a new direction.

The limited space which a magazine allows, may be sufficient to give a catalogue of Hook's literary productions, and a description of some of the extraordinary qualities with which nature had endowed him; but it would require a volume to detail the use which he made of these qualities and the adventures which they produced. In his novel of "Gilbert Gurney" he has himself given sketches of some few of the scenes of

his early life, for almost every scene in that book is a true picture which had actually happened. These, however, are not half the extraordinary things which he did, or which were done at his suggestion, during those early times when every day produced a farce, of which Hook was the author. Some of his doings may be recorded, but where is the memory that can record his sayings? We will venture to assert that no ten wits of the present day ever said so many things worthy of remembrance as Hook. Had he been blessed with a Boswell friend, what a book might be made of the good things which fell from his lips to create bursts of admiration, or roars of laughter, and to be detailed by the hearers at other tables on succeeding days. All Hook's early days were not however passed in fun—some of them were devoted to sentiment. He had two serious attachments—and if either of them had ended as he wished them to end, Hook might have been a different man in some points, and still the delight of his numerous friends. One of them was the beautiful daughter of a retired actor, whose suppers in those days were celebrated for the wit which sparkled at the table—and the other was the daughter of a gallant deceased general whom he had met during a visit at Taunton. The former was afterwards married to a member of a noble house, and still lives the ornament of the circle in which she moves; and the latter became the wife of one of our celebrated legal characters, who has since been solicitor-general and a judge, and has now been dead some years. Taunton will long remember the period of this courtship, for his mad pranks and his facetious sallies kept the whole town alive during the time he was one of its denizens.

Theodore Hook was born in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square—our first acquaintance with him began there, when he was a youth, making the whole neighbourhood familiar with his practical jokes and jests of every colour and quality. He was born on September the 22nd, 1788, and died at his house at Fulham, on August the 24th, 1841. For some months before his decease, it was evident to his friends that his constitution was rapidly breaking up. He occasionally exhibited symptoms of impatience and irritation; yet in his worst moods there would often escape a flash of merriment, such as "set the table in a roar." But the case at last became too serious for a jest,—and the genius which had illumined so wide an horizon, set in darkness for ever! Peace be with him! The gibes, the gambols, the songs are hushed—but his works will keep his name in remembrance, and survive long after tongues shall have ceased to talk of Theodore Hook.

FATHERS AND SONS.

BY THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

CHAP. XX.

THE preparations for the approaching marriage were now proceeding with all that *fussiness* which usually belongs to them, whatever may be the condition of the parties concerned.

It was far from the wish of the gallant and very disagreeable colonel that the marriage of his daughter should be shorn of the least of the beams which shone around the most brilliant affair of the kind that had been celebrated in the respectable portion of society to which she belonged. Indeed this might be anticipated. Ambition, as we have convincingly shown, lay at the bottom of the obtuse intellect of the military Behemoth, when entertaining the idea of uniting his fair and interesting Jane to the eldest son of Sir George Grindle, and scarcely took upon itself a less excusable shape than the very similar inclination by which Sir Giles Overreach was influenced when endeavouring to dispose of *his* daughter. Whilst this lay at the bottom, a still less excusable desire found a place at the top, wherein the be-ringletted and spindle-shanked ex-heroine of Bullock's-smithy, ever since her successful experiment in the anonymous line, seemed the prominent object; of which exaltation she appeared daily becoming more secure. But of this more anon.

He now applied himself, with as much interest as he could take in such things, in superintending, after *his* fashion, the multifarious matters which may be classed under the head of preparations for a wedding on a grand scale. Perhaps at first he had not intended to have taken so active a share in these arrangements, nor, it is equally probable, would he have tolerated the expenditure it must occasion; but he had, since his fruitless errand to the Amershams, felt more kindly disposed towards his excellent and affectionate daughter than he had ever been before, and he readily deceived himself in imagining that the display he was endeavouring to create in honour of the eventful day that gave poor Jane to the amiable ex-lieutenant of dragoons, was for the purpose of gratifying her rather than himself. To these novel duties he was also greatly instigated by the specious Smylar, who besides discovering that, in the liberal orders the several tradesmen received, she might obtain very pretty pickings, saw that by encouraging the colonel in busying himself in making as much confusion as possible by his blundering interference, she should keep him from regretting the loss of Lady Gramm's society, and from feeling any inducement to resume the dangerous intimacy she had so cleverly, as she considered it, destroyed.

When Colonel Bruff was not at the Doldrum he was pretty sure to be inspecting and directing, wherever he could bring his heavy, undignified person to a halt. By the former he did no very great harm, though he did about as little good; but as he seldom had any clear conception of what he himself intended, it is not to be supposed that the tradesmen honoured with his commands could obtain a more definite one, consequently there is nothing surprising in the fact that his services in this quarter materially delayed the execution of his orders. The most respectful attention was paid to him by the lawyer, coachmaker, silversmith, upholsterer, and their coadjutors; but as it frequently happened

that the orders given on the second day were as opposite as possible to those given on the first, and that such as were added on the third day could not by any exercise of skill be made to harmonise with those of the two preceding, the lawyer, coachmaker, silversmith, upholsterer and their coadjutors were exceedingly puzzled what to do. They at last made the very pleasant discovery that all they had done they had done wrong, which never failed to put their highly respectable but very doltish customer in a monstrous ill-humour at *their* blundering and stupidity. According to an old established truism, the longest lane has a turning; but the gallant and disagreeable colonel contrived to lead every one he attempted to direct through a long lane composed of nothing else but turnings. The poor man was always turning either to the right or left, or else was forced to the unsatisfactory course of retracing his steps. However, he ultimately did contrive to finish his task; but never before had so roundabout a way of doing it been thought of.

Nevertheless, all this time Bruff was particularly well satisfied with his own proceedings in relation to what was going forward under his auspices. He lamented the delay that had occurred, because he could not help regarding with some uneasiness the connexion his hopeful son-in-law in perspective had formed—of the knowledge of which he had made so unwarrantable a use, in the communication he had made to his daughter at the Amershams'; therefore he was more anxious than ever for the accomplishment of his darling project. Of what might occur after the ceremony, he never gave himself a moment's concern. There was no room in his big heart for even the least particle of sympathy for the betrayed and deserted Ellen, whose only fault had been her devotion to the husband he was securing his unfortunate child; there was no consideration for the unhappy consequences which must arise out of such an ill-judged union, of a disposition such as Jane possessed with a nature so deficient in honourable principle and manly feeling, as that owned by the baronet's favourite son:—he had no cares, he had no thoughts, he had no feelings for anything that went beyond the legality of the marriage which, for reasons that seemed to him good, he had determined on. He had got a resolution fixed in his dull, foggy mind, that Jane Bruff should be Lady Grindle; and come what would, he was decided that Lady Grindle Jane Bruff should be.

His closetings with the manœuvring spider-brusher, who with so little credit to himself was gradually inclosing him in her toils, were becoming more numerous and confidential, and were increasing so in length as to excite the observation not only of the respectable Mr. Rumfit, but of all the servants in the house. Smylar had no friends in the establishment; the over-cunning and over-scheming rarely have anywhere; and although they all feared her, there was more than one amongst them who would gladly seize upon any opportunity that might present itself for opening the eyes of "old Buzfuz" as to her true character. With this object they watched her more narrowly than she imagined. Indeed her attention was so engrossed by one important scheme in which she entered heart and soul, under the delightful conviction that it was as feasible as it was attractive, that matters now of so little importance in her eyes as the thoughts and proceedings in the servant's hall, totally escaped her. Nothing could appear more triumphant to her than the effects produced on the vain, stupid, selfish feel-

ings of the offended frequenter of Lady Gramm's *soirées* by her fiendish machinations, and often did she congratulate herself on the remarkable tact and talent she had shown in breaking off the connexion. The hints the colonel had given her of his intentions, and the desire he had expressed that she should *manage* for him, were remembered and cherished by her as "confirmation strong" of the existence of that influence over her master's inclinations which she had so long and earnestly been studying to create.

It must not be imagined that in the eager struggle in which she was now bending all the arts, powers, and capabilities she had acquired during the course of her governess-actress-housekeeper existence, "our Jane," as her master's daughter was now familiarly styled by her, was forgotten. Far from it. That amiable but most unhappy young lady was still a prominent object in her cunning, scheming, calculating, low mind, and in her depraved heart the wish to ruin her had as firm a place as ever. But finding the artful manœuvres she was continually having recourse to—to prejudice the father against his child, failed of producing any effect, that with a dogged obstinacy and dense stupidity, as she considered it, he often very impatiently "that'll-do'd" all the suspicious warnings, doubts, fears, insinuations, and conjectures by which she sought to worry him into sending for her home, that her victim might be brought more securely within the influence of her artifices—she was politic enough to discontinue such useless efforts, and her object seemed to be as much as possible to humour the still somewhat too intractable despot to the top of his fooling, both as regarded the preparations for her young mistress's wedding, and in all those little gallantries the elderly Behemoth thought proper to exhibit during their private consultations after dinner, which afforded such a fund of entertainment to the respectable Mr. Rumfit, and such of his colleagues as could be induced to undertake the dangerous achievement of peeping through the keyhole.

"Things are going on bravely, colonel," said the ringletted and rouged Machiavel in petticoats, after she had insinuated herself into her usual station in his immediate neighbourhood, "*her* custom always of an afternoon" since she had been sent for by her master;—"and we may say with our immortal bard,

'Thus far into the bowels of the land—'"

"That'll-do—that'll do!" exclaimed that brave and exceedingly discriminating officer, his heavy eyes brightening up at her approach, as much as anything so particularly dull could. "Sit down, old woman. Draw your chair this way; nearer—that's it. All snug at the doors, eh?"

"Quite so, colonel," replied the star of Bullock's-smithy, affecting as much regard to propriety as would not entirely discourage her occasionally disagreeably affectionate admirer, whilst it proved to him that in her behaviour she was the very model of discreet housekeepers. She however was in an error with regard to the doors; they were not quite so secure as she fancied.

"I'm getting those blockheads at last to understand what I want of them," observed old Bruff as he filled a bumper of claret for his companion. "Had I them under my command a reasonable time, I'd drill them into something more like obedience to orders. Military dis-

cipline has many resources to quicken a dull comprehension. Here's your health, old woman."

This was said with one of his favourite applications to the patella of the amiable object of his gallantry, which were invariably attended on her part with a graceful drawing back, and a slight expression of reserve, exceedingly proper, and particularly creditable to the *once*, at least, indiscreet ex-governess.

"Thank you, colonel," replied the odious menial, giving her lip the necessary bite to make them assume the freshness she had before found so attractive. "Yes; you military gentlemen do manage with an extraordinary celerity to bend the most stubborn natures to your will. But where us poor women are concerned—" and here the pendant ringlets were agitated with a brief nodding of the head, that could only be compared, in the comprehensiveness of its expression, with the immortal shake of Lord Burleigh, whilst the look with which it was accompanied, as an Irishman would emphatically say, "bate Bannagher."

"That'll do—that'll do!" cried Sandy Bruff, in no slight degree gratified by this well-directed piece of flattery. "Yes, we don't stick at trifles—eh, old woman? We know how to carry on the war. Nothing daunts us—nothing stops us. The men are glad to get out of our way, and the women can't help themselves."

"Exactly so, colonel," answered Smylar, after one or two "Don't colonel's"—"You're really *too* bad"—and similar expressions, with which she received the affectionate pinchings and pokings, and tender pressures on the foot, which that gallant and distinguished officer appended to every sentence he uttered. But innocent familiarities which are frequently had recourse to by elderly gentlemen with a disposition to gallantry, were never likely to be severely checked by the accommodating and calculating Smylar, and at the present moment she was less inclined than usual to receive such attentions with even the affectation of decorousness she invariably maintained.

It could not be supposed that her seductive ringlets had been made so exceedingly redolent of "thine incomparable oil, Macassar," or that her exquisite complexion had been so carefully manufactured, or that she had put on the new, stylish, and youthful dress she had adopted to set off to the best advantage whatever attractiveness there might exist in her fading charms, without some more profitable object in view than was apparent in her ordinary half complying, half resenting mode of receiving her doltish admirer's little sportive evidences of good humour and good will.

This was so far from being the case, that, as all particularly emphatic people say, it was "exactly the reverse." She wriggled herself into the apartment with the express determination of exerting all her powers of fascination, and all the unscrupulous arts which are so readily employed by persons of her class, to make the grand move which was to put the intricate game she had so long been playing, completely into her own hands.

"You must let *me* propose a toast, now, colonel," observed Smylar, looking amazingly happy and sentimental as she raised her brimming glass towards her mouth, and then added with the peculiarly audible and impressive intonation once familiar to her when doing a bit of the pathetic on the classic boards of Bullock's-smithy,

"Here's to the health and happiness of our dear Jane, and may her career in this sublunary world be as brilliant as that of her distinguished and excellent parent."

"I say ditto to that, as some fellow said somewhere," exclaimed old Bruff, tossing off a bumper with extreme satisfaction, "Good soul, Smylar—sha'n't forget you. When all's settled, and Jane's fairly married and disposed of out of my way, you shall manage everything. You know all my little wants and wishes—you understand all my ways. Small house—everything snug and comfortable—we'll do as we like and care fornobody—eh, old woman?"

"Depend upon it, colonel," observed the vivacious gentlewoman, with a shade of seriousness; "if my own wishes, my own feelings are to set in the direction most congenial to them, you shall have my best attentions, with that entire and disinterested devotion I have ever exercised towards you, since I have had the honour of superintending your establishment."

"Eh, Smylar, what's that?" exclaimed the gallant officer with a puzzled look.

"Heaven knows," continued the Mrs. Colonel Bruff that was to be, —at least, as she had decided,—"that from the moment I entered this house, the welfare of yourself and that of your dear daughter have been the subject of my unceasing consideration, and that I have spared neither pains nor labour to secure her happiness and your comfort."

"That'll do," said the colonel, "know all that—won't neglect you. Another glass, old woman, and then you must go, for I expect Sir George and the bridegroom presently, to talk over matters of business."

Mrs. Smylar did not exactly like the ungallant mode in which her admirer was endeavouring to get rid of the speech she had so carefully studied; but she was not one to be easily disconcerted, and with one of her most melting looks she took the replenished glass and emptied it. When, however, Sandy Bruff made the customary demonstration by which he exhibited his inclination for the honours he considered due to his military rank, and she rendered them with so evident an attachment to the service, the distinguished and susceptible officer was quite as much surprised as gratified.

"Eh—what—crying, Smylar!" exclaimed he, as he observed his companion immediately afterwards cover her face with her hands, fling herself back in her chair, and commence a battery of convulsive sobs, such as on a susceptible elderly gentleman like the gallant and disagreeable colonel, are certain of doing immense execution. "Why, bless my soul—I—I didn't mean— What *can* be the matter?"

The colonel speedily worked himself into a state of desperate perplexity. Believing she was taken with one of those hysterical fits which seem so completely the peculiar right and property of the sex, he did not like to ring for assistance, as that would betray his housekeeper, whose after-dinner visits were, he thought, not known to the servants; and not being remarkable for his mental resources, he was completely bewildered as to what he ought to do to hasten her recovery before any one entered.

The expression of dismay and alarm spread over his features was most ludicrous, whilst he heavily rose from his chair, as a bright idea suddenly presented itself in the cloudy vista of his mind. He forthwith

proceeded to fill a tumbler out of a glass water-jug that stood in the centre of the table; but the quick-witted actress heard the gurgling of the liquid as it flowed from one vessel into another, and with a provident care for her artificial curls and equally artificial complexion, she allowed her hands to drop, her eyes to open, and her lips to sigh forth sundry half audible, yet wonderfully eloquent sounds, which plainly enough denoted her return to consciousness.

"I'm very foolish, colonel; I know I am," exclaimed the panting, palpitating fair one, just in time to avert the coming inundation; "but my feelings ran away with me, and indeed, indeed, I cannot help—"

"That'll do—that'll do!" exclaimed her master, as his too sensitive housekeeper was in the act of squeezing out a very small tear from either eye with a corner of her pocket-handkerchief. "Glad it's no worse—thought you were in a fit, or a faint, or some abominable thing of the sort. But you're better now—eh, old woman? Come—another glass of claret will do you no harm."

"A woman cannot help her feelings, colonel, and they too often make sad work when they do overpower her. I have hitherto managed to keep mine in proper subjection; but when I recalled to mind your gentlemanly kindness and considerateness, the many noble and generous qualities you possess, which it is impossible for any woman to see without admiring too warmly for her peace the individual they so eminently distinguish—and when I remembered the urgent and uncontrollable necessity there now is for me to remove myself out of their delightful influence—"

"Eh—what—how's this?" cried Sandy Bruff, again a little at fault. "Remove! Who says remove?—All fudge! You shall stay with me as long as you like, and let me catch anybody daring to find fault with you."

"Alas! it cannot be," exclaimed the pinched-in and pushed-out, lamp-oil and orange-peel heroine, as she diligently continued to nourish the very minute distillation going on at the corners of her eyes. "People *will* talk, and as I have found to my inexpressible shame and mortification, they will also write. Oh! it is very bitter to have to endure the malice and slander of the censorious. But my determination is made. I am unfortunately entirely dependant on the world's good opinion. I have but one course to adopt. Read *that*, colonel, and tell me, I implore you, if I am not right in deciding upon quitting your house, immediately after the marriage of your dear and excellent daughter."

Without saying a word further on the subject—for in truth, the gallant officer was a considerable deal too *posed* to say anything to the purpose—he took the letter, which the wily spider-brusher drew from a woman's ordinary receptacle for her most confidential communications, and proceeded to read it.

Smylar threw herself back in her chair, and again covered her face with her hands, but as she availed herself to the full extent of the accommodation offered by her open fingers, she of course saw the effect made by the perusal of the letter on her exceedingly indignant master—which, by the way, she watched with all the intense eagerness with which a good mouser regards its approaching victim. And she had excellent reason for such eagerness, for on the result of the perusal of this letter all her ambitious hopes depended.

The colonel read, his face the while exhibiting the appearance of an animated prism, which was rendered very much more picturesque by the extraordinary variety of expressions that passed over it, arising from the frownings, and twitchings, and contortions that seemed to have seized upon every feature.

"The work of some spiteful old hag—some incarnate devil at mischief," exclaimed the angry officer—we might add quite oracularly. "Just like the one that was written to that old fool, Lady Gramm. Shouldn't wonder if Miss Pheezle wrote them both, for she possesses just sufficient talent to invent such despicable trash. I would I could bring her to a drum-head court-martial—by Jove, I'd punish her pretty handsomely."

"'Tis too bad," exclaimed his sobbing companion; "I never injured her in thought, word, or deed. A loss of any other kind I could bear; but as your friend Shakspeare says,

"'He who filches from me my good name,
Takes from me that which not enricheth him,
And makes me poor indeed.'"

"That'll do—that'll do!" cried the gallant colonel, approaching her, as it could not be doubted, in one of his most affectionate moods. "Never mind, old woman—you may snap your fingers at Miss Pheezle and all her breed, seed, and generation. As for your leaving, I won't hear of such nonsense. You'll think better of it by-and-by, I can tell you. It shall be your own fault if everything isn't soon settled as satisfactorily as any woman can desire. Come, hold up your head, and don't be a fool."

"Oh, colonel, my heart is *too* full," exclaimed the delighted manœuvrer, with a look that would have brought down thunders from the gods of Bullock's-smithy; and then she gracefully hid her face on the ample breast of her distinguished admirer, whose arms very readily enfolded her drooping figure.

Shortly after this, these interesting turtle-doves were suddenly startled by a long and loud burst of laughter, in which it was evident more than one voice joined.

The happy pair, as we, I suppose, must call them, were too happy to hear Mr. George Grindle's cab drive up to the door, the noise of which, it is however right to say, they might have failed to distinguish had they been otherwise engaged, as at the same moment, a cumbrous Yorkshire wagon was passing the door, each of its six horses creating a little concert of bells, which made every other sound in its vicinity completely inaudible.

The street-door, too, happened to be what, by the world down-stairs, is called "a-jar," the respectable Mr. Rumfit being on the step, conversing confidentially with another distinguised member of the butler's club living next door, who had stationed himself on the top of the adjoining area steps; and Mr. Rumfit, for reasons best known to himself, allowed Sir George Grindle and his son to pass him on their way to the room in which they usually found his master, and before he had closed the door, and could overtake them to announce their names to the colonel, (which he had no intention of doing), they had succeeded in getting unobserved into the apartment, and beheld the pretty burlesque on the well-known statue of Cupid and Psyche, the colonel and Mrs. Smylar were then and there creating.

"*Giove omnipotente!*" exclaimed the amiable ex-lieutenant of dragoons, "this *is* coming it slap, old fellow!"

"Bravo, colonel! Neck and neck this, as they say at Newmarket," added his respectable parent, in very like the same tone and manner.

"Uncommon like it," continued the other. "But did you ever!—as the girl said. I say, governor, don't this look desperately like the sort of thing they show at the theatres sometimes—something in the *tableau vivant* line? Shouldn't wonder if papa Bruff had offered to play Romeo at one of the great houses, and was rehearsing, with the assistance of this particularly nice Juliet, the most moving scene. Deuced moving, wasn't it?"

"Never saw anything half so perfect in its way," said Sir George.

"That'll do—that'll do!" cried old Bruff, recovering a little from the confusion into which he had been thrown. "Vanish, Smylar! Retreat! Disperse!"

"Never say die, colonel," said the young *roué*, as he attempted to stop the progress of his intended father-in-law's wasp-waisted *verd antique*, as with her hands over her face, and her head drooping before her, she was making the best of her way out of the room. "Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, incomparable and too charming Smylar; don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness. I approve of the colonel's taste, and as for the governor, he's a trump. We'll be as dumb as fishes, depend on't. By Jove, I don't wonder at the colonel's partiality, and so forth—you are such an uncommon nice—"

"Now I beg—I implore—I entreat! This is so *very* distressing!" exclaimed the lady, in tones exceedingly like the most pitiable confusion, as she contrived to evade her persecutor's attempted hold, and make her escape. As she hurried out of the room, she caught a glance of the respectable Mr. Rumfit enjoying his cachinnations by himself in a corner of the hall, whilst certain sounds of a like nature proceeding from the lower flight of stairs, plainly told her that the butler was not the only one in the establishment the recent discovery had amused. Fully convinced it had been the effect of design—in which she exhibited her usual sagacity—she proceeded to her room, bent on the total ruin of "the whole set."

Sandy Bruff, as soon as Smylar effected her exit, got remarkably well *roasted* by the hopeful son and equally hopeful father, with whom he was about to be so closely connected. It was in vain that he "that'll-do'd" either one or the other: Sir George had not had his laugh out at the previous exhibition of the fair housekeeper's confidential intimacy with her gallant master, to which he had equally unexpectedly been made a witness, and his excellent son and heir appeared as if it was impossible he could make too much of so good a thing. But although the colonel bore it very pleasantly for some time, he at last began to show signs of impatience. Had not the baronet judiciously changed the subject, "the respectable old fogy," as Mr. George Grindle afterwards allowed to his excellent parent, "might have run rusty;" and as putting him into an ill-humour might have considerably affected his chance of obtaining the very handsome share of *the stumpy*, which was now almost within his grasp, he thought himself much "too wide awake" to suffer his good fortune to slip through his fin-

gers in this manner. Accordingly, immediately he received the hint from his cautious father, he discontinued all allusion to the affair, and he went into so many and various revelations of similar adventures of his own, that he managed to put both his companions on their metal, and story followed story from the worthy trio, each of which rivalled the other in the sort of credit they conferred upon the narrator.

After a good deal of time passed in *such* pleasure, business was thought of, and as they were by this time in the best humour with each other, there was the less chance of any difference arising amongst them. The arrangements were found perfectly satisfactory; old Bruff had behaved very liberally, and neither Sir George nor his son was likely to make the slightest objection to anything which promised to be so much to their advantage. The evening ended with a quiet game at whist, the member of Crockford's, at his own particular request, taking "dummy," and by dint of his extraordinary good luck in always holding honours, and when it came to his deal, winning every bet on the turn-up card, —possibly by being gifted with that peculiar foresight some players possess—he managed to pass the time very profitably.

Still, in justice to this very amiable and interesting personage, we are bound to state, that in his proceedings against his father that was, and father-in-law that was to be, he exhibited the most strict impartiality. He did not obtain his winnings from one, without exerting the same remarkable skill and facility which procured for him the money of the other. It is time, however, to leave our accomplished ex-lieutenant, to see what is going on all this while at the Amershams'.

While her promised husband was thus advantageously passing his time, Jane Bruff was living in a state of the most intense excitement and disquietude. Mr. Francis Grindle was behaving towards her in a way that secured him the highest opinion of her excellent friends. Mr. and Mrs. Amersham made comparisons which could not have been otherwise than exceedingly odious to the dandy of Class B: and in the esteem of both, his despised half-brother was daily making the most rapid advances. But although he fortified his heart with every proper and honourable feeling which could be drawn from a due consideration of the near relationship which would so soon exist between him and the amiable and beautiful girl with whom he was domesticated, he could not avoid seeing the sad effects created by the deep anxiety with which she looked upon her approaching union. He, too, well knew that she was doomed. He had had too complete an insight into the disposition and habits of the irresistible lady-killer, not to be aware of the dreadful nature of the fate of such a woman as Jane Bruff, when placed in the unenviable situation of his wife. He could no more help his admiration of her many excellences, than he could avoid giving the deepest and fullest sympathy for the misery which too evidently she was experiencing. Consequently, although his outward conduct towards her was as like that of a brother-in-law as even old Bruff could have desired, his most secret feelings were hourly getting more of a nature which were, he could not deny, quite incompatible with that relationship. He began to experience a distress of mind and heart of the most painful character. To have fled from the place would, he considered, be heartlessly abandoning the fair victim to her fate: and to stay and see out the sacrifice was, he thought, a task scarcely endurable.

The "two days" George Grindle passed in town, which were prolonged to nearly a week by certain remarkably ingenious excuses on his part, were passed by Jane Bruff in such suffering, as none but a nature like hers, on the verge of a precipice such as threatened to annihilate her happiness, can imagine. More than ever she longed for the counsel of the wily Smylar; but a sort of indistinct hope that the mystery existing in the singular communication of Miles Blackmore, would afford her the means of escaping the fate which grew more terrible every time she reflected upon it, in conjunction with an insurmountable dislike to beginning a clandestine correspondence with her father's housekeeper, induced her to keep her inclinations to herself. And well was it for her she did so!

Francis Grindle was apparently *only* attentive, considerate, and respectful; but when she listened to his conversation with her friends, which always exhibited such undeniable signs of a noble nature, and a mind stored with intelligence, how could she avoid increasing the great distaste she had acquired for the coarse, trifling, and vulgar small-talk of his odious half-brother? and how could she help noticing the sterling graces, both moral and personal, which in Francis made up the character of a perfect gentleman, and comparing them with the lacquer which was so disagreeably visible in the ex-lieutenant's particularly Brummagem manners. The more she disliked the one, the more she admired the other, and in proportion to her admiration increased her sense of misery at the prospect of losing all that was most conducive to her happiness, and of obtaining instead; a combination of evils from which nothing but constant and hopeless misery could arise.

She suffered deeply—she suffered in silence as she thought, for a girl of Jane's education possessed the highest sense of moral rectitude, which made her a most watchful guardian over her feelings. But her looks declared her wretchedness, and with an eloquence that language could not have rivalled. Both she and Francis did all that human nature could, to conceal from each other the mutual sympathy they felt. But this benefitted neither. To keep up appearances, they endeavoured to go on in the old friendly way; they sang and played together, and occasionally, though not so often, indulged in their customary walks and drives whenever they could do so with a third or fourth party: but there seemed now to be meanings in their favourite songs and duets they had never before noticed, which they found it impossible to pass without being strangely and deeply moved; and their rambles, though fruitful in thought and feeling to an extent previously unknown, passed without the slightest appearance of that outward communion of sentiment which once made them so delightful. Watchful as they both were, however, they both betrayed themselves.

On one occasion they were singing Jackson's lovely duet, "Love in thine eyes for ever plays," which they had often gone through together without finding anything in the words or music to create any remark; but they had scarcely reached the line,

"How different is my fate from thine,"

when they seemed mutually to discover that they had got on forbidden ground, and that they were making known the feelings they were most anxious to conceal. Each voice suddenly grew tremulous and uncertain, and the time all at once became much slower. The words which followed,

"No outward mark of love is mine:
My brow is clouded by despair,
And grief, love's bitter foe, is there,"

were sung, or rather murmured, in a state of the most painful embarrassment. Francis Grindle would have given all he was worth in the world to have found some excuse for turning over the leaves, and breaking off what he was singing; and if his fair companion had not been sitting to the piano, she must have fallen into a swoon. As it was, she first experienced a tightness at the throat that nearly took away all power of utterance—her heart beat with a most distressing rapidity, and every thing began to swim before her eyes. Though she mechanically continued the performance, she felt that in another moment she must lose all consciousness of the surrounding scene. Fortunately, the attention of her friend Emma was attracted by the unusual feebleness and tremulousness apparent in the voices of the singers. She saw at a glance the peculiar nature of the case. With a woman's ready tact, and with an equally feminine delicacy, she aroused them both to a sense of their position, and managed to make them sing the duet to the end. But that was the last of such performances. Indeed, they not only did not sing together again, but avoided as much as possible all similar employments.

The next day Mr. George made his appearance. If before he was too well satisfied of his own ability as a lady-killer to heed the presence of his younger brother, he now appeared to experience a much greater degree of security and self-satisfaction. He could not see the dislike, amounting almost to abhorrence, with which he was regarded by his intended wife. By this time, however, she stood not alone in this respect. The *roué* did not seem to think it worth while to take the pains he had done in his former visit to make himself agreeable, and Mr. and Mrs. Amersham, who had become warmly attached to Francis, found their former prepossessions changing fast into the most unqualified disapprobation. The situation of poor dear Jane was much and earnestly canvassed by them. They had both hoped that Miles Blackmore would ere this have procured such information relative to the lady at Versailles, as would have put an end to this disagreeable marriage; but several days had passed without their again hearing from him, and although they had the firmest reliance on his effective intervention, and were fully impressed with the notion that he had something very important to disclose, they could not help regarding the very short period now remaining before Jane's fate must be decided for good or evil, with intense anxiety. Emma counselled her friend wisely, as she had always done, and had it not been for such advice, poor Jane Bruff would inevitably have fallen into the meshes the two legged spider in her father's house had so elaborately constructed.

In due time the colonel's summons arrived. All the necessary preparations had been completed, and Jane must immediately return to town with her friends, her wedding being settled to take place in three days. And now comes what the Frenchman called the commencement of the end.

A TETE-A-TETE WITH THE EDITOR.

GENTLE READER,

As you are in some degree interested in the result of the following interview, it is here set down, by help of a strong memory, exactly as it occurred.

It must first be understood, that a certain letter, dated no matter when, and from a party in is unnecessary to name, had duly come to hand—and after perusal and endorsement, had been deposited in a magnificent richly inlaid Buhl Cabinet, of the Age of Louis—but no, no, no—a plain mahogany desk, well scratched and indented by time and travel.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed from the receipt of the missive, when my study-door was suddenly flung open, and without any ceremony whatever, in bounced a female Stranger, and seated herself in what, amongst lawyers, would be denominated the client's chair. She had an enormous blue bag along with her, which she deposited at her feet.

After settling herself in her seat, she took a survey of the apartment from the door to the window, from the floor to the ceiling, and then, with as abrupt a voice and manner as you can conceive, broke out as follows:

"If I were you I would have a bust of Shakspeare over the bookcase instead of that Milton. Yes—and a good warm Brussels carpet instead of this poor thin grey drugget—and an Arnott's stove."

Judge how I stared!—But she was mad of course: a consideration which struck me as "dead as a great reckoning in a little room."

"You know me, of course?"

"Really, madam—I have not that honour."

"Phoo, phoo—you have. Why you've seen me in all my favourite characters."

"Characters," methought—"she is not a bit like Miss Kelly. She is old enough for Mademoiselle Mars—but it cannot be her—she is too purely English."

"Here! look—" said the Lady, and dipping into her huge blue bag, she reappeared again, à la Mathews, with quite a new head on her shoulders. "There—do you know that?"

"Yes, certainly. But not as a theatrical portrait: it is the very face of Doctor * * * *"

"Right," said the Stranger, with a brisk nod. "And now this?" bringing a fresh head and face out of the blue bag.

"To be sure—it is Sergeant * * * *."

"Right again. And who am I now?"

The third head belonged to a past generation; but the likeness to the most authentic portrait was not to be mistaken. "The very picture of Doctor Johnson!"

"Yes—those are my three principal characters—medical—legal—and moral. But I play in a number of different parts besides, and especially one with which you must be familiar in private performances, and pieces of Domestic Interest."

And again her head went into the blue bag, and came forth totally transfigured.

"Why that's my Wife!"

"Exactly," said the she-Proteus, again bagging my Partner's head

and reappearing with her own countenance. "Now, look here—" and she made such a series of faces, long and short, dismal and cheerful, as Munden, Liston, and Grimaldi, could scarcely have clubbed amongst them.

"Well—now you know me?"

"No—really, Madam."

"Then you ought—for I've been a friend to you ever since you were born."

"You, Madam!"

"Yes—for I recommended your Nurse—and I was the cause of your being vaccinated instead of inoculated—and of your going to Alfred House instead of Eton; and of your visit to Scotland, and your residence in Germany; and that you wore flannel next your skin, and shoes with cork soles—and have left off fermented liquors. In short, it is through me that you are what you are. My name is Ad—"

"Vice," said I, recollecting her features in a moment. But if she had been called Gorgon, her presence could not more have embarrassed me. Such a variety of associations, pleasant and unpleasant, rushed upon me at the name, as made it impossible for me to adopt any certain course of behaviour.

My first impulse, to be candid, was to turn my visitor out of the room by the shoulders,—the next to embrace her like a dear and near relation. For oh! what desperate scrapes, messes, puckers, dilemmas, disasters, losses, crosses, bothers, bubbles, and troubles,—what law-suits and jaw-suits,—hang her!—had she brought upon me! But then,—bless her!—what comforts, and cures, and profit, and fleecy hosiery, and happiness, had she not wheedled me into! Never was there such a complicated account current, since the one which the Irishman declared had "a balance on both sides."

In the meantime Advice took another survey of my little study, as if looking for a peg on which to hang a recommendation; and then turning sharply round upon me, bolted out,

"So you're the Editor of the New Monthly?"

"Y-e-s—" said I, with a shudder, as if instead of words, she had favoured me, like some of the old stone Nereids with a spout of cold water.

Swift as lightning, her propensity to scribble and print had flashed across me—and the idea of Advice becoming a Contributor was positively awful. My face probably betrayed my feelings, for she immediately added—

"But don't think I'm going to write for you — my time is too much taken up with the New Administration—in fact, at this very moment I ought to be with the Premier. But having persuaded you, I may say, into your present post,—that's a very nasty cough you have got, let me advise you to take a little—"

"Nothing—nothing—pray go on."

"Well then, having procured you the command of this ship, I couldn't think of letting you put to sea without a little of my old pilotage."

"I am very much obliged indeed, my dear madam—but—but as the month of September has a joint docked off its tail,—and having entered on my new duties at rather a short notice, if you would have the kindness to condense your bark into quinine—"

"Humph," grunted the old Lady, a little offended. "But no matter. Before the month's out, or the next number, you'll be sending an

express after me. Well then, I suppose you intend the Magazine to be Tory?"

"Why, that party is *in*."

"No matter," said Advice. "Take my counsel, and belong to neither. They have plenty of organs already—Church organs and street organs included. No, no. Think of the ships on the sea, and the ships in the river. It's dangerous sailing to go along always leaning so much on one side, till at last a political storm comes, and then over you go and show, maybe, how foul and cankered you are at bottom. But perhaps," continued Advice, "you consider that authorship is at best a very precarious profession; and think that by lending your pen to the viper—vipertu—eh! I shall speak presently! —the vituperation of a party you may some day obtain a Pension for your services to Polite Literature?"

"The labourer, my dear Madam, is worthy of his hire."

"Ah, you little know the true nature of political gratitude. There was poor * * * *! He wouldn't listen to *me*, but plunged at once into the strife—lost his temper—his health, and almost his reason—in fact, grew so warped, mind and body, that he could only lie on one side; and after twenty years of hard service, was disappointed with the usual appointment."

"And pray what was that?"

"English Consul at Coventry. A post in which, as you may suppose, there is no honour to atone for the want of salary. So you see what a prospect lies before you. Besides, you have never made Politics, or Political Economy you study. I'll wager a copy of my 'Advice to Mothers' that you never looked into Mill, Macculloch, Malthus, or Machiavelli."

"No—nor Plato, Waddington, nor Adam Smith."

"Are you acquainted with the Political Justice?"

"No—I never even saw him to my knowledge."

"Him! why it's a book, and not a *hymn*-book either." And the old Lady chuckled at her own pun till she coughed, and then coughed till she choked. Happily, after a smart slap or two on the back, she recovered—(how could the world have wagged on without Advice!)—and was able to resume the conversation.

"So you have never read Godwin?"

"To tell the truth," said I, "it has seemed to me a better plan to study politics in the daily Journals, and the Debates in Parliament, than in the Essays of Modern Theorists, or the Speculations of Ancient Philosophers."

"Very good," said Advice. "I will catechise you then on your own ground. To begin with the great Question of Questions—what do you think of the Corn Laws?"

"That they do not, and never will or can, prevent the flight of wheatears into this country."

"Fiddle-faddle! Pray be serious. Have you any notion of the nature of a Sliding Scale?"

"Certainly. I saw one abroad: a soaped Maypole with a great loaf stuck at the top."

"Nonsense. I ask you your opinion of the principle of *Free* Trade?"

"Why, that it cannot be applied to the Trade in *Slaves*."

"Have you studied the Eastern Question?"

"Yes—on the weathercock, ever since my ague."

"And how would you act with regard to the Timber Duties?"

"I would consult practical men—for example, the Greenwich Pensioners who have wooden legs."

"And as to the Brazilian Sugar?"

"I thought it was dissolved with the last Parliament."

"Humph! And pray have you speculated at all on the late Change in the Cabinet?"

"Yes—with my hairdresser."

"Well?"

"Why, we decided that if the Wigs were going out, the Naturals must be coming in."

"Upon my word," exclaimed Advice, "you are in a very enviable state of political ignorance and neutrality! I almost think that you could write on the 'Culture of the Orange' without a fling at Sir Robert Peel,—or on 'Deerstalking' without a shot at Mr. Roebuck! Well, so much the better. Gentle Readers should have Gentle Writers. But, between ourselves, Party Politics are becoming like the acid in German Cookery which you taste in fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetable: and what is worse, our penmen do not always acidulate with the Best White Wine Vinegar, but sometimes with the stale 'small-beer as sour as varges.'"

"And besides its unpalatableness," said I, "the wholesale abuse of public men must be obviously uncharitable and unjust. For supposing we add to those who mean well, the immense number of those who mean nothing at all, your really ill-meaning men must form a very minute minority."

"At least let us hope so," said Advice. "Well, keep to that tone, and you will do—especially if you will agree to a little arrangement which I have to propose."

"What is that?"

"Why, that you will consult *me* on every article, before it goes to the compositor. I shall not mind the trouble: I'm used to it. You can send me the papers by a printer's—— but no, have a Page; every body has a Page, and less appropriately than a Magazine. I think I can recommend a boy to you—and if you like him, you shall have my ideas about the livery. And in the meantime,"—here Advice looked as before, all round my study,—"if I were you, I would hang some other picture over the fireplace, instead of that Portrait of Mr. Lamb. I'll think of a good substitute. By the bye, whose spectacles do you wear?—I would advise you to try Solomon's.—And how are you off for a lamp? You must take care of your eyes. The course I usually recommend is—but, bless me! I shall be too late for the Privy Council!" And jumping up, and clutching her blue-bag, Advice made an exit, as unceremonious as her entrance. By running to the window, I saw her step into a chariot very like that of Doctor * * * * but with *two* footmen behind it, for Advice likes to be well followed, and away it rattled at a pace which nothing but a patient going equally fast can excuse.

She has never called on me since; but as much of her counsel appeared, on reflection, to be sound and wholesome, it is my intention, Gentle Reader, to follow it as far as I please, and as well as I can.

THOMAS HOOD.

A TALE OF A TRUMPET.

Part III.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

'Tis strange what very strong advising,
By word of mouth or advertising,
By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,
With fifty other different plans,—
The very high pressure in fact of pressing,
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing!
Whether the Soothing American Syrup,
A Safety Hat, or a Safety Stirrup,
Infallible Pills for the human frame,
Or Rowland's O-don't-O! (an ominous name!)
A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits
That it beats all others into *fits*;
A Mechi's Razor for beards unshorn,
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn!

"Try it again, Ma'am, only try!"
Was still the voluble Pedlar's cry;
"It's a great privation, there's no dispute,
To live like the dumb unsociable brute,
And hear no more of the pro and con,
And how Society's going on,
Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,
And all for want of this *Sine Quâ Non*;
Whereas with a horn that never offends,
You may join the genteelest party that is,
And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,
And be certain to hear of your absent friends—
Not that elegant ladies, in fact,
In genteel society ever detract,
Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,
At least as a mere malicious act,
But only talk scandal for fear some fool
Should think they were bred at *Charity*-School:
Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,
Which even the most Don Juanish rake
Would rather object to undertake
At the same high pitch as an altercation.

"It's not for me, of course, to judge
How much a Deaf Lady ought to begrudge,
But half-a-guinea seems no great matter—
Letting alone more rational patter—
Only to hear a parrot chatter:
Not to mention that feather'd wit,
The Starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit;
The Pies and Jays, that utter words,
And other Dicky Gossips of birds,
That talk with as much good sense and decorum
As many *Beaks* who belong to the Quorum.

"Try it—buy it—say ten and six—
The lowest price a miser could fix!

I don't pretend with horns of mine,
Like some in the advertising line,
To "*magnify sounds*" on such marvellous scales
That the Sounds of a Cod seem as big as a Whale's;
But popular rumours, right or wrong,
Charity Sermons, short or long,
Lecture, Speech, Concerto, or Song,
All noises and voices, feeble or strong,
From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,
This tube will deliver distinct and clear;
Or supposing by chance
You wish to dance,
Why, it's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear!

"Try it—buy it!
Buy it—try it!
The last New Patent and nothing comes nigh it
For guiding sounds to the proper tunnel!
Only try till the end of June,
And if you and the Trumpet are out of tune,
I'll turn it—gratis—into a Funnel!"

In short, the Pedlar so beset her—
Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,
With flatteries plump and indirect,
And plied his tongue with such effect,
A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,—
The deaf Old Woman bought the Trumpet.

* * * * *

The Pedlar was gone. With the Horn's assistance,
She heard his steps die away in the distance;
And then she heard the tick of the clock,
The purring of Puss, and the snoring of Shock;
And she purposely dropp'd a pin that was little,
And heard it fall as plain as a skittle!

'Twas a wonderful Horn, to be but just!
Nor meant to gather dust, must, and rust;
So in half a jiffy, or less than that,
In her scarlet cloak, and her steeple-hat,
Like Old Dame Trot, but without her Cat,
The Gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough—
As if she meant to canvass the Borough,
Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity,
And sure, had the Horn been one of those
The wild Rhinoceros wears on his nose
It couldn't have ripp'd up more depravity!

Depravity! Mercy shield her ears!
'Twas plain enough that her village peers,
In the ways of vice were no raw beginners:
For whenever she rais'd the tube to her drum,
Such sounds were transmitted as only come
From the very Brass Band of human Sinners!
Ribald jest, and blasphemous curse,
(Bunyan never vented worse),
With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech
Which the Seven Dialecticians teach—
Filthy Conjunctions, and dissolute Nouns,
And Particles pick'd from the Kennels of towns,

With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,
Chiefly Active in rows and mobs,
Picking Possessive Pronouns' fobs;
And Interjections as bad as a blight,
Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight—
Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,
And smacking of vulgar lips where gin,
Garlic, tobacco, and offals go in—
A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,
To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,
So fit for the brute with the human shape,
Savage Baboon, or libidinous Ape,
From their ugly mouths it will certainly come,
Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb!

Alas! for the voice of Virtue and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of Youth!
The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang,
Shock'd the Dame with a volley of slang,
Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang;
While the charity chap,
With his muffin-cap,
His crimson coat, and his badge so garish,
Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,
Curs'd his eyes, limbs, body and soul,
As if they didn't belong to the Parish!

'Twas awful to hear, as she went along,
The wicked words of the popular song;
Or supposing she listened—as Gossips will—
At a door ajar, or a window agape,
To catch the sounds they allowed to escape,
Those sounds belonged to Depravity still!
The dark allusion,—or bolder brag
Of the dexterous "dodge" and the lots of "swag,"
The plunder'd house, or the stolen nag—
The blazing rick, or the darker crime
That quench'd the spark before its time—
The wanton speech of the wife immoral—
The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel,
With savage menaces which threaten'd the life,
Till the heart seem'd merely a strop for "*the Knife*;"
The human liver no better than that
Which is sliced, and thrown to an old woman's cat;
And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,
To be punch'd into holes, like a shocking bad hat,
That is only fit to be punch'd into wadding!

In short, wherever she turn'd the Horn
To the highly-bred or the lowly-born,—
The working-man who looked over the hedge—
Or the Mother nursing her infant pledge—
The sober Quaker averse to quarrels—
Or the Governess pacing the village thro',
With her twelve Young Ladies, two and two,
Looking, as such young ladies do,
Truss'd by Decorum and stuff'd with Morals—
Whether she listen'd to Hob or Bob,
Nob or Snob, the Squire on his Cob,
Or Trudge and his Ass at a tinkering job,—

To the Saint who expounded at Little Zion—
Or the Sinner who kept the Golden Lion—
The man teetotally wean'd from liquor—
The Beadle, the Clerk, or the Reverend Vicar—
Nay, the very Pie in its cage of wicker,—
She gather'd such meanings double or single,
That, like the bell
With "muffins to sell,"
Her ear was kept in a constant tingle!

But this was nought to the tales of shame,
The constant runnings of evil fame,
Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,
That her ancient Cronies, with nod and wink,
Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink:
While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,
With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,
And not a little of feline spleen
Lapp'd up in "Catty Packages" too,
To give a zest to the sipping and supping;
For still, by some invisible tether,
Scandal and Tea are link'd together
As surely as Scarification and Cupping—
Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea,
Or sloe, or whatever it happen'd to be,—
For some grocerly thieves
Turn over new leaves
Without much amending their lives or their tea—
No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd,
Were such vile and horrible anecdotes heard,
As blacken'd their neighbours of either gender,
Especially that which is call'd the Tender,
But instead of the softness we fancy therewith,
As harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith.
Women!—the wretches had soil'd and marr'd
Whatever to womanly nature belongs,
For the marriage-tie they had no regard—
Nay, sped their mates to the Sexton's yard,
(Like Madame Laffarge with poisonous pinches,
Cutting off her L— by inches);
And as for drinking, they drank so hard,
That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and tongs!

The men?—they fought and gambled at fairs;
And poached—and didn't respect grey hairs—
Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses;
And broke in houses as well as horses;
Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton;
And would their own Mothers and Wives for a button:—
But not to repeat the deeds they did,
Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,
If all were true that fell from tongue
There wasn't a villager, old or young,
But deserved to be whipt, imprison'd, or hung,
Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries
To publish at Colburn's, or Longman's, or Murray's.

Meanwhile the Trumpet, *con amore*,
Transmitted each vile diabolical story,

And gave the least whisper of slips and falls
As that Gallery does in the Dome of St. Pauls,
Which, as all the world knows by practise or print,
Is famous for making the most of a hint.
Not a murmur of shame,
Or buzz of blame,
Not a flying report that flew at a name,
Not a plausible gloss, or significant note,
Not a straw in the scandalous circles afloat,
From the beam in the eye to diminutive mote,
But vortex-like that tube of tin
Suck'd the censorious particle in:
And, truth to tell, for as willing an organ
As ever listened to serpent hiss,
Nor took the viperous sound amiss,
On the snaky head of an ancient Gorgon.

The Dame, it is true, would mutter "Shocking!"
And give her head a sorrowful rocking;
And make a clucking with palate and tongue,
Like the call of Partlet to gather her young,—
A sound when human that always proclaims
At least a thousand pities and shames;
But still the darker the tale of sin,—
Like certain folks when calamities burst,
Who find a comfort in "hearing the worst"—
The further she pok'd the Trumpet in.

Nay, worse, whatever she heard she spread
East, and West, and North, and South,
Like the ball which, according to Captain Z,
Went in at his ear and came out at his mouth.

What wonder, between the Horn and the Dame,
Such mischief was made wherever they came,
That the parish of Tringham was all in a flame?
For although it requires such loud discharges,
Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,
To turn the smallest of table-beer,
A little whisper breathed into the ear
Will sour a temper "as sour as varges."
In fact, such very ill blood there grew
From this private circulation of stories,
That the nearest neighbours the village through
Look'd at each other as yellow and blue
As any electioneering crew
Wearing the colours of Whigs and Tories.

Ah! well the Poet said, in sooth,
That "whispering tongues can poison Truth;"
Yea—like a dose of Oxalic Acid
Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,
And rack dear Love with internal fuel,
Like arsenic pastry, or what is as cruel,
Sugar of lead to sweeten gruel—
At least such torments began to wring 'em
From the very morn
When that mischievous Horn
Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs,
And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs;
While feuds arose, and family quarrels,
That discomposed the mechanics of morals,
For screws were loose between brother and brother,
While sisters fastened their nails on each other:
Such wrangle and jangle, and miff and tiff,
And spar and jar, and breezes as stiff
As ever upset a friendship, or skiff!
The plighted lovers who used to walk,
Refused to meet, and declined to talk;
And wish'd for *two* moons to reflect the sun
That they mightn't look together on one:
While wedded affection ran so low,
That the oldest John Anderson snub'd his Jo,
And instead of the toddle adown the hill,
Hand in hand,
As the song has plann'd,
Scratch'd her penniless out of his will.

In short, to describe what came to pass
In a true, tho' somewhat theatrical way,
Instead of "Love in a Village"—alas!
The piece they perform'd, was "The Devil to Pay."

However, as secrets are brought to light;
And mischief comes home like chickens at night;
And rivers are track'd throughout their course;
And forgeries trac'd to their proper source—
And the sow that ought,
By the ear is caught—
And the sin to the sinful door is brought;
And the cat at last escapes from the bag;
And the saddle is placed on the proper nag;
And the fog blows off, and the key is found;
And the faulty scent is pick'd out by the hound;
And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground;
And the matter gets wind to waft it about;
And a hint goes abroad and the murder is out;
And the riddle is guess'd—and the puzzle is known—
So the truth was sniff'd, and the Trumpet was *blown*.

* * * * *
* * * * *

'Tis a day in November—a day of fog—
But the Tringham people are all agog,
Fathers, Mothers, and Mothers' Sons,
With sticks, and staves, and swords, and guns,
As if in pursuit of a rabid dog—
But their voices, raised to the highest pitch,
Declare that the game is—a Witch! a Witch!

Over the Green, and along by the George,
Past the Stocks, and the Church, and the Forge,
And round the Pound, and skirting the Pond,
Till they come to the whitewash'd cottage beyond,
And there at the door they muster and cluster,
And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster,
Enough to put Old Nick in a fluster,
A noise, indeed, so loud and long,
And mix'd with expressions so very strong,

That supposing according to popular fame
"Wise Woman" and Witch to be the same,
No Hag, with a broom, would unwisely stop,
But up and away through the chimney-top;
Whereas the moment they burst the door,
Planted fast on her sanded floor,
With her Trumpet up to her organ of hearing,
Lo and behold! Dame Eleanor Spearing!

Oh then arises the fearful shout!
Bawl'd and scream'd and bandied about,
"Seize her! Drag the Old Jezebel out!"
While the Beadle, the foremost of all the band,
Snatches the Horn from her trembling hand,
And after a pause of doubt and fear,
Puts it up to his sharpest ear.

"Now silence—silence—one and all!"
For the Clerk is quoting from Holy Paul;
But before he rehearses
A couple of verses,
The Beadle lets the Trumpet fall,
For instead of the words so pious and humble,
He hears a supernatural grumble!

Enough, enough, and more than enough!—
Twenty impatient hands, and rough,
By arm, and leg, and neck, and scruff,
Apron, kerchief, gown of stuff,
Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff,
Are clutching the Witch wherever they can,
With the spite of Woman and fury of Man.
And then—but first they kill her cat,
And murder her dog on the very mat,
And crush the Infernal Trumpet flat—
And then they hurry her through the door,
She never, never will enter more.

Away! away! down the dusty lane
They pull her, and haul her, with might and main—
And happy the hawbuck, Tom or Harry,
Dandie or Sandy, Jerry or Larry,
Who happens to "get a leg to carry!"
And happy the foot that can give her a kick;
And happy the hand that can find a brick;
And happy the fingers that hold a stick,
Knife to cut, or pin to prick;
And happy the Boy who can lend her a lick;
Nay, happy the Urchin, Charity-bred,
Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head!

Alas! to think how people's creeds
Are contradicted by people's deeds!
But though the wishes that Witches utter
Can play the most diabolical rigs;
Send styes in the eye—and measle the pigs—
Grease horses' heels—and spoil the butter—
Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk,—
And turn new milk to water and chalk,—

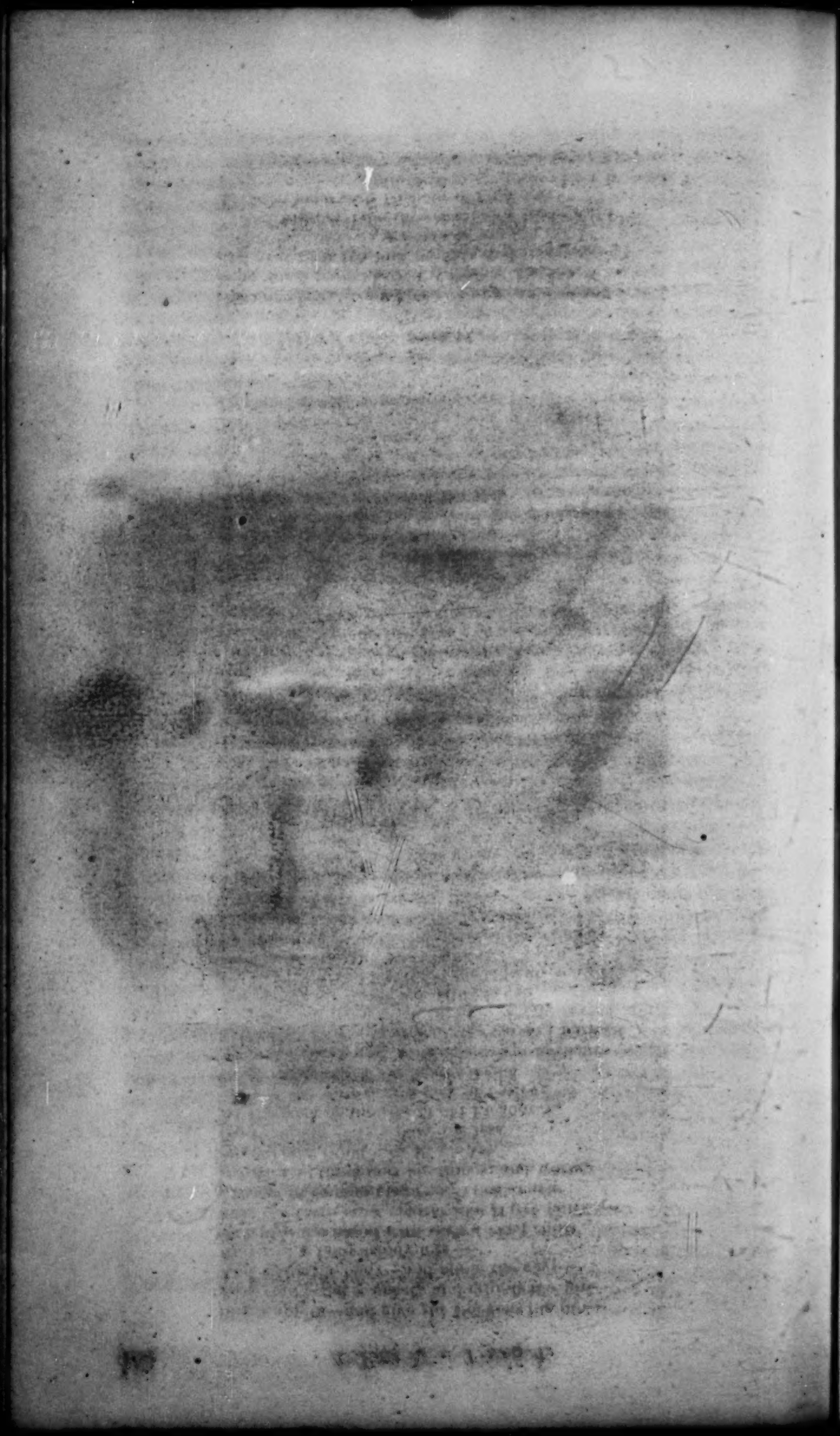
Blight apples—and give the chickens the pip—
And cramp the stomach, and cripple the hip—
And waste the body—and addle the eggs—
And give a Baby bandy legs—
Or freeze the blood with such wicked chills
That the teeth must chatter like Harry Gill's :—
Though in common belief a Witch's curse
Involves all these horrible things, and worse,
As ignorant Bumpkins all profess,
No Bumpkin gives a poke the less
At the back or the ribs of old Eleanor S.,
As if she were only a sack of barley;
Or gives her credit for greater might
Than the Powers of Darkness confer at night
On that other old woman, the parish Charley!

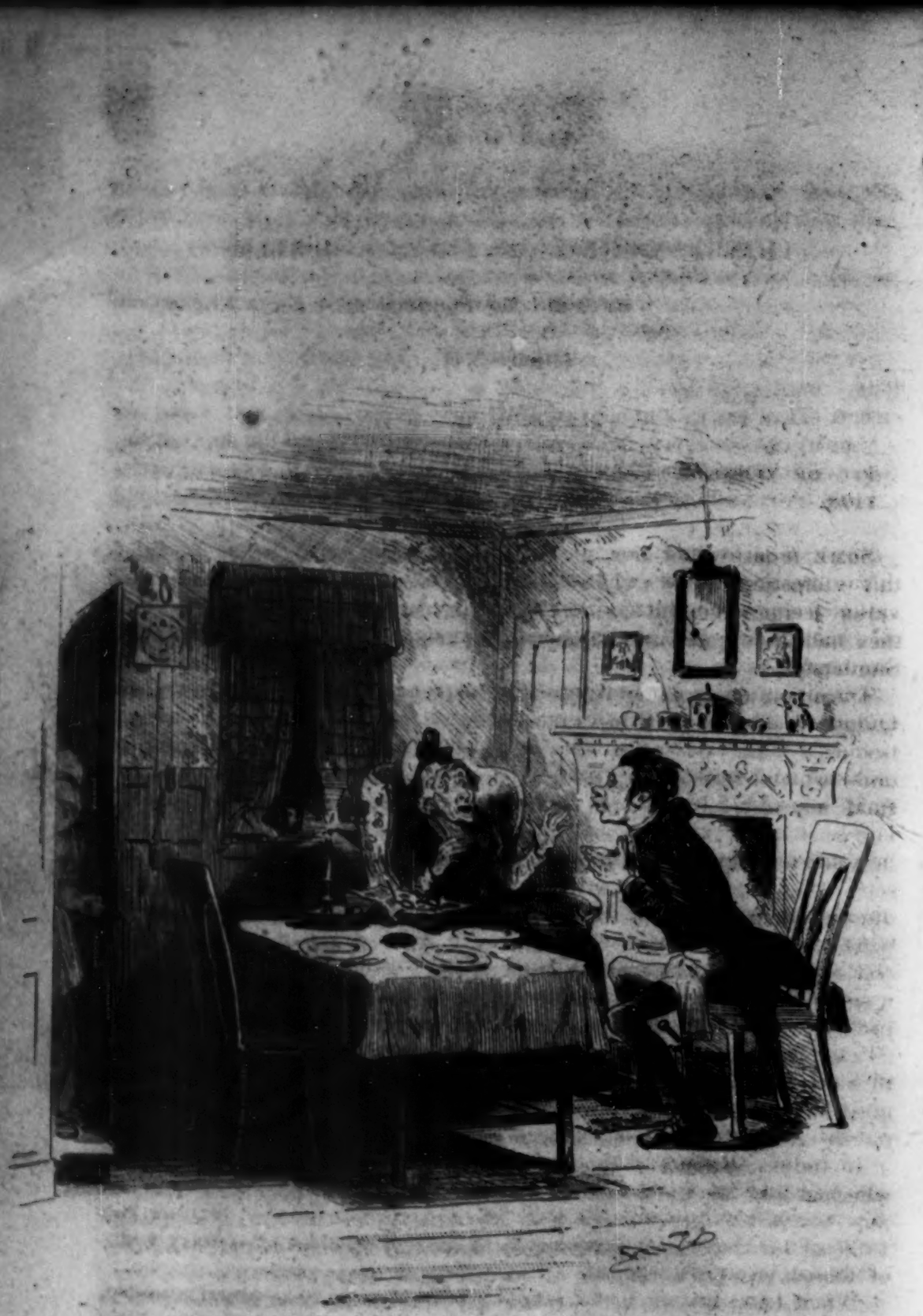
Aye, now's the time for a witch to call
On her Imps and Sucklings one and all—
Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,
(As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)
Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,
Greedy Grizel, Jamara the Black,
Vinegar Tom, and the rest of the pack—
Aye, now's the nick for her friend Old Harry
To come "with his tail" like the bold Glengarry,
And drive her foes from their savage job
As a mad Black Bullock would scatter a mob :—
But no such matter is down in the bond;
And spite of her cries that never cease,
But scare the ducks, and astonish the geese,
The Dame is dragg'd to the fatal pond!

And now they come to the water's brim,
And in they bundle her, sink or swim,—
Though it's twenty to one that the wretch must drown,
With twenty sticks to hold her down;
Including the help to the selfsame end,
Which a travelling Pedlar stops to lend.—
A Pedlar!—Yes!—the same! the same!
Who sold the Horn to the drowning Dame;
And now is foremost amid the stir,
With a token only reveal'd to her;
A token that makes her shudder and shriek,
And point with her finger—and strive to speak,—
But before she can utter the name of the Devil,
Her head is under the water's level!

MORAL.

There are folks about Town—to name no names—
Who much resemble that deafest of Dames;
And over their tea, and muffins, and crumpets,
Circulate many a scandalous word,
And whisper tales they could only have heard
Through some such Diabolical Trumpets.





Dandelys Declaration of Love to dear Mrs Sandboys

London. Henry Colburn, Publisher, Great Marlborough Street. 1841.

PHINEAS QUIDDY; OR, SHEER INDUSTRY.

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

Chap. VII.

SHEER INDUSTRY PROSPERS—OMINOUS VISIT—A CLEAR CASE OF "PUMPING"—A MYSTERY SOLVED—A DIGRESSION FOR THE BENEFIT OF YOUNGER SONS—A *VERY* CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION.

Some months had now passed away, during which the members of this interesting family (whatever might have been their real and individual feelings) conducted themselves towards each other precisely as they had done previously to Quiddy's unsuccessful declaration to Mrs. Sanderson.

Disappointed in his matrimonial scheme of increasing his possessions, Quiddy applied himself with redoubled activity to business; more particularly to that portion of it—by far the larger and more profitable one—which consisted in assisting his needy friends and neighbours with small loans of money. Of this Mrs. Sanderson was ignorant, as her late husband had been; and it being Quiddy's own original invention, he thought himself justified in keeping the profits of it entirely to himself. Those profits were now not inconsiderable; for as the means of our capitalist increased, he extended the sphere of his financial operations, and enlarged their amount. He would lend, at fair legal interest, fifty—nay, such was his benevolence! even a hundred pounds to a small tradesman in distress, requiring nothing more than a deposit of property worth thrice as much, for his security, and (what he called) a *dowser* for the use of his money. This dowser, or *douceur*, was made to vary with circumstances, from twenty to thirty *per cent;* and it must be said, in Quiddy's commendation, that he seldom bargained for more—unless he thought he could get it.

Including his share of the stock of rappee and pigtail, young Quiddy, who had had the good fortune to begin the world with nothing, might now be set down as worth a round thousand pounds—full double the value of all the earthly possessions of his predecessor after forty years of foolish equitable trading.

When Law, Physic, and Divinity are all at once busy about a house, it is pretty clear that something uncomfortable is going on therein. So was it at Widow Sanderson's. The old lady, who for several weeks had been confined to her room, and the last three of them to her bed, received visits, on the same evening, from her doctor, her attorney, and the parson of the parish. Yet was there no immediate danger; for Dr. Mc Squills had assured her that she *might* linger on for months—taking care, however, like a cautious prognosticator, to hedge his opinion with the trifling qualification—*or*, that she *might* go out like the snuff of a candle. Under these circumstances the patient thought it prudent to be prepared at all points for the worst; so she sent for her lawyer, Mr. Grubb, to set her mind at ease touching her worldly

affairs; and, having dismissed him, devoted the remainderof the evening to matters of still graver importance with the Reverend Job Fag, curate of the parish.

As the lawyer was descending the stairs to give place to the divine, he was invited by Quiddy into the little back-parlour.

"Walk in, Mr. Grubb, will you?" said Quiddy.

The lawyer made no reply, but entered.

"You and me haven't had a chat for a *very* long time," said Quiddy.

"No," said Grubb, drily.

"Come—sit down, Mr. Grubb," said Quiddy, taking a seat, and pointing to a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace; "sit down; sitting is quite as cheap as standing."

This observation was accompanied with a small chuckle, indicating the consciousness of the speaker that he had uttered a witticism. Yet was it not utterly destitute of meaning; for had the difference of position put Mr. Quiddy to one-tenth part of a farthing's expense, he would have allowed his visitor to remain standing for a fortnight—unless indeed (upon his favourite principle "never to give nothing for nothing") something might be gained, or some point carried, by means of it.

For a few moments the parties sat in silence, each bent forward with his hands on his knees, and vacantly gazing at the fire. At length, thus Quiddy:—

"I say, Mr. Grubb—you've been a long while closeted with the old 'oman."

"Yes," replied Grubb, without the slightest change of countenance or posture.

"All about her temporary affairs, eh?" continued Quiddy.

"Temporal," said the lawyer, in a tone of correction, but still gazing at the fire.

"Well—yes—that's what I mean: her temporal affairs, eh?"

"Yes," replied Grubb.

"Ah!—making her will, eh?" said the inquirer.

"No," was the reply.

"What!" exclaimed Quiddy, "not make her will! Why, you don't mean to let her make such a fool of herself as to take and die testament."

"*Intestate*," said Grubb, somewhat peevishly.

"Aye—yes—you know what I mean. But she *a'n't* a-going to die without making a will; *is* she, Mr. Grubb?" This was uttered in an imploring and anxious tone.

"No," replied Grubb.

"Then it's high time she should make it: suppose she should go off in the night?" exclaimed the considerate Quiddy. "You know I a'n't no relation, and nobody has been more kinder to her than me. Don't go, don't, Mr. Grubb," eagerly cried Quiddy to his visiter, who was about to rise: "stay till Mr. Fag is gone, and then go up to the poor creetur again. What *can* he be so long about? One would think he never means to come down. Why can't he as well come to-morrow? It's very unfeeling of him to be a-bothering the poor soul, when a little sleep might do her good; and if she should go off sudden,

poor dear, I'm sure it will break my heart, Now do go up to her as soon as he's gone, and get her to make a will to-night,—don't let her rest till she has done it—now, do go—won't you, Mr. Grubb?"

"No," replied Grubb.

Again there was a short silence, which was broken by a sudden exclamation from Quiddy.

"I say—Mr. Grubb—why—perhaps she has made a will already, eh?"

"Yes."

Quiddy, greatly relieved by this information, emitted a long breath, and then inquiringly said—

"Yet you have never been alone with her, here, since the old man died?"

"No," said Grubb.

"Then she must have gone to your house about it, eh? And yet," continued the questioner—not waiting for the monosyllabic reply of the attorney—"and yet she has been out of this house only once since the —"

A light suddenly burst upon his mind; and clapping his hands together, he said—

"Then *that* was it: the day she went out in a hackney-coach, and *I* couldn't make out the why or the wherefore of it. Well, I'm glad she has made a will, for nobody could have slaved more than me for her, or have made her more comfortable.—Mr. Grubb?"

"Well?" said Grubb, still maintaining the same dry, inexpressive tone.

"You know I'm no relation," continued the other; "and, as I said before, I've been uncommon kind and attentive to her.—Ahem!—In *course* she set me down for *summut*, eh?"

Mr. Grubb hesitated for a moment, as in doubt whether or not, by a reply, he should be betraying the confidence reposed in him as a professional man. But he compromised the question with his conscience by a slight affirmative nod.

"And—and she hasn't made no alteration in the will since?" asked Quiddy, with some hesitation.

"None," replied Grubb.

A gleam of satisfaction shot across Quiddy's countenance, which was unperceived by the lawyer, for the reason that he was still looking at the fire. The former drew a long sigh, and said—

"Well—the poor old 'oman's sufferings have been very great, and the sooner she's relieved from 'em, *now*, the better. I'm sure it would be a mercy to the poor creetur if she was taken off this blessed night; and if she's left to herself, bless her! she'll go off as quiet as a lamb."

There was, now, a silence of some minutes' duration. Both parties seemed to be immersed in thought. What might be occupying the mind of Mr. Grubb, or if anything at all, is nothing to our purpose: he might have been in that delightful state of dreamy abstraction which fire-gazing so frequently begets; watching the rise and fall of mountains, towers, and castles, and the formation and disappearance of all manner of animals which the earth owns, has shown, or never

will produce. But the other was evidently debating with himself a matter of deep importance. It was a question of *expense*, and whether (as a friend of our's, a gallicised Englishman, would say), "the *jeu* would *vaut* the *chandelle*;" when, having carried it in the affirmative, though by a very small majority of his own inclinations, he startled the attorney from his reverie by a heavy slap on the knee, saying—

"Come, I say, Mr. Grubb, it's a cold night; what say you to a drop of summut warm and comfortable?" And this he uttered with the sudden and desperate energy with which one plunges into a cold bath on a frosty morning lest his resolution should fail by delay.

The unexpectedness, as well as the acceptable character of the invitation, warmed the monosyllabic attorney into the delivery of what, from him, seemed an oration; and he replied—returning his inviter the familiar slap on the knee—

"I say 'Yes,' with all my heart, Mr. Quiddy."

We must here explain a point in the character of Mr. Grubb. From the style of his conversation (if such it may be termed) up to this moment, it will be assumed that he was a man exceedingly cautious in his talk; and so, indeed, he was, or rather strove to be. For aware of his own infirmity—a dangerous one for a person of his profession—a love of hearing the rattle of his own tongue, which infirmity had sometimes betrayed him into saying more concerning the affairs of his clients than might be to their advantage, he never, at the outset of a conversation, allowed himself the use of two words if he could contrive that one should serve his purpose. But the offending organ, like a rusty post-horse, would warm into speed as it proceeded on its journey, and leave prudent resolutions behind. Add to which—and he was by no means singular in this—Grubb would sometimes divulge a secret merely to show his own importance as the depositary of it.

"Then what shall it be, Mr. Grubb?" inquired the host; "though I've nothing but gin to give you"—forgetting a small quantity of brandy and hollands (both more costly materials) on the same shelf with it.

The choice proposed being by no means perplexing, Grubb, without hesitation, replied—"Gin."

Quiddy took from a cupboard the spirit chosen by the attorney, together with a couple of glasses, and placed them upon the table. He next transferred the kettle of water from the hob to the fire, observing, as he resumed his seat—

"I don't take sugar myself, but that's no rule for *you*, Mr. Grubb:" adding in a tone which clearly indicated towards which side of the question he hoped the taste of his guest might incline—"so if *you* like any, why—"

"Yes," replied Grubb, "and if *you* please, Mr. Quiddy, I should like a slight squeeze of lemon at the same time."

This "liking" was an *extra* which Quiddy had not contemplated, and was the less agreeable to him forasmuch as it occasioned a positive and visible disbursement.

"I have not got such a thing in the house," said Quiddy; "but—Come, I'll send my shopboy out on purpose to buy one for you—eh, Mr. Grubb?"

Mr. Q. having waited long enough for Mr. G. to say "No" fifteen times over, and Mr. G. not accommodating him with the desired refusal, but only twiddling the fire with the tip of the poker; Mr. Q. reluctantly drew some halfpence from his pocket, and despatched his shopboy for what he considered the superfluous luxury.

We must here apologize for Mr. Quiddy's calling his shopboy—a *shopboy*. This was no singular vulgarism on the part of our hero, for in those days it was a common practice to designate such a functionary by neither more nor less than that very term. In these more refined times, he would probably be called the "young gentleman of the emporium," or described by some other circumlocutory phrase, equally elegant, and as little likely to wound his feelings: as in the puff-advertisement of an Oxford-street haberdasher, which is now lying before us, we are told that "there are nearly forty *ladies* and *gentlemen* on the establishment, dressed uniformly in black; an arrangement which gives an air of great respectability to the concern." In Quiddy's early time—that is to say, in the days of good King George the Third, these purveyors of tape and bobbin would simply have been styled, *shopmen* and *shopwomen*, nor have felt themselves in the slightest degree offended by the appellation. To say nothing about the "ladies," it must be consoling to the younger sons of the English nobility and gentry to learn that (the *other* liberal professions being over-stocked), there is now a refuge for "gentlemen" behind the haberdashers' counter.—*O Temp*— But the exclamation is worn thread-bare, so we'll "none on't."

To proceed. The requisite materials being collected, each party "brewed" for himself; the attorney—if any meaning might be extracted from Quiddy's compressed lips, as he anxiously watched the operations of his guest—the attorney making his own glass unmercifully stiff.

Whilst they were sipping their first glass, Quiddy put many side-questions to Grubb touching the widow's will, all of which meant, "How much has she left me?" It was a clear case of *pumping:* and the attorney knew enough of his entertainer to be aware that his hospitality was intended as a bribe for the betrayal of the secret. But Grubb resolved, like a high-principled attorney as he was, not to compromise his character for secrecy and discretion—for *one* glass of gin-punch. Yet at the same time, he thought it would be hardly fair to trespass further on Quiddy's liberality—to accept a fee, as it were—and perform no service in return: besides, sooner or later, probably within a few hours, Quiddy would obtain the desired information as a matter of course, and without incurring the slightest obligation to him for it. He therefore resolved to make a merit of *partly* disclosing the nature of the testament.

"Mr. Quiddy," he began—his tongue thawed by the comfortable liquid which he had imbibed—"Mr. Quiddy, it is clear to me, although you don't come at once, and distinctly, to the point, that you wish me to instruct, or inform, or acquaint you in what mode, or form, or manner Mrs. Sanderson has disposed of her worldly effects. Now really Mr. Q., you *ought* to be aware that I, her professional, her *confidential* friend, cannot, with any degree of—— I say I *cannot*, as you must be aware—"

As he uttered these words he slowly slid his empty glass away from him to a distant part of the table, as if intending to dispense with its further services; when Quiddy, affecting a tone of jovial hospitality, said—

"Come, Mr. Grubb—come—yes—now, do—a little drop more—just a little, eh?"

To this invitation Grubb only replied by slowly drawing his glass back again, and filling it to the brim with a mixture "more potent than the first;" and whilst so employed, he resumed his exordium—but with a scarcely perceptible, though important, variation of two or three little words:—

"As I was about to say, Mr. Q., that although you *must* be aware that as Mrs. Sanderson's confidential friend I *ought not* to comply with your wish, yet out of friendship and regard for you, I will trust you with the—"

At this moment Janet, who, after some days of close attendance upon Mrs. Sanderson, had taken advantage of the visits of Mr. Fag, and the attorney, to go out and get what she called "a mouthful of fresh air," returned and entered the room; for which interruption the amiable Quiddy in his heart wished the poor girl where the air is supposed to be not of the most refreshing. Janet, with a faint smile, nodded to Quiddy and dropped a courtesy to Grubb, who acknowledged the salutation with a "How d'ye do, Miss Janet?"

"*Miss*, indeed!" muttered Quiddy; and he continued aloud, and in a surly tone—"You must go down into the kitchen just now, d'ye hear? me and Mr. Grubb is engaged, and Mr. Fag is still upstairs with the old 'oman."

But just then Mr. Fag descended and took his leave of the occupants of the parlour: whereupon Janet, with another smile to the tobacconist and courtesy to the lawyer, betook herself to the bed-room of the invalid.

"But, I say, Mr. Grubb," said Quiddy (who had been startled, though scarcely knowing why, by the title bestowed upon Janet), "I say; that girl is only our servant-girl: why did you call the girl *Miss?*"

"Mr. Quiddy," said the attorney, motioning to the former to draw his chair closer to him—"Mr. Quiddy, —— —— ——."

Now as the cautious attorney put his lips close to the ear of his confidant and spoke in low whispers, we are unable, with one exception, to repeat a syllable of his communications, and are therefore left to draw our own inferences concerning them from Quiddy's exclamations, which were delivered in somewhat a louder tone.

"—— —— —— richer than one would have thought," said Grubb.

"Poor dear old soul! she'll be an angel in heaven!" said Quiddy, putting his pocket-handkerchief to his eyes, as if shedding tears.

"—— —— ——," whispered Grubb.

"Who'd ha' thought it!" exclaimed Quiddy, dropping his handkerchief upon his knees.

"—— —— ——," continued Grubb.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Quiddy, moistening his lips, which had suddenly become parched.

"——— ——— ———," was the next communication of Grubb.

"The artful young hussy!" cried Quiddy, clenching his hands and biting his lips.

"In conclusion, ——— ——— ———," whispered Grubb.

"The cursed old hag! Old Nick will have the roasting of her!" exclaimed Quiddy, striking the table with his clenched fist, and with such force as to make the very glasses leap with astonishment.

"And now you know all about it, Mr. Quiddy," said the attorney, swallowing the remainder of his second glass of gin-punch, and removing the kettle from the fender on to the fire.

Quiddy took, or seemed to take, no notice of this intelligible transfer; but, rising, replaced the gin and sugar, together with the remains of the lemon, in the little corner cupboard.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Grubb, looking at his watch; "near eleven o' clock! Well, now, really I must go."

"As you please; the best friends must part," said Quiddy, with a forced attempt at jocularity.

So, without another word, he took up the candle, led Mr. Grubb to the door, and wished him good night.

The guest having departed, the amiable host betook himself to bed. For some hours he lay, or rather tossed about, revolving in his mind the information he had received from the attorney, alternately muttering, at each change of position, "Cursed old hag!"—"Artful young hussy!" A plan of proceeding at length occurred to him, of the success of which he entertained not a doubt.

"What a fool am I," thought he, "not to have thought of that before! Why it's all one and the same thing; yet here have I been fretting myself till I'm almost—yaw!—yaw!" And after three or four preparatory yawns, he slept.

Chap. VIII.

ANOTHER CASE OF PUMPING—INGENUOUSNESS *VERSUS* CUNNING—OUR 'CUTE FRIEND TAKES BUT LITTLE BY HIS MOTION.

"Well, Janet," said Quiddy, in a tone of unusual kindness, as, on the following morning, the former took her seat at the breakfast-table —"Well, Janet, and how is the old 'oman by *this* time."

"She is fast asleep, or I should not have quitted her bedside; but I fear it will soon be over with her," replied Janet, in a melancholy tone.

"If you'd got as much feeling, Janet, as I have," said Quiddy, "you'd say the sooner the better for the poor creetur, for she has been a great sufferer."

"But whilst there's life there's hope, Mr. Quiddy"—(somehow, Quiddy did not like the *Mister*)—"and should the poor soul recover, as I pray she may—"

"She's past praying for," said Quiddy; "and, at her age, to go

a-lingering on in pain—it cuts *me* to the heart to think on it. Ah! I'm sure it's anything but a blessing to have such tender feelings." And as he put his handkerchief to his eyes he sighed deeply.

"Well, Providence knows best," said Janet; "yet, after all, perhaps, it would be a mercy if—"

"Mercy? *in* course it would," said Quiddy, eagerly taking up the word; "the greatest of mercies. I dare say Doctor Mc Squills will bring in a pretty long bill as it is; and to pay him any more would be only like throwing good money after bad, as we say in trade."

The latter part of this observation Janet did not attend to, for fancying she heard a stir in Mrs. Sanderson's room she ran up stairs. Finding, however, that the old woman still slept, she returned to her breakfast.

For some minutes both parties were silent. During this brief interval Quiddy was considering how he might draw from Janet a point of information which he considered to be material to the plan of proceeding alluded to at the conclusion of the preceding chapter. Ingenuousness was a quality of the very existence of which he was ignorant; and, himself possessing not one particle of it, it is not to be wondered at that he thought it impossible to elicit the truth by a straightforward question. As we have before observed, he was proud to think himself cunning—'cute: he saw no "cleverness" in a direct proceeding: any fool wishing to know the time of day could ask, simply, What's o'clock? but *he* would hardly rely on the information unless obtained by some tortuous mode of inquiry. Truth might, for him, for ever sleep at the bottom of her well unless he could contrive a crooked rope wherewith to draw her out.

Now, upon the present occasion, he wished to know whether Janet was acquainted with the nature of Mrs. Sanderson's will, and had he said "Janet, are you acquainted with the nature of Mrs. Sanderson's will?" Janet would infallibly have replied "Yes" or "No," as the truth might have been. But, in that case, both question and answer being direct and simple, he would have doubted the girl's veracity. The 'cute young tobacconist therefore thus proceeded:—

"I say, Janet, you're a—you're the—that's to say, you're a great favourite of Mr. Grubb's, arn't you?"

"Not that I know of," replied Janet.

"Yes—no—what I mean is, he's a great favourite of your's?" continued Quiddy.

"I've not seen enough of him for that," replied Janet.

"To be sure—exactly so—but you have *talked* to him sometimes, when he has come here, eh?"

"I have *talked* to him, certainly."

"*In* course," continued Quiddy, "for without *talking* how could you have asked him how the old 'oman has left her trifle of property, eh, Janet?"

This infallible inquiry, as Quiddy considered it, he accompanied with a knowing look, and a thrust of his forefinger at Janet's elbow.

Janet's cheek was instantly suffused with——No: that won't do: "cheek suffused" is proper only to delicate young ladies of fashion—to heroines of the fragile-form order: touching a tobacconist's little

maid-of-all-work we must simply say that at this question Janet coloured up to the very eyes; and with an expression of indignation, she cried—

"And has Mr. Grubb dared to say that I have been so base as to pry into my kind mistress's affairs?"

"Why—hem—no," said Quiddy, startled by this little burst of anger—"no; he didn't *say* so; besides, you had no need to ask him, *after* he had told you all about the matter himself."

"Did Mr. Grubb say *that?*" inquired Janet, emphatically.

"No, I can't say he did," stammered the other, taken aback by the girl's unevadable questions; "for how—that is—for what would have been the use of his telling you when you had already asked—I mean—that's to say, when you had already heard it all from the old 'oman herself?"

"Whoever told you that, has told you what is false," said Janet. "Do you think Mrs. Sanderson would tell her private affairs to a poor servant-maid like me? or that I should be so ungrateful to her as to try and worm myself into them? Who was it that told you otherwise, Mr. Quiddy?"

Quiddy, when, with the soul and spirit of an Old-Bailey attorney, he commenced his sneaking cross-examination of Janet, fixed his cunning little grey eyes upon her, the better to detect any evasion on her part; but, quailing beneath her honest gaze, he diverted them towards the fire. To the last question he made no reply; and, after a pause, Janet repeated it in precisely the same words, but with stronger emphasis.

"Why," replied he, crossing one leg over the other, and raking the cinders from beneath the lower bars of the grate with the point of his shoe—"why, I—I can't *positively* say *any*body *told* me, but—but—a—"

"But you yourself suspect me capable of such conduct, and have therefore put all these questions in order to try me."

These words she uttered in a tone which was akin to the countenance of the ghost of Hamlet's father, it being "more in sorrow than in anger."

"Lor'! no," said he; "how *can* you think such a thing, Janet?"

"Then why all those questions?"

Perplexed to find a satisfactory reason, he at length stammered out—

"Why, one must talk about something, you know."

Still was his dirty mind not altogether satisfied; still did he entertain some doubts of the truth of what he had drawn from Janet by his wonderfully 'cute, clever method of framing his questions. He therefore did at last that which he had much better have done at first, and, turning towards her, said—

"Janet, do you know anything about the contents of the old 'oman's will?"

"No," replied Janet, looking him full in the face—as was indeed her invariable custom, whether when speaking to any one, or when spoken to.

"Then don't you know nothing, in no way, not in the least, how she has left her property?"

"No," again replied she.

Just then Mrs. Sanderson rang her bell, and Janet left the room to attend to the summons—for a minute wondering what Quiddy could mean by those very odd questions, and, presently (absorbed in attentions to her mistress) forgetting all about them.

There is something in simple Truth which will not be resisted: it will compel its way into minds the most unwilling to receive it; and an unadorned "Yes" or "No," coming in honesty and sincerity from the heart, is a match, nay a master, for the most dextrous and refined sophistry that human ingenuity can invent. Thus, in the present instance, the simple "No" of Janet satisfied even the nasty suspicious mind of Quiddy himself, that she knew no more about the matter which the attorney had confided to him on the previous evening, than that know-nothing gentleman so frequently appealed to—the Man in the Moon.

"That'll do; all's right; mine's the plan!" thought Quiddy, rubbing his hands in token of satisfaction, and proceeding to his place behind his counter. "All's right, and I'll bring her to settle matters as soon as I can get her alone this evening, for fear—"

Here his thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a customer; so that what it was he feared, that brought him to the resolution of precipitating matters, as also what those matters exactly were, must, for a short time, remain a subject for guessing to such as may think it worth their trouble.

Chap. IX.

MORE "CLEVERNESS"—AN ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTE—A TOUCHING INCIDENT—OUR HERO'S DISINTERESTED CONCERN FOR A "MAIDEN ALL FORLORN"—A MAGNIFICENT PROPOSAL——REJECTED!

It was now about six o'clock on the evening of the same day on which the conversation, we have just related, occurred; consequently not four-and-twenty hours, be it remembered, since Mr. Grubb made certain disclosures to Quiddy touching Mrs. Sanderson's will.

Janet Gray was kneeling at one side of the dead woman's bed, sobbing audibly; Phineas Quiddy, groaning, or rather grunting, was kneeling at the other.

"Come, come, Janet girl," said Doctor Mc Squills, kindly, "wailing will never bring back the dead. Come, rise, my guid lassie, and when you have done what is proper for the present, get you to bed. After so many watchful nights you have need of rest, I'll be bound for it."

He gently raised her from the ground. She bent herself over the body of Mrs. Sanderson, with her arms about her neck, and her lips to her cold forehead. In this attitude she remained for a few minutes, and, seemingly, in prayer. Then rising, and wiping her eyes, she turned to the doctor and calmly said,—"Now, what's to be done, sir?"

Doctor Mc Squills, having given her some brief instructions, desired Quiddy to follow him out of the room; whereupon the latter made demonstrations of the most violent grief, declaring that the deplorable event would break his heart—that it would be the death of him—that

he should soon follow his dear friend—that—that, at any rate it was impossible to tear himself from her side.

"You had better do what the doctor desires," said Janet in a melancholy tone.

To this recommendation Quiddy paid no attention; but the doctor, who, probably estimated his sorrow at its true value, just putting one of his huge hands under Quiddy's arm, raised him from the ground and led him to the door, saying, "Meester Queddy, it'll just please you to do as I'm telling you."

When they were in the room below, Mc Squills inquired whether the old lady had left a will?

"Will?" dolefully ejaculated Quiddy.

"Has Mrs. Sanderson left a will?" repeated the doctor.

"Left a will? why—a—how should I know?" innocently inquired the other.

"How, mon? why ye're a partner in the business, and—"

"A third share in the profits; but as I never expected anything from the poor dear soul, in course I—"

"That's nae to the purpose: has she left a will?" reiterated the doctor, somewhat angrily.

"Not that *I've seen*," artfully replied Quiddy.

"Then you maun go instantly and apprise Mr. Grubb of the melancholy event. It's certain he knows; and the old lady may have left instructions requiring immediate attention."

"I'll go the first thing in the morning, doctor."

"Go now, mon,—or—stay—I'll go to him mysel!"

"No, doctor, not you," said Quiddy, eagerly; "I'll go this very instant." And, with these words, he took his hat from a peg and clapped it upon his head.

"That's weel—guid night—I'll call again to-morrow."

The doctor departed, and the hat of Mr. Phineas Quiddy was replaced upon its peg.

The two hours that passed between this moment and the appearance of Janet seemed to the impatient Quiddy an age. Once, in the course of that time, there was a knock at the street door, and Quiddy started in alarm lest it should be the attorney, whose visit at this juncture might very materially derange his plans. But his alarm was groundless. Still, as the evening was not very far advanced, there was danger of the pleasure of a visit from him; so, as soon as Janet entered the room, Quiddy suggested the propriety, under their present sad circumstances, of refusing admittance to all, or any, visiters who might come. "For," said he, "I'm sure we a'n't in spirits to talk to anybody:—besides it will be but respectful to the poor dear departed upstairs." To this Janet assented; and Quiddy, having barred and bolted the outer door, or to use the seaman's phrase, "made all snug for the night," muttered, as he completed the operation—"There!—all's safe now;—let him come—he may knock his heart out before I let him in."

* * * * * *

"Your son, Sir William," said a college tutor to the father of his conceited, self-sufficient pupil—one of those who are prone to—the

phrase is expressive, so out with it—to "teach their grannies to suck eggs;" one who presumed rather to teach his tutor than condescended to receive instruction from him;—"your son, sir, is a remarkably clever young man."

"I'm glad you think so, doctor."

"Sir William, he is a *wonderfully* clever young man."

"You delight me, doctor."

"Sir,—possibly, he is one of the cleverest young men in the kingdom."

"You make me proud and happy beyond expression, my dear doctor."

"*But*, Sir William, he is nothing like the clever young man he thinks himself."

In this predicament stood Phineas. The plan which he had arranged in his mind was honoured with his own entire approval. He considered it to be the very perfection of a plan—infallible; and, indeed, up to this moment, circumstances had run in favour of it. Judging of Janet's character by his own, he had anticipated every reply and observation she must of necessity make to everything he intended to say to her, and arranged the course of the conversation accordingly: as thus:—"When I say *so and so*, she'll say *so and so;* upon which I say *this*, to which she will naturally say *that*—" and so on. Now this is no uncommon proceeding with your castle-builders—with those who indulge in imaginary conversations: the great inconvenience of it is, that a failure in one single point of the sequence is likely to overturn the whole scheme. We shall now see how the system worked in the present case.

Quiddy re-entered the room and took his customary place at the fire-side, opposite to the old arm-chair which had formerly been occupied by Mrs. Sanderson; Janet was seated, as heretofore, at the table, and facing the fire. Thus he began:—

"So, Janet, she's gone at last"—and he pretended to cry.

"At last," said Janet, calmly but mournfully—her eyes fixed on her clasped hands, which were resting upon her knees.

"But it's a happy release for her, and I know you think so, too."

Janet looked up at him for an instant, as if she would have said, "How can you know that?"

"I mean—at least—that is, you don't take on—you don't cry as much as I thought you would."

"There's no good in crying, Mr. Quiddy; yet no one can lament her loss more than I do."

"*In* course," said Quiddy, imagining that he had at once fixed her to the desired point;—"*in* course; for what is now to become of *you?*"

"I lament her death for her own sake," said Janet; "but though she is gone who was a second mother to me, I trust I shall be provided for."

Quiddy, with some alarm, was about to exclaim, "Then you *do* know something of the old 'oman's will;" but this was prevented by Janet, who continued—

"Heaven which gave a poor orphan friends here, will, I trust, provide friends for her elsewhere."

"If that's all she thinks she has to trust to," thought Quiddy, "all's safe still." But the "elsewhere" which seemed to imply an intention of departure, an event upon which he had never calculated under any circumstances, somewhat put him out: he had counted upon an admission, on Janet's part, of her entire dependance upon him—an assumption which was, indeed, the base of his proceedings, and which, giving way, he was, what is emphatically termed 'bothered.' He scratched his head and "hem'd;" he rose and snuffed the candle (which did not require his aid), and "ha'd;" and then, instead of resuming his own chair, he placed himself (whether by accident or design, we know not,) in that which, for so many years, had been exclusively Mrs. Sanderson's.

There was something in this apparently unimportant act that startled Janet, and she burst into tears.

Death, to those unaccustomed to witness it, and more especially the death of one we love and have long associated with, has a stunning, stupifying effect upon the mind: we cannot immediately believe, or *understand*, as it were, that the object we so lately saw move, however slightly—heard breathe, however faintly—is at once silent and motionless for ever.

The trifling incident we have noticed, spoke eloquently to the heart of Janet: it seemed to have removed any latent and inexplicable doubt she might still have entertained of the melancholy fact; for, looking at once at the chair and its unseemly occupant, she said, with a long-drawn sigh—"Yes– she *is* gone!"

"Yes," said Quiddy, utterly unconscious of what was passing in the poor girl's mind, "that's what we were a-talking about. But, as you said before, Janet, there's no good in crying. And yet, what *is* to become of you?"

Now, according to Quiddy's preconceived notion of the course which this conversation *must* take—a notion founded upon a false estimate of Janet's character—Janet's reply ought to have been, "I have no one but you to look to for help, so the slightest donation will be thankfully received." Whereupon Quiddy had prepared himself to be very kind, and condescending, and patronising, and to say—But no matter *what* he had prepared to say, for Janet making no reply at all to his question, which was more provoking than anything she could have said, he was again "bothered;" and this time, as a momentary relief from his difficulties, he poked the fire—an attention (as in the case of the candle) superfluous, however kindly meant.

"What I intended to say," at length said he (although it was by no means what he had intended to say) "you—I—in short, *I'm master now.*"

No reply.

Cunning but not adroit, these two or three unexpected snaps in the cleverly-spun thread of his discourse confused him. He had entered a labyrinth with the clue in his hand, confident of its leading him to the point desired: his guide failing, he wriggled about, taking every turn but the right one. Then why, it may be asked, did he not, from the

first, take the direct, straight road to his object? Because, had he done so, he would not have been Mr. Phineas Quiddy.

Now Phineas had never been certain whether or not Janet was acquainted with what had passed between himself and Mrs. Sanderson on the night of his memorable proposal to that lady. He was, however, rather disposed to believe she was not; but, even were it otherwise, destitute as she thought herself to be, that circumstance could not, "*in* course," prevent the success of his project.

"Well, as I was a-saying" at length said he,—"that is, as I was a-going to say," (which, again, he was not)—"she was a tolerable good woman."

"She was an excellent woman," said Janet, fervently.

"And yet, Janet, she had her weak points."

"So have we all, Mr. Quiddy."

"I know—yes—what I mean by that is, she was very partial to me—uncommon fond, I may say—but lor', she was old enough to be my grandmother, poor foolish old 'oman, and so I told her, poor silly old creechur!"

Quiddy did not see the expression of Janet's countenance, whilst listening to this lying insinuation (and such she knew it to be) for, as he seldom looked any one boldly in the face when addressing them, so now were his eyes directed towards the fire; but scarcely had he uttered the last word when, with more of indignation than ever before was extorted from her, and at the same time pointing upwards with her forefinger, she exclaimed—

"For shame! Reflect, man, that the poor woman you are so disrespectfully speaking of, who was a kind friend to me, *and to you*, is lying dead above our heads, and as yet is scarcely cold."

She rose to quit the room, but, upon Quiddy's assuring her he had something particular to say to her, she resumed her seat.

"Why, lor', Janet, how serious you take things up! I never saw you in such a—lor', I only meant to—there—that's right—sit down."

Perceiving that for some time her companion got no further in his important communication than the emission of three or four short coughs, at length she said—

"I have gone through a great deal of fatigue, and require a little rest; so please tell me at once what it is you've got to say."

Now, we will anticipate what he had to say: it was just these few words:—

"I want you this very night to sign a promise to marry me,—" ("for reasons best known to myself," would have been his own private thought:)—but, for the soul of him, he could take no way to his point but the crooked one.

"Why—I *was* a kind friend to the poor woman, as you said just now—that is, not *said*, but you *know*—indeed all the world knows—I'm sure I was a slave for her and her husband too, morning, noon, and night; so that if she *has* left *me* the little trifle she got together, why it's—that is, Janet, she'd no relations, so who has a better right?"

Janet merely nodded assent, which gesture was not observed by her companion, he being still looking at the fire.

"Not that I care about it," continued he, "for I've scraped together a little of my own—a few hundreds, I may say, and all by *sheer industry*."

"I'm very glad indeed to hear it—very," said Janet, earnestly.

"*In* course," said Quiddy, "for who'll be the better for it?"

And here he ventured for a moment to look up towards her, casting at her over his shoulder what he meant for a tender glance.

"Who'll be the better for it? Yourself," replied Janet.

"And an't I a-thinking of nobody else? Ah, Janet! now Mrs. S. is gone, you think yourself left destitute in the world, without a friend to take care of you; but there's somebody—*somebody*, Janet my dear, to take compassion on you."

"I need be beholden to no one's compassion," said Janet.

"No, Janet, that's not what I mean.—I mean—in short, though I never could hope to *get* anything by it, I always loved you—and I—ahem!—there it is."

Janet, with a bitter smile, cast her eyes upwards and slowly shook her head; for she remembered, or rather she had never forgotten, the declaration of his sentiments towards *her* in the conversation (which she had accidentally overheard) with Mrs. Sanderson.

"And now—and so, Janet," continued he, "I'll marry you, and there you are provided for for life; and if *that* an't disinterested, why—"

With these words he rose and was about to approach the object of his sudden affection.

"You are very kind—very, Mr. Quiddy," said Janet, "but I shall never marry."

"What!" exclaimed Quiddy with astonishment, "not marry! not marry ME!"

"No," replied Janet, firmly.

"Ah! I see," said he, "that's your shyness, and quite proper at first. But I know—I *know* it, my dear Janet; for, to speak out, the old lady herself once told me that you loved me."

"She told you truly," replied Janet, looking him full in the face; "*I did*."

These two words were uttered in a tone and with an emphasis so pregnant with meaning, that they would have been taken at their full value by any mind a degree less obtuse than our amiable tobacconist's; but, by him, their meaning was not only unperceived, but perverted, and he continued:—

"Why, then, if you *did* love me, say you'll marry me—let's sign and seal at once, for, if we leave it till the morning, who knows but that mischief-making doctor, or that meddling attor—in short, Janet, I—you—"

"I will never marry," repeated Janet; and her calm, determined manner of saying so convinced Mr. Quiddy that, for the time being at least, she was in earnest.

"Then what *do* you mean to do in your *forlorn* condition?" inquired the considerate Quiddy.

"Out of my small earnings," replied Janet, "I have saved as much as will carry me back to my native place. I am older and stronger than when I left it, and know my work better; and, with the blessing of

Heaven, I doubt not to find a service. The very day after they have laid my poor dear mistress in her grave I shall quit this house and this town for ever."

'But, surely, you—no!" stammered the other; "no, you cannot mean anything so foolish."

"It is a resolution I made several months ago.—But I'm tired now—I want to sleep—good night, Phineas."

Saying which she pressed his hand, and instantly withdrew to her bed.

It was long since Janet had called Phineas by that familiar name. Her feelings were softened by the melancholy event of the day: she had for the first time given utterance to an intention, long fixed in her mind, of quitting a place where, and a person with whom, she had once been happy. If either of these circumstances, or both combined, will not suffice to account for her little burst of tenderness, it must remain unexplained: most assuredly it is not assignable to any other.

It was with dismay that Quiddy listened to the announcement of Janet's resolution, for there was, as before, a calm determination in her manner that carried conviction along with it. And yet, could she, in her present condition, be serious in rejecting so magnificent an offer as that of his hand, with all his money in it?—heart was out of the question, even had it been worth the having. Was the very cunning, clever, 'cute,—the *infallible* scheme, which with such vast ingenuity he had contrived, to be thus thwarted? No; it was a "moral impossible." And then, her "uncommon loving manner" of bidding him good night. But, rejecting him *now*, what will she do when she comes to know what *he* knows? "Why, *in* course—" Between these arguments *pro* and *con*, he was, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme;" and not seeing his way satisfactorily out of them that night, he went to bed—muttering, as he ascended the stairs, and purposely loud enough to be heard by Janet,—

"Well,—there's plenty of girls in Lunnun; and with all my money I may be thought a good catch by the best of 'em: that's *one* comfort."

Chap. X.

The reading of the will—a delicate remembrance—a job's comforter—the departure.

"Well;—Mrs. Sanderson lived, Mrs. Sanderson died, Mrs. Sanderson was buried; and, since according to Shakspeare (and, perhaps, earlier authorities also, if we chose to be at the trouble of looking them up) precisely the same fate, in all its circumstances, not even excepting the last, befel no less a personage than Alexander the Great, it would have been unreasonable indeed on the part of a small tobacconist's widow had she complained of ill-usage. Far be it from our intention to insinuate that she did so; but when we state that she was buried, it may thence be inferred that a week had elapsed since we left Mr. Phineas Quiddy soliloquising on his way to bed. That he did not follow Doctor Mc Squills' instructions in immediately acquainting Mr. Grubb with the old lady's decease, turned out to be a matter of no im-

The Reading of the Will

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portance, as she had left directions with Grubb that her will should not be opened, nor its contents divulged, till after her funeral. The trifling communication made in a moment of social confidence by the attorney to Quiddy, must therefore, we suppose, go for nothing.

With the exception of two or three fruitless efforts on the part of Quiddy to divert Janet from the resolution she had declared, nothing worth notice occurred during that week in the house of mourning—for such it truly was to both parties, though from very different causes.

On the morning of the day after the funeral, Janet, who had already procured information that the Aberdeen smack would sail from London at three o'clock on that afternoon, was busied in preparing for her departure.

It is a valuable rule in travelling to encumber yourself on a journey with no more luggage than may be needful. Of this, perhaps, Janet was ignorant, for she collected together every article she possessed in the world: however, as the whole of her earthly possessions went very commodiously into a small bandbox, she was not likely to suffer much inconvenience from her non-observance of that wholesome precept. Whilst thus occupied she was summoned down to the parlour, where she found Mr. Quiddy, Doctor Mc Squills, and Mr. Grubb, seated at the table—the last-named personage (with spectacles on nose) holding in his hand a sealed paper.

"Good morning to you, Miss Janet; pray take a seat, Miss Gray," said Grubb.

Poor Janet started at hearing, perhaps for the first time in her life, her name accompanied with so dignified a title; and, uncertain whether or not it might be bestowed upon her in derision, for a moment she hesitated to accept the invitation.

"Sit ye down, Janet girl, sit ye down," said Mc Squills, kindly taking her by the hand, and drawing her to a vacant chair at his side: "Mr. Grubb is about to read the will of our late respected and lamented friend, Mrs. Sanderson, and I understand it concerns you to be present. I, also, as he tells me have business here, though what that may just be I cannot even guess at, seeing that the old lady never spoke to me touching her worldly affairs, with none of which was I ever concerned, save and excepting the care of keeping her alive—till she died, puir thing." And as he spoke these last words, he took a large pinch of snuff.

With great deliberation, and an air of importance and solemnity befitting the occasion, Mr. Grubb broke the seal of the document which, according to the directions of the deceased, he had, in proper legal phrase and form, drawn up. After two or three preparatory "Ahems!" he thus began:—

"I, Susannah Sanderson, widow of the late—"

But although Mr. Grubb himself was as much delighted at the reading of his own composition—a masterpiece of technicalities, repetitions and roundaboutisms—as if it had been positively nothing less than a composition in prose, or *worse* (as a cockney would say) for the next year's "Think of Me," or for the "Perfections of Prettiness,"—it was, evidently, in all but its main points, caviar to his tasteless auditors; and as, probably, it might be the same to some readers, we

will sink the embellishments and give those points alone. This may be done in few words.

Well, then :—after willing two or three small legacies to friends, the largest of which was ten pounds to Doctor Mc Squills (who was nominated sole executor) for mourning, she bequeathed to Phineas Quiddy "as a reward for his attention to my interests in the management of my business—my share of the stock in trade, including the little figures of the Black-boy and Highlander; and also—"

Mr. Grubb paused to wipe his spectacles—invariably a slow operation with a grave person when engaged in a grave affair—and Quiddy said, with a sigh,—

"Well I *was* a slave to her, that all the world knows;" whilst a momentary expression of pleasure crossed Janet's countenance at hearing so much of Quiddy's good fortune.

The attorney resumed :—"And, also, in token of the value I set upon his disinterested affection for me, as proved by his offer of marriage on the evening of — — —;" (the precise date was mentioned), "and of the degree of respect which I entertain for him in consequence of the same, the sum of—" Again the attorney paused to wipe his spectacles, keeping Quiddy breathless with expectation—"the sum of one-pound-one for the purchase of a ring."

At the reading of this clause, which was new, at least in its terms, to Quiddy, (for Grubb had omitted to state those in his recent confidential communication), Quiddy looked at once silly and savage, and bit his lips till tears, real tears, dropped from his eyes. Poor Janet drooped her head and turned all colours of the rainbow—a common expression which we believe to be rather intended as figurative than to be taken as philosophically true; whilst Mc Squills, with a chuckle which he could not restrain, exclaimed—

"Deil tak me but the old woman had some fun in her, and that's the truth o' it!"

Grubb proceeded :—"And to Janet Gray whatever else she died possessed of, in money, household goods, wearing apparel, and so forth —her money in the funds amounting alone to rather more than five hundred pounds."

At this announcement Janet was literally stupified. She looked about her with a vacant gaze as if some great calamity had suddenly befallen her, nor did she immediately recover herself even when Mc Squills, in an ecstacy of delight, started from his chair, and, giving her a hearty kiss, exclaimed—

"I sincerely congratulate you on your guid fortune, and wish it may bring you what you deserve—some guid mon for a husband worthy to share it with you." Adding, as he resumed his seat, and with a pretended sigh—"Ech! Janet girl, I wish I were thirty years younger!"

Quiddy thought it requisite that he also should express his congratulations, and muttered something about how very glad he was "that Janet needn't be under no obligations to nobody now, whatever people's good intentions was when they thought she needed them." This observation was specially intended for Janet, but it was so indistinctly uttered, that she would hardly have understood it even had she been an attentive listener, which, at that moment, she was not. But

her attention was speedily recalled by Mr. Grubb to something "very important;" and so indeed it was. This was nothing less than a clause rescinding the whole of the bequest to Janet, with the exception of fifty pounds, in case she should marry Phineas Quiddy, for the reason that the testatrix felt perfectly assured that he was unworthy of her. If she did, then the residue was to be distributed amongst certain charitable institutions. Beyond that single restriction Janet was at liberty to marry whomsoever she would, or to remain unmarried, just as she chose. Doctor Mc Squills, and one other friend, were requested to act as trustees for her, the nature of the trust being specified. The testatrix taking it for granted that Janet would not remain in the house longer than was unavoidable, directed that the furniture should be sold for her benefit—leaving to Quiddy the complimentary privilege of purchasing it at a fair valuation—if he could find the means of so doing.

The "very important" clause, of which Quiddy till now was ignorant (as his recent conduct to Janet must prove), fell upon him like a thunderbolt crushing at once his hopes and his disinterested affection for the residuary legatee. But, as there are few misfortunes which are utterly beyond the reach of consolation, so was it, in the present case, with Quiddy, who consoled himself with the reflection that there was some luck, at least, in Janet's rejecting his offer of marriage: "for," as he wisely thought, "as the will stands, I should only have got fifty pounds by marrying her, and that would hardly have been worth while." Another consoling consideration was, that the widow's two-thirds of the pig-tail, Virginia, and rappee were now his, adding by so much to his possessions—another consequence of "sheer industry"—and, again, thought Quiddy, "that's summut."

"And what am I to do with all this? it's a million times more than I shall ever have occasion for," said Janet, having somewhat recovered from her astonishment, but not exhibiting the slightest symptoms of joy at her good fortune.

"Never fash yoursel about that," said Mc Squills; "we'll think of some way of settling it for your advantage. But, lassie, dinna look sae glum about it: a wee bit too much o' the siller is an accident on the right side at ony rate. Ech, guid lord! naebody would tak' you for a reseediary legatee by the look o' ye."

"I wish my dear kind mistress had left it to somebody that would have had more pleasure in it; or that it had been only a few pounds just to—"

"Just let weel alone, Janet," said Mc Squills interrupting her; adding significantly, and in a whisper, "ye'll be better with it than with thae fifty pounds you wot of."

"To-morrow we will have some further conversation with Miss Gray," said Grubb, folding up the will; "and as you, doctor, are sole executor—"

"To-morrow, sir!" said Janet, "but I'm going away to-day."

"Going!" exclaimed Law and Physic, simultaneously; "and where?"

"I am going back to my native town," continued Janet.

"But, my dear Miss Gray," said Grubb, respectfully, as was be-

fitting towards an heiress, "we cannot well do without you—for a few days, at least."

"Then what am I to do, sir? *I can't* remain here"—(This she said in a tone of determination which carried with it the meaning of "*I won't*")—"and unless I go back to Aberdeen, I have nowhere to go to. Besides" (and an important point it was, considering the quantity of her luggage) "besides, I have packed up all my things."

"Mr. Grubb is right, lassie," said Mc Squills; "you had better remain in Lunnun till matters are put into some shape. For that time, you shall stay in my house, and my sister, bless her auld soul! will tak' care o' ye. As for your luggage we'll put that into a hackney-coach; or perhaps a porter might manage to carry it for you."

At length, after a pause, Janet, who had been reflecting upon the first part of the doctor's speech, without attending to the last, said—

"Well, sir, I'm sure I can't be wrong in following your advice. I'm very grateful to you for your kind offer, and so, if you please, sir, as I have nothing more to do here, I'd rather go with you now—*immediately.*"

To this the doctor willingly assented, and Janet withdrew to put on her bonnet and shawl—the only remaining portion of the necessary preparations for her departure. At the same time Grubb took his leave, promising to see the doctor again in the afternoon.

"Aweel, Meester Queddy," in a tone of consolation, said Mc Squills to the gentleman with the one-pound-one, who with a downcast look sat biting his lips for very vexation and disappointment—"Aweel, its just nae use to give up to sorrow for your loss." (Quiddy emitted a long deep sigh.) "I dinna mean the loss of the siller, mon, which you are above caring for, but of your guid friend, the widow."

"*In* course," replied Quiddy, "that's what *I* mean."

"Meester Queddy—I'm varra greatly astonished she didna do better for you, for you loved her varra sincerely."

"I lov— I liked her disinterested, sir," said Quiddy, rather angrily.

"Tenderly, Meester Queddy, tenderly, as I weel ken; your love for the old lady brought you near to death's door, and it would ha' been opened to you if I hadna come to your assistance, for you had aw but got the knocker in your hand, as a body may say."

"I'd thank you not to touch upon that 'ere matter, sir," said Quiddy; "it's of a delicate nature."

"But then," continued the doctor, "there's her two-thirds of the stock in trade, which (not meaning a paltry pun at it) is not to be sneezed at. That's worth a guid round hundred to you."

"I'm sure I haven't an idea," replied Quiddy, sulkily.

"Weel, mon, I never suspected you had, so dinna fash yoursel'."

"I mean of its *vally*, sir: it may be, or it mayn't; but it a'n't for its vally I consider it."

"Meester Queddy"—again burst out the imperturbable doctor, after a momentary silence—"Meester Queddy, I'm thinking the widow ken'd your character right weel: she just appreciated the delicacy o' your sentiments. That guinea, Meester Queddy! what could be mair delicate—or mair elegant—or mair refined? Had she bequeathed you

Janet's portion (which is the lion's share unquestionably), or three hundred pund, for instance—or twa hundred—or ane hundred—or even twenty pund—it would ha' been coarse and vulgar in the comparison. But a guinea! a delicate compliment, varra!"

Quiddy sat writhing in his chair; and his tormentor having taken breath, was again upon him :—

"Meester Queddy—I'm thinking that a guinea is nae mickle money—that is to say, considered in the light o' money—in short, it is but a wee bit money: and, *considered as a legacy* it is an unco wee affair indeed. But Meester Queddy—as times go, a guinea is a guinea, after aw—it's just ane-and-twenty shillings, and quite enough, I'm taking the freedom to tell you, to dispense upon siccan a silly bauble, siccan a needless toy as a ring. But then, the sentiment, Meester Queddy, the sentiment!"

"Yes," said Quiddy, scarcely knowing *what* to say, "that's it."

"Meester Queddy—how differently the auld lady has treated Janet! Nae delicacy, nae sentiment in the proceeding, deil a bit. She has left her naething but the goods, the furniture, and that like—aw money's worth, Meester Queddy—and the trash o' siller too, a guid five hundred pounds, at the least. But where's the sentiment, as in your case, Meester Queddy? where's the delicacy?"

"D—n the delicacy!" cried Quiddy, unable any longer to endure with patience the doctor's grave raillery; "D—n the delicacy! I never cared about the money: but if I had chosen to carney and earwig the old 'oman, as *some* folks have done, I should have stood as good a chance of getting some of it as *other* folks—not that I care about it, not I!"

"True, varra true; and Mrs. Sanderson' ken'd that right weel, as her will shows. And yet I must say she has not proved hersel' ower grateful to you for your tender affection—always excepting the delicacy and sentiment of the wee bit legacy, Meester Queddy—whereas, I'm thinking that had you made up to Janet instead, and married *her*—I say, I'm just thinking—such are the contradictions in the human character—the old woman would have left you every stick and stiver of her property."

Having paused for just long enough, as he thought, to allow the barb of this last insinuation to fix itself well in the heart of his victim, Mc Squills continued—

"And it would be nae sae bad a thing for you to marry Janet even now—always providing the lassie would have you, Meester Queddy, the whilk I doubt—for she'd mak' you a nice little wifie: as to the forfeiture thereby of the trash o' siller, you are altogether above any such sordid consideration."

"I'm not thinking of marrying nobody," peevishly said Quiddy; "and as to Janet, she knows well enough I wouldn't have her if she was worth her weight in gold."

So saying, and to escape from further torturing, he rose abruptly and went forward into the shop.

Meanwhile Janet had made herself ready for her departure. Previously to quitting her room she looked leisurely and attentively around it, as if bidding a last farewell to each familiar object; then, just placing her head upon the pillow on which it had enjoyed so many

nights of sweet and peaceful sleep, she kissed it as though it had been a thing conscious of the grateful and affectionate feeling which prompted the act; and, having so done, she, with a sigh, descended to the room which had been the late Mrs. Sanderson's. Here, with her face buried in her hands, she knelt at the foot of the bed in which her benefactress expired, and murmured a short prayer. As she rose, she perceived lying on a chair in a corner of the room, the old woman's large bible, with her spectacles remaining in the very place where she had last been reading. She went down stairs, and timidly, and with some hesitation, asked the doctor whether she might be allowed to take something away with her "as a remembrance of poor Mrs. Sanderson."

"Its aw your ain, Janet," said Mc Squills; "you may tak' ony thing you please excepting the snuff and tobacco—"

Janet ran upstairs as Mc Squills added, "and Meester Queddy, and he, I reckon, is scarce worth the taking."

Janet re-descended with the big bible under her left arm, and a small blue paper band-box, containing all her "things," in her hand.

"I have taken this, if you please, sir," said Janet, casting her eyes down at the volume. "And now I'll bid Mr. Quiddy good-bye, and go with you."

The doctor went into the shop, and motioned to Quiddy to join Janet in the parlour. Janet took his hand in her right, which was disengaged, and looked him earnestly, but mournfully in the face. He, on the contrary, bent his eyes to the ground, and looked at once sheepish and sullen.

For more than a minute (a long time under such circumstances) Janet endeavoured to speak, but in vain. At length, in a low and faltering voice, she said—

"It need not have been *so*, Phineas; but it's all your own fault. Good-bye, *for ever*—God bless you, Phineas."

She rushed past the doctor, who was waiting for her in the shop, into the street, and hastily turned in the direction of his house. All that Quiddy said in reply to the adieu was—

"Good-bye, Janet—I'm sorry you're a-going."

"Meester Queddy," said Mc Squills, "I am not likely to trouble you with mony visits. If you want to see me professionally, and choose to send for me, I'll come to you. But ye'll no hae forgotten my system of practice, I reckon; and so good day to you—Meester Queddy."

That Janet once loved "Meester Queddy" is a circumstance not much to be wondered at—(albeit she was, perhaps, the only one woman to be found in ten thousand who could have placed her affections on so unloveable an object)—because love is an eccentric passion defying and deriding rule: that (aware as she had become of his heartlessness and mean selfishness) she still loved him, we doubt. What then, was the nature of her sentiments towards him? We believe it to have been nothing more than that feeling of settled and enduring kindness which, in bosoms incapable of hatred, will not unfrequently supply the place that has once been occupied by love.

A REMINISCENCE OF AN IRISH SQUIRE.

In the far west lived some years ago an eccentric gentleman known to the county round as the old Squire (or, as the natives pronounced it, the old "Square"). He was almost the last of his race. Even now, I look back to the days which I passed in my youth at his social board, with unmixed pleasure and delight. True, he hunted and fought, "rapt out" an oath occasionally, drank deeply, and had no objection to a "bit of broad humour." These things were the customs of his day; but still he was for the time and the locality highly educated—of a polished deportment and refined mind; had passed his youth in travels, and like most Irishmen of family and fortune at that time, had been much at foreign courts, and had much of continental manners about him. His heart was truly Irish; he loved his joke, and spent his estate "like a prince." He was a widower, and had an only son. A maiden sister presided over his house, which was always "open," it being no unusual thing to see, even in his absence, a dozen friends and relations enjoying themselves there.

But those times are past, and Galway, even Galway, is becoming like the rest of the world—thrifty, and cold, and money-making.

When without strangers or "alone" (as the old butler, Ned Mahon, would say), his staff consisted of the parson, and priest of the parish, a second cousin (who had sold his estate), and a "walking gentleman," who having spent all he ever had on his neighbours, now *lived* upon them. Old O'Neil, the venerable harper, was often a visitor; and Phelim Mulrooney was the resident piper.

Very different were this parson and this priest from the same classes of men a little subsequently: they held their parishes by a sort of "tenure in descent." Both had been the Squire's companions in boyhood—the parson his chum at college; and, although while pursuing his studies in one of the French colleges (where his family had a *bourse*), the priest was for some years separated from the Squire and the parson —their boyish friendship had never decayed; and the whole trio were now settled down together in more advanced life, old and attached friends.

In the parson's family was vested the presentation to the living which he had been (without any particular vocation) bred to fill; and the priest being of an old and most respectable family, easily and as a matter of course obtained the parish which had been successively held for more than a century by his uncle and great-uncle before him. Unlike the priests and parsons of a later day, both those men hunted and sang, told merry stories and laughed at them together. By-the-bye, both took their claret freely, although they never committed an excess. It is much to be questioned, whether those "good, easy men," who associated with, and loved each other, were not of more use to society by the practical illustration they afforded of the divine maxim, "Love one another," than the sanctimonious-looking puritan or the political bully would have been. There were no bickerings nor quarrels in their parish; the landlords were kind to their tenants; and certainly

Father Malachy never would have incited his people to rise in rebellion against their "liege lords."

Master Mick (as a gentleman of about fifty years of age, and standing six feet four "in his stockings" was called) was the second cousin of the Squire. In old-fashioned times, this was considered in Ireland a close connexion, and fully entitled a man to take up his permanent residence at your table. Master Mick had in his youth been placed in a dragoon regiment, where he quarrelled with his colonel, and wounded him in one of those antiquated things—a duel. He was dismissed the service for insubordination, and had settled down on an estate of a thousand a-year, which he very soon contrived to "finish." He never married, and had a strong affection for his old regiment, which affection he evinced by sending sixteen loyalists, all upwards of six feet high, to swell the ranks of the favourite corps. Bob Allen, the last of the party, was considered the best and most daring horseman *of his day;* numerous and extraordinary indeed had been his equestrian exploits, and he now lived amongst his friends, as many at that time did in Ireland, retaining one old and splendid hunter, the pride and comfort of his declining days. He called this hunter Lightning.

It was when our Squire was alone with these select few, after a good day's sport (he kept a pack of hounds), and when the fire was made up and the "horse-shoe table" placed before it, that he was "in greatest force;" one story always drew forth another, and the evening was passed in the most delightful hilarity.

"Cousin Mick," said the Squire, "do, like a good man, fetch us a cooper of the old *Château Margot,* as I mean to enjoy myself quietly to-night—never saw a better run or hounds better ridden to. Bob, it did my heart good to see how old Lightning performed your last jump through the shafts of the standing cart in the gap; it showed *his* training and *your* pluck, in a manner that astonished some of the strangers."

"By the way," said Father Malachy, "how poorly Tom Dillon is looking. I thought he seemed rather shy to-day; and particularly so when he saw Master Mick at the covert."

"No doubt he did," said the Squire, "and good cause he had. But I suppose as you were out of the country when it happened, and he did not come to hunt with me since your return, you never heard the story of it. Mick, you must tell Father Malachy how you served Tom Dillon and his ingratitude."

"Willingly," said Mick, who had now seated himself; "although I own that such conduct is enough to make a man a hater of his race. Never did one man do more for another than I did for that same Tom Dillon, and yet from that blessed day to this, he never asked me to his house, —not that it is any great loss, although indeed he used to be hospitable. You must know, gentlemen, that at the spring assizes, six years ago, there was a devil of a row at the grand-jury room in Galway. Harry Bodkin, myself, and others, were amusing ourselves looking at the number of presentments put in for the repairs of roads and the building of bridges, in all of which Dillon was put down as overseer, and every one of which he supported in the most warm manner, although he perfectly well knew he had never seen, and knew nothing about one-half of them. We accordingly drew up a presentment for building a bridge

at Catherlough (*a place not in existence*), making our friend overseer in this also; it was actually placed before the foreman, and when read out, was described by Dillon as a spot 'in a most dangerous and critical position, and which sadly indeed required the bridge.' The bridge accordingly passed. The next presentment read by the foreman (and which we also prepared), was one for bringing water to supply the 'aforesaid bridge.' But this was too much, and a general laugh arose. Dillon, who was not remarkable for '*stoutness*,' well knowing that he could not venture on Bodkin or myself, said, addressing himself to Colonel Bingham (at that time a stranger, and who seemed highly to enjoy the joke), "such conduct was ungentlemanlike." Blows literally followed words, and the Colonel, as '*stout*' a fellow as ever breathed, kicked him, not only out of the room, but out of the court-house, so that he was publicly disgraced. Days and weeks passed," continued Mick, "and Dillon, incredible as it sounds, took no notice of the insult. He was *cut* accordingly, and I was not a little annoyed at the turn things had taken, as his wife (who is as good a woman as ever had a house, and is a third cousin of my own) took it greatly to heart; but though she did all she possibly could, as a dutiful Galway wife, to induce her husband to call out the Colonel, she never could succeed.

"Cousin Mick," said she to me one day after dinner, "I want to consult you as to what we should do about 'this unfortunate man.' I did everything a woman could to make him challenge the Colonel, but he *won't* do it for me. I told him what the world would say—to no effect; and showed him letters from my father and my brother Toby, conjuring me to get him out, and offering to bring him through it themselves, if nobody else would assist him: it's a hard case to have the honour of a family lost when a thimblefull of powder would save it. As a last resource then, I beg of *you* to take him in hand; for what between love and fear, I think he is likely to do more for you than for any one else."

I at once undertook the business, and waiting on Dillon the next morning, told him how hardly he was spoken of, and that if he showed any pluck, he could easily get out of this ugly business with honour; as Colonel Bingham had himself told me he was most anxious for a reconciliation, and would willingly meet him more than half way. In fact, that if he gave me authority to arrange matters, all would end in a very short time amicably and well. He jumped at the bait; assured me he had intended sending for me to act as his *friend*, and put himself into my hands. I lost no time in setting off for the Colonel, who lived within a few miles. When I had ridden a short distance, I overtook Thady Madden, Dillon's foster-brother.

"Good morning to your honour," says he.

"The same to you, Thady," said I.

"By my soul," said he, "I know by your pleasant face that youdid good business this morning."

"Troth did I, Thady," says I, "I am first going to Colonel Bingham's."

"Glory to your honour," says he; "myself knew you would do it, and I tould the misthress so yesterday: and Heaven knows we all thought he'd come to when her honour took the five crosses that she'd

not lie in the church-yard beside of him, until he'd make the Colonel smell powder. But Master Mick, dear, *are* ye shure he'll stand it?"

"Quite certain," said I.

"Begor! I hope so, from my heart; and sure he ought, for divil a stouter woman ever stepped than his own mother. It would do your heart good if you saw her the day she chased Tim Larkin the cess collecthur, but your honour was away then. Tim kem to look for the cess when her honour was from home, and not being paid at onst, the spalpeen took two of the cows and clapped thim into pound. Well, when the misthress kem home and heard it—*there's where it was.* By gorra! she loaded a case of pistols, and wint in purshuit: when the poundkeeper seen her coming down the hill, he turned the cattle out on the road for fear she'd think *he* had any hand in it; but she chased Tim into his own house, and fired two shots over him. She didn't kill him; but what if she did? shure he desarved it, the rascal, for putting a raal born and bred lady's cows into a pound. I often wondehr'd how the masther was so shy as they say he is, and I kem afore ye jest to tell ye that if ye were at all afeard of how he'd do, I might be beside him and hould him on to it if it was necessary."

Having assured Thady that I did not think he would be required to hold Dillon to his fight, but at the same time saying that I would be glad to see him on the ground, and that he might act there according to circumstances, I continued my route to the Colonel, found him at home, sent in my card, and was at once admitted.

"Mr. Blake," said he, the moment I appeared, "I am delighted to see you. I did expect that honour before this, but better late than never."

"Many thanks, Colonel," said I. "This is just the kindness I expected from you. I knew and said you would not stand on time or such trifles; the fact is, my friend Dillon was peculiarly placed; settlements and such matters interfered: but those impediments are now happily removed, and I trust and hope, my dear Colonel, you will name the earliest possible moment for a meeting."

"I never delay such matters," was his reply; and introducing me to Captain Manners, his friend, the Colonel withdrew. Both of us being well inclined, the preliminaries were soon settled, and it was arranged we should meet at a central spot in *three* hours. I knew the weakness of my man, and was anxious to have the business concluded. I lost no time in returing to Dillon, who (accompanied by his wife) was uneasily watching my return.

"What news, Mick?" said he, in a very agitated manner.

"Just such as I expected; never met a more gentlemanly man in my life. The moment he saw me he said, 'My dear Blake, I am delighted to meet you. I am most sincerely sorry for the little misunderstanding between myself and my friend Dillon, and wish an opportunity should be afforded me to make him an ample apology.'

"'Most considerate, Colonel,' said I, 'and just what I should expect from your amiable disposition.'

"'But,' said the Colonel, 'as a military man there must be a *certain form* gone through; as otherwise the consequences might be unpleasant to me.'

"'I understand you,' said I, 'nothing more easily managed. Dillon must send you a message; you meet; you fire in the air; no one the wiser but ourselves, and all over.'

"'You have hit my opinion completely,' answered he; 'and as I leave the country this night, the sooner the matter is over the better. Blake, you keep the arrangement a secret.'

"'Certainly,' said I, 'and I now deliver you a message on the part of my friend, and will have him at the foot of Croagh Patrick in three hours.'"

"We parted the best of friends. No time is to be lost. I have the pistols ready; so come away."

"How very considerate," said Dillon's wife, at whom I had looked in such a way as to make her understand me,—"how very considerate;—now, my dear, start at once. After to-day, I thank God I won't be afraid or ashamed to appear on the race-course or at the ball."

We were immediately under weigh. Dillon, who did not by any means like the smell of powder, proposed that when they met he should at once go up to the Colonel and shake hands. This I opposed; and told him to look exceedingly stiff and reserved. They met—were quickly placed—I gave the word. At the first fire the Colonel's ball took away part of Dillon's whisker, who immediately cried out, "Why, d—n it, Mick, he fired!"

As I saw he was staggered by the hit, I advanced, and making a sign to Thady to hold him by the waist in a twinkling, as if for the purpose of supporting him, I stepped before him, made my bow, and told the Colonel we were satisfied. On the spot Dillon and I parted, and never spoke since; and I think I may safely say, as I said before, there was never worse ingratitude shown by one man to another, who had "saved his honour in so kind and friendly a manner."

A BULL.

One day, no matter where or when,
Except 'twas after some Hibernian revel,
For why? an Irishman is ready then
To "play the Devil."
A Pat, whose surname has escap'd the Bards,
Agreed to play with Nick a game at cards.

The stake, the same that the old Source of Sin,
From German Faustus, and his German cousins,
Had won by dozens;
The only one, in fact, he cares a pin
To win.

By luck or roguery of course Old Nick
Won ev'ry trick;
The score was full, the last turn-up had done it—
"Your soul—I've won it!"

"It's true for you, I've lost that same"—
Said Pat—a little hazy in his wits—
"My soul is yours—but come, another game—
Double or Quits."

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CHARLES CHESTERFIELD,

THE YOUTH OF GENIUS.

By Mrs. Trollope.

Chap. XXXIII.

SINGULAR CASE OF AN OBSTINATE OLD LADY'S CHANGING HER MIND —CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MISS CLARA MEDDOWS AND MR. CHARLES CHESTERFIELD.

While these scenes were being acted in London, Charles Chesterfield was getting over the little difficulties, and enjoying the great delights of his readmission to his home with so much good-humour as to the first, and so much warm-heartedness as to the last, that he became dearer than ever to every individual of the humble circle that again constituted his world. It is true that Mr. Westbrook did work him a little upon some of Mr. Marchmont's sublime theories; and little Bessy took particular pleasure, on every occasion, to show that she considered herself as quite a child. All these, however, were but masquerading miseries, and were speedily driven off the scene by real happiness.

It was in the midst of all this renovated joy, that the news arrived of Sir George Meddows's violent death; and though personal attachment towards him was probably not of a nature to make such news productive of acute anguish in any heart, the shock of such frightful tidings was felt by all; and when the orphan state of poor Clara was remembered, it was a true and genuine sorrow that was expressed by all. The venerable father of the family shook his head, and murmured his fears that the baronet would be found to have died considerably in debt.

"I hope, I hope," he said, with some anxiety in his voice and manner, "that the poor dear young lady will be provided for."

"Thank God, father!" replied Charles, "I can undertake to answer for that. I know from her own authority that she was perfectly independent of Sir George, and that's a comfort, whether your notions about him are right or wrong. But surely, father, you do not mean to say that there is any doubt as to Sir George's having left enough to pay his debts?"

"I do mean to say it, Charles," replied the old man, "for I know no harm that can be done by it now. So why should I make a secret of it any longer?"

"Why, father, Sir George told me himself, that he owed you a thousand pounds."

"Did he?" said the good man, smiling, but not very gaily; "I rather wonder at his telling you so, Charles, and I can't very well guess why he did it—but for all that, I am sorry to say that it is quite true."

"Nay, but there is no great need to be sorry about it, father, seeing that you have got such excellent security. He told me that he paid

you nine per cent for it, and that it was secured upon his estate in Ireland."

"Upon his estate in the moon, Charles, he meant to say. He never had an acre in Ireland in his life, poor gentleman; and as to paying me interest, it was just as true to call it nine per cent as one; for from the hour I lent it to him, which is now three years ago, to the present moment, he has never paid me one single penny by way of interest or principal either. Nor do I ever expect to get back a farthing of it."

Something very like the shivering fit of an ague seized upon our hero, as he listened to this statement; and pretending to see somebody he wished to speak to in the orchard, he suddenly broke away, and hastened to reach a spot where he could think and feel alone. It was then that, for the first time, he became aware of all he owed to the generous self-sacrifice of Clara; it was then that he comprehended her real motives for the interference which, by her own explanation of it, appeared little more than an act of mere goodnature, intended to spare him the embarrassment of having a painful avowal to make to his father. But now he saw the act such as it really was, and he trembled to think how likely it seemed that in the performance of it she might have most deeply injured herself.

At first he felt inclined, as an act of penance for the folly which had produced this misfortune, to relate to his father all the circumstances which led to it; but the task was a painful one, and as no immediate evil seemed likely to arise from it, he returned to the house, determined at least to postpone it till he should be able to ascertain what the actual circumstances of his benefactress really were, and to decide whether it was now become a duty on his part to insist upon at least sharing the loss of which the dishonesty of her father alone would probably never have brought upon her, had it not been aided by his own weakness in so unadvisedly placing his money in the Baronet's hands.

That he sincerely meditated upon such restitution, did him the more honour, because the making it would have again hazarded all his future prospects or happiness. The favourite family project of making a clergyman of him had been resumed, greatly to his own satisfaction; and though beyond this nothing had as yet been settled, he had begun to entertain very sanguine hopes that all he now most wished in the world—namely, a union with little Bessy, might in the course of time be accomplished. But this, of course, could only be anticipated in case he retained the power of maintaining her, which, notwithstanding all his recently enlarged ideas, he still thought his little fortune, added to a curacy, might enable him to do. Not indeed that even so, his path was quite clear before him.

Bessy, it is true, had been already so far led to forget her childishness, and to remember that seventeen was really the age of rational womanhood, as to confess to him, just three days after his return, that were it not for his good mother, who had showed her a hundred times over that she would never permit them to love each other, except as cousins, that, were it not for this, she would own at once that she never would, nor never could, love any man but him. But even as he listened with a beating heart to this dear avowal, he felt that the clause

included in it was not without weight. He too, and long before his journey to London, had perceived his mother's averseness to any nearer tie between his pretty playfellow and himself; but when the madness produced by that journey had passed away, he remembered, together with his mother's evident dislike to his attachment, a variety of cheering circumstances which led him to believe that every other member of the family approved it. But upon anxiously consulting all looks and words which bore upon the subject after his return home, he began to fear that he had heretofore mistaken them, for he no longer perceived the same favouring symptoms.

The truth of the matter was, that notwithstanding Farmer Chesterfield's favourite dogma respecting the necessity of keeping women in their proper place, and never permitting them to talk of anything they did not understand, his wife Dorcas was a person of great importance in the family. They all loved her very much, but they were all a little afraid of her too: for it was a fact of domestic notoriety among them, that despite all the good farmer's boastings concerning the immutable nature of masculine authority, nothing was ever done to which she pertinaciously objected, and few things, the achievement of which was possible, were left undone if she particularly desired their accomplishment.

Such being the generally recognised state of the case, and the old lady's decided dislike to any allusion to love-making between Charles and Bessy having, before the young man's departure, become equally notorious, every notion of the kind seemed by tacit but general consent to have been dropped. Christopher had left off all his little jokes about Bessy's numberless good wifely qualities; the docile Susan had schooled herself into almost forgetting that she had ever wished to see her niece become Mrs. Charles Chesterfield; and the old man himself, though he would have stoutly denied the fact, had most indisputably abandoned all thoughts of calling his pretty favourite "daughter," solely because he perceived that his good woman had set her mind upon something else.

The result of all this, though not the progress of it, was quite perceptible to the young lovers; and all they could do was, to declare themselves determined, according to the established rule in all such cases, to hold steadily to their own wishes and intentions, trusting to time and perseverance for the frustrating all wishes and intentions that might be opposed to them; a line of conduct more frequently successful to the result wished for, than the happiness expected to arise from it.

In their case, however, there was unquestionably a very effective anchor for their hopes to rest upon, besides their pertinacity, in the recollection that, thanks to the good godmother, they were sufficiently independent to have their own way if they were determined upon it; and therefore it was, that the young man's resolution to refund a portion, at least, of what had been restored to him by Miss Meddows did him honour. Had he at this time been in the least degree conscious of what was going on in the mind of his mother, this determination of his would have had less of generous devotion in it. But neither he nor anybody else had the slightest notion how very completely this good lady had changed her mind. While listening to all the histories

which the anxious questionings of the family elicited respecting his London adventures, she began to be aware that her darling would have a better chance of happiness among his own people and in his father's house, than could be reasonably reckoned upon were he to take as a wife anybody whatever, gentle or simple, out of that great good-for-nothing London, where every one, except Miss Clara Meddows, seemed to have disappointed him.

Now the marrying him to Miss Clara Meddows had, somehow or other, never entered her head; and she therefore quietly made up her mind, without saying anything particular about it, to bring things back again to the position they had been in before the news of the legacy reached them, and then to let the said things take their chance; and if the two dear children really did love one another, to encourage them to speak out and say so. To an uninterested spectator there might have been some amusement in watching the various little manœuvres by which the good lady endeavoured to undo her own work; and truly, like other able artificers, she found it was by no means an easy job. There was not a single individual in the family who had not his or her particular reasons for believing that if they wished to live in peace and unity, they must carefully avoid hinting directly or indirectly the possibility of the event which it was now the first object of her life to bring about.

But old Mrs. Chesterfield knew perfectly well that

"Faint heart never won fair lady,"

and she stoutly resolved that the fair little maid she intended to win should not be lost for want of her having courage enough to unsay all she had formerly said about marriages that were suitable, and marriages that were not.

Things were in this state at Maplebury farm, when the postman, a most rare visiter, stopped at the gate, and held up a letter, in token that the person whose face he saw peeping out of the window above the porch, should come down and take it, without his having the trouble of descending from his donkey.

Bessy, to whose eyes this token was presented, ran down stairs, and out of the house-door with all speed, and was rewarded by finding that she should have the pleasure of presenting a letter to Charles, for it was to him that the despatch was addressed.

As many curious glances have been directed, perhaps, to the outsides of letters as to their contents; and as Bessy ran out into the orchard to seek her friend, her eyes held rather anxious communion with the fair characters in which the name of Charles Chesterfield was inscribed on that she carried. No ambassador, not even the Pope's nuncio, bears such outward and visible signs of being a messenger as does a morsel of paper, folded into a certain shape, and having a bit of wax upon it. Who so ignorant of all earthly things as not to know, on the very slightest glance, that this is a letter?

Bessy held it up, as the postman had done, as soon as she was fairly within sight of him to whom it lawfully belonged, and was greeted by an exclamation, uttered in rather an animated tone, "For me? Who can it be from?"

"From a fair lady, Charles, I am quite sure of that," replied the

postman's deputy, presenting it; "what very beautful writing it is! You shall give this direction to me, as a copy, when you have done with it."

"I am sure I have seen the hand before," said Charles, musingly; "but I cannot recollect where."

And then he fell into that most remarkable practice, equally general and incomprehensible, of studying the outside of the epistle, in order to guess vaguely concerning what he had both the right and power to learn perfectly, if he would only have been pleased to break the seal.

"Shall I leave you, Charles?" said Bessy, rather archly.

"Leave me? Yes, dearest, as soon as ever I wish to be without you."

"But as you do not yet know who that letter is from, Charles, how can you tell but you may wish me away when you open it?"

"If I do, Bessy, I will be sure to tell you so. But till I have ascertained the fact, you shall stay close to me, if you please, and just put your arm under mine, and now put your little finger in here under the paper on one side of the seal, and I will put mine in here, on the other side. Now then! tear away, and we shall discover the mystery together."

By the aid of this well-imagined arrangement the letter was speedily opened, and casting his eye on the signature, Charles exclaimed, with considerable emotion, "Miss Meddows!"

It was with no movement of jealousy, either real or affected, that Bessy now withdrew her arm, but simply and sincerely that he might, without interruption, read what she knew must be interesting to him.

"Poor young lady!" she murmured, as she drew herself away, "how dismal that black border looks!"

"Stay, Bessy, stay! Oh! listen to this letter. Hear what she writes about. Dear, dear, Miss Clara! This will be quite as much your business as mine, Bessy. It will be the business of us all. Hear what she says. It is very melancholy, yet it gives me pleasure too."

Though Bessy was unshawled, and there was nothing better than an early February sun to warm her, Charles placed her upon their dearly-loved turf-seat, and nestling closely to her side, read aloud the letter of Clara.

"Dear Charles Chesterfield,

"Before this reaches Maplebury, you will have heard of my poor father's untimely death; and will, I am quite sure, have felt a pang for me while thinking of all that must have followed it. I now write to request that you will apply to your good parents in my name, to ask if without inconvenience, they could receive me for a few weeks at their house.

"They will easily understand that there must be many things to be done at the Grange, before my father's heir-at-law takes possession of it, which it would be right that I should superintend; but as I have given warning to all my father's London servants, I think that I should find it very dismal and lonely, were I to take up my abode at

the Grange, with only the old bailiff and his wife to take care of me. If your father and mother could receive me, therefore, without inconvenience, I should be exceedingly obliged. At all events, you will write to me immediately.

"Should it suit Mrs. Chesterfield and your good father to comply with my request, I would set off the day after receiving your letter telling me so. My aunt, Mrs. Longuéville, leaves London to-morrow, for Paris; and of course I shall not wish to remain long in Bruton-street after her.

"Believe me, dear Charles Chesterfield,

"Very sincerely your friend,

"CLARA MEDDOWS."

"And now let us run to my mother this instant!" cried Charles, "only tell me first that you will love her, and be very, very good and kind to her. O Bessy! You do not know how good and kind she has been to me."

"Then I will love her and wait upon her like her slave and servant!" answered the warm-hearted girl, hardly conscious, perhaps, of the very ardent gratitude her accent expressed.

"Will you, dearest? Bless you for it!"

And with these words he imprinted a rapid, but sufficiently ardent kiss on the bright cheek beside him, starting up almost at the same moment, and leaving Bessy no time to think of or resent her offended dignity, so rapidly did he hurry her steps towards the house in search of his mother. That estimable and very important lady was evidently much surprised at the purport of poor Clara's letter; not however that she left the anxious question of her son—"May I not write this instant, mother, and tell her that you will be delighted?" long unanswered; but though she replied promptly, he could not help thinking that she was at least as much astonished as pleased.

"Dear me, Charles! Yes, to be sure, my dear. But upon my word and honour you put me perfectly out of breath by being in such a hurry. And about the room! I don't know more than the child unborn what room she ought to have. Mercy upon me! Where is Susan? Do run, Bessy, can't you? Of course we shall be happy to see her—of course—Charles, of course. But what in this mortal world could have put it into her head to come visiting here, who can guess? Not I, and that I won't scruple to confess. Lord have mercy upon me! I am sure, I always thought that it was best and fittest for me not to courtesy to her at church, the few times that she was down there, just because she might not have the trouble of returning it, so grand and so proud did I think her—and now to see her, such an heiress as she is too, I suppose, offering to come down, just as if she was one's own blood relation! Let any reasonable person say if it is not enough to puzzle one, and put one out?"

"You don't remember, mother, how much better she must feel to know you all now, than before I went up to London. She was kindness itself to me, mother, and notwithstanding her rank and

station, I may truly say that she treated me like a brother; and that being the case, don't you think she must feel almost as if she had a right to come amongst us like a friend, instead of a stranger? Indeed, indeed, mother, I have no words to tell how kind she was to me."

"I am sure, darling, if that is the case, I don't want her to feel like a stranger to any of us; and all that is in my power to do, shall be done to make her see and know that we are all properly grateful for her condescension and kindness. Nevertheless, Charles, there is no denying but what it is rather startling. But for mercy's sake, my dear boy, don't you keep me gossiping and argumenting here, when I can't for the life of me make up my mind even what room she's to be in—nor I shan't neither, till I have had a talk with Susan. Come along, Bessy, child, I can't spare you neither just now—not that I want to put you off from talking about this, or any thing else, to Charles. It is all very right and natural that you should like to talk together. And yet, Lord help me! If this is not enough to put all sorts of odd thoughts into one's head again, I'll be whipped!"

By the time this speech was finished, Mrs. Chesterfield and Bessy were out of sight, leaving Charles not much more than half contented at the manner in which his news had been received.

Between the arrival of Clara's letter and this first moment of solitude, there had been no time for Charles to meditate upon the particular position in which he stood to her. He had only felt a general earnestness of wish and will that her offered visit should be received with gratitude and joy by his whole race, as well as by himself, without having had leisure to reason distinctly upon her claims to both, and it was only when he saw, or fancied he saw, that his mother was not quite so much delighted as he wished her to be, that he recollected how great an effect a single sentence of truth from him might produce; and no sooner did this idea strike him, than he set off to wander through the fields in order to find his father.

"He shall know all!" thought Charles. "It is likely enough that he will tell me I was a fool, but it is certain he will feel for her as she deserves."

The young man had taken the right direction, and soon found his father, who, together with Christopher, was busily engaged in assisting a shepherd, his boy, and his dog, in an important examination of a flock of sheep, previous to an approaching fair.

"If you are not very particularly busy, father, I should be greatly obliged if you would just take a turn with me as far as Nettle-copse; I have got something that I very much want to say to you," said Charles. "Do come at once, father, please. Will you?"

"Won't it keep for an hour or so, my boy?" replied the old gentleman, who really was very particularly busy.

"Not well, father, for I have got a letter to write about it, and I would not let this day's post go without it for the world. Pray, dear father, come directly."

"Well then, Kit, you must go on without me," replied the goodnatured old man; "you understand the business just as well

as I do, that's one comfort—only I always like to be by, for custom's sake."

Arm-in-arm the father and son then strode away, and it was in a strain of no feeble or lingering eloquence that the sometime poet recounted the facts he had to communicate. The effect which his narrative produced was on the whole fully equal to his expectation; though the displeasure expressed at his own share in it was greatly less than he looked for.

"Then he was, out and out, a rascal, Charles!" cried the old man, almost trembling with indignation. "Villain! How he coaxed me, and gulled me about your going up! You call yourself a fool, boy. What was your folly compared to mine? Tell me that, Charles. You had never heard his name mentioned but with respect; whereas I knew well enough, and to my cost too, that with all his old blood, and his graceful ways, grand and condescending-like in the same breath, I knew, if nobody else did, that he could pledge his word and break it, as easy as I can tie up this bit of string and untie it again. I was bewitched, Charles, to let you set off with him, for I might have guessed fast enough, if I had but given it a reasonable thought, that he would never heve dreamed of such a thing at all, but in the wicked hope, some way or other, of turning it to his own account."

"But think, father, of the noble behaviour of his daughter!" replied the young man. "I am sure she has done enough to redeem the honour of the family, if her worthless father had done a thousand times more to destroy it."

"Tell me that part of it over again, Charles. I don't rightly understand what it was you said about her share in the business. How could it come into her head to give it back again, if her good-for-nothing father made a secret of it?"

"Because an accident made me let it out to her—Yet it was no accident," continued Charles, correcting himself—"I opened my heart to her, and told her what I should suffer from not having the power of telling you and Kit what I had been doing with my money. But I told her this, without having the least notion that the sum I had thus privately lent to Sir George was in any danger of being lost to me. Only I could not bear the notion of coming home with a secret."

"And as soon as you told her, poor dear, she saw at once, I suppose, that it was as much lost as if you had thrown it into the river Thames? Poor dear young lady! It must have been a grievous task for her—and I don't quite understand now, how she came to have the power of getting it back from him."

"She never did get it back from him, father," replied Charles. "As soon as I had told her of the loan, and of my trouble about having promised not to mention it to you, she desired me to leave her, saying she would see me again, naming the time at which she wished that I should come to her. Of course I obeyed her exactly; and at this second interview she informed me that she had a fortune, independent of her father, which enabled her to repay me the money which she very frankly told me I ought never to have lent without your knowledge; but she uttered not a single word which could lead me to understand that there was any danger of her losing the money she thus

restored to me. And yet, mercy on me! I now recollect that at our first interview, when I confessed to her all that had passed between her father and me, and my great trouble in consequence of it, the poor dear young lady seemed as if she were suddenly taken ill. I well remember that she turned as pale as ashes, and told me to leave her, and come to her again at four o'clock on the day following, as if she were over-fatigued by the conversation. But it is easy enough to guess now, father, what it was that came into her head to make her turn so pale. Take my word for it, she felt certain at that minute, that Sir George would never pay me back one single shilling of my money."

"Ay, Charles, I'll take your word for it, and my own too. Poor dear girl! She has behaved like an angel, there is no doubt of that. And pretty lucky you may think yourself, my young gentleman, that her means were as large as her heart."

"I wish to Heaven I was quite sure that it was so!" replied Charles, shaking his head. "How do I know, father, what she may have yet left?"

"What do you mean, boy? She could not have acted as you say she has done, had not the fortune that she told you of been really independent, as she said it was. It is plain that her worthless father could have had no power over it, or she could not have repaid you, however much she might have wished it. It was a blessed chance that put it safe beyond his reach, for if he had had any power to dabble with it, depend upon it he would not have left her worth a penny. We may thank God for her sake, dear young lady, as well as our own."

"That whatever fortune she had was independent of her father, is quite certain," replied the young man. "But I cannot help being very anxious about the amount of it. I cannot help fearing, father, that she has restored this money to me at the risk of wanting it herself; and this makes me very miserable."

"What has put that into your head, my dear boy?" demanded the old gentleman, smiling. "Though all you have told us about her, leads one to believe that she is a most kind-hearted, noble-spirited young lady, it is surely going a little too far to suppose that, in order to prevent your being ruined, she would consent to be ruined herself. That's quite nonsense, and not to be thought of, Charles. Of course she knew very well what she was about, and did neither more nor less than was just and proper."

"Well, father, I would far rather believe your notions on this point than my own. But now that I have confessed all about my own folly, I want you to read this letter, and I think your feeling about it will be just like mine."

The worthy farmer received Clara's open letter in his hand, looked at the delicate characters, shook his head, and then securing it between his elbow and his side, deliberately put on his spectacles. But despite this powerful aid, he had to turn and twist it about a good deal before he could master it.

At length, however, he contrived to overcome all difficulties, and read the contents from beginning to end without leaving out a single word, or uttering any observation till he came to the end of it.

"God bless my soul, Charles!" he then exclaimed,—"Poor dear girl! Poor dear young lady!—All her servants sent away—not even her own waiting-woman kept? I don't like it, I don't like it at all, Charles. But it can't be; I won't believe it. Why did you put such nonsense into my head?"

"You do not like her wanting a home, dear father, I can understand that. But I am very sure that you will like to receive her at your own. She will be welcome, father? Dear noble-hearted Clara! It will give you pleasure, father, to receive her, will it not? And about all the rest, we shall find it out afterwards."

"Welcome? What do you think I am made of, boy, that you should put it as a question? Away with you into the house this minute! Answer her letter in your best of manners. Tell her that it will be an honour, and a pride, and a pleasure to us. Let me see your letter, Charles, when you have finished it. Be sure you let me see it before you send it off, and if I don't like it, upon my life I'll throw it into the fire, and write to the dear young lady myself."

Perfectly satisfied that the feeling in this quarter was exactly what he wished, quite sure of having Bessy's pretty smiles and gentle kindness at command, with good hopes of his mother's taking the thing at last in a right point of view, and with no fears that anybody else could take it in a wrong one, Charles hastened with right good will to obey his father's command, and speedily composed an epistle which the old man not only most highly approved, but undertook to put into the post with his own hands, having had his pony saddled expressly for the purpose, while the operation of writing it was still going on.

Chap. XXXIV.

Miss Meddows arrives at Maplebury, and forms a confidential friendship with Farmer Chesterfield—he is despatched by her to London on a delicate and important mission.

A rejoinder from Miss Meddows to this letter from Charles, arrived at Maplebury as speedily as the post could bring it, cordially thanking the kind inhabitants for their promised welcome, and definitively fixing the next day but two for the arrival of their self-invited guest. The interval was passed by the females of the Chesterfield family in a delightful little bustle of small preparation, more indicative of their earnest desire that the young lady should be comfortable and pleased, than of any power of making their rustic residence resemble, in any respect, her accustomed home. Yet was the chamber at length fixed upon for Clara's sleeping-room the very perfection of countrified neatness and freshness; and Bessy, in particular, wearied not of entering there for the purpose of altering her improvements, and improving her alterations, even to the very moment at which a post-chaise drove up to the garden-gate, and a tall young lady in the very deepest mourning stepped out of it, looking very pale, and without any attendant whatever.

Charles Chesterfield had for more than an hour been hovering outside this gate, in order to be ready to lead her through it; and assuredly it was a comfort to poor Clara to greet his friendly face looking anxiously towards her as she approached. Nor was his welcoming eye long the only one which greeted her. No sooner had the wheels of the post-chaise made themselves heard, than Farmer Chesterfield appeared within the porch, and in the next minute his neat and nicely-dressed dame stood beside him. Christopher was in the fields, Susan, if the truth must be told, in the kitchen; while Bessy, much too shy to bring herself forward, stood blushing and peeping from behind the window-curtain in the parlour, though her heart, kind little soul! was springing forward to welcome the lovely guest, and her bright eyes were dimmed by tears of youthful sympathy and tenderness.

To a person around whom fate and fortune appear to have drawn a veil so thick as that which now seemed to envelope Clara Meddows, no ordinary circumstances can appear of great importance. Not but she was fully awake to the cordial kindness of her reception—she felt it thankfully; but the strangeness and novelty of the home for which she had petitioned, its almost uncouth simplicity and unwonted stillness, produced but a slight impression; they made but a part of the new existence for which she was preparing herself, and occasioned her neither pain nor pleasure, and inspired neither hope nor fear.

At the very earliest opportunity, however, she entered with the most perfect unreserve upon the subject of her father's debts with old Chesterfield; confessing to him that she had every reason to fear he had died insolvent, stating that she was aware of his having himself a claim of one thousand pounds upon the personal property left, and expressing her earnest wish to dispose of everything available, in such a manner as to produce the largest dividend possible for the different claimants, both in town and country.

The old man kept his eyes very steadfastly fixed upon her as she spoke, and when she ceased, he said,—

"I will own to you, my dear young lady, that I am more sorry than surprised at what you tell me. We have been pretty well aware in this part of the country, for some time past, that your poor father was getting behind-hand; but however painful this may be to all the friends of the family, there is a great pleasure and consolation, Miss Meddows, in knowing that you are amply provided for. There is nobody who knows you at all, my good Miss Clara, but will rejoice heartily at this. For though there may have been extravagance, nobody can trace any of it to you."

Clara coloured slightly, bowed her head, and said, "You are very kind, sir."

This was by no means satisfactory. Farmer Chesterfield was quite determined to discover what her real circumstances were, and equally so to refuse his consent to her making restitution to Charles of the money he had so weakly parted with, if it should appear that by doing so she had put herself to serious inconvenience. But notwithstanding the openness with which she spoke to him of the state in which her father's affairs were left, he already felt quite aware that he might not find her disposed to be equally communicative respecting her own. She resumed the conversation, however, in a tone of very friendly

reliance upon both his good will and power to serve her; ran over, with a greater *connoissance de choses*, than could have been expected from her, the various property which would have to be brought to sale; and asked his counsel as to the best manner of discovering what persons had claim upon the proceeds, without raising fallacious hopes by the inquiry.

To all this he both listened and replied like the sagacious and faithful friend she expected to find in him; but when the subject seemed pretty well exhausted, and she proposed to join Bessy, whom she saw enjoying the sunshine in the orchard, he gently laid his sun-burnt hand upon her arm, and said,

"Not yet, dear young lady,—do not run away from me quite yet. Were you consulting a younger man, Miss Clara, or one who had less known or less honoured your grandfather, it is likely enough that you might find him contented with hearing exactly what you might be pleased to say, without troubling you with any questions at all. But I cannot do that, Miss Clara. And there are more reasons than one for my thinking it right and dutiful that I should go further. Trust me, Miss Meddows, you shall find a faithful servant in me, and loving and attentive, though very humble friends in my family. But in return, I must have your confidence, young lady—I mean in what concerns your money affairs; for without this, it is quite impossible I can be of any real service to you. You must excuse my freedom, therefore, if I bluntly ask at once, what the amount of your own independent fortune may be?"

"I see not, my good sir, how this can assist the business you have so kindly undertaken to assist me in," replied Clara, with some little restraint of manner; but suddenly stopping herself, and holding out both her hands to the grey-haired old man, who sat wistfully looking at her, she added with touching sadness,—"And yet, Mr. Chesterfield, I ought to thank and bless you for any questionings that show an interest in my concerns—for alas! I am very friendless!"

"No, no, not friendless, not friendless, Miss Clara. Humble folks may prove as firm friends as high ones," replied the kind-hearted old man, taking her offered hands, "provided, you know, that they are firmly trusted."

"Well then, my good friend, you shall be firmly trusted. The fortune I inherited under my uncle's will was five thousand pounds," she replied.

"Now then, Miss Meddows, you shall be trusted too; and I will confess to you, that my good boy Charles has had no secrets from me respecting his silly money transaction with your father, nor has he been less confidential concerning your most generous conduct with him. Had your fortune been thirty, or even twenty thousand pounds, my dear Miss Meddows, I might not have thought it my duty to interfere in order to undo an act, in the doing of which the heart which imagined it was sure to take delight; but as the case stands, I neither can, nor will, permit that you should leave yourself so nearly destitute, in order to prevent my son from suffering from the deserved effects of his own folly. No, Miss Clara, no; this shall not be. Your four thousand pounds shall be honestly restored to you, nor need you fear that Charles will ever feel the want of it, as you must do. Would to

God, my dear young lady!—forgive me for saying so—but I would to God you were as well sheltered and secure from trouble of every kind as my good boy is. He neither does, nor can, want for anything; and now that we have got him safe back again among us, there is not, I'll be bound to say, any one member of the family who would care three straws whether he had lost his godmother's legacy or not, provided he had not got it by means of injuring you."

"That may be, and I am quite ready to believe it is so," replied Clara with grateful earnestness; "but your own feelings will help you to understand mine, when I declare, as I now do most solemnly, Mr. Chesterfield, that I would rather, infinitely rather, labour with my hands to obtain my daily bread, than suffer your son to be————, than suffer your son to lose his fortune thus, by the untimely death of my father."

"Most surely, this is what the lawyers call an amicable suit, my dear young lady," replied old Chesterfield gaily; "and we must contrive to make it end to the satisfaction of all parties. But if you should happen to find that the old man you have to deal with is rather obstinate, you must make up your mind to bear it this time, and remember to take a younger and more persuadable person for your adviser the next. And now if you like it, we will walk out into our sunny orchard and look for Bessy Parkins, who will be the happiest little soul alive, if you will condescend to let her walk with you."

Mr. Chesterfield moved towards the door as he spoke, and had already laid his hand upon the lock, when Clara stopped him.

"We must not end this conversation without fully understanding each other, Mr. Chesterfield," said she. "You have given me sufficient proof that you well deserve my fullest confidence, and you shall have it. It will be easy for me to show you that the restitution I offered Charles has proved to be merely that of returning him the very identical moneys which he placed in the hands of my father. It is actually in my power to do this, having found in his pocket-book precisely the same amount. This I confess, I was very far from anticipating when I refunded, from a simple feeling of justice, the sum he had sold out of the stocks, by a transfer into his name of what stood in my own; but now I might replace this money in the funds to-morrow, if I thought proper to do so, for the bills to the amount are at this moment in my writing-desk. Of course you will perceive that this makes every thing even between your son Charles and me?"

It was certainly with every evident delight that the old man listened to this good news; and it was then only, that he gave the slightest indication of feeling any value whatever for his son Charles' legacy. Clara watched this contrast in his manner with a smile of genuine affection and esteem, and it was impossible that any two persons could conclude a conversation on that most ticklish of subjects, "the pecuniary," with a more perfectly satisfactory result on both sides.

"Now then we will set out and catch Mrs. Christopher's pretty niece," said Clara; "but she moves about in the sunshine like a butterfly, and it will require a quick movement to follow her."

Old Chesterfield, to use his own phrase, suffered no grass to grow under his feet, while keeping the promise given to his orphan guest,

respecting her affairs at the Grange and its neighbourhood. He soon learnt from the bailiff (the only person who had ever acted as steward; for, excepting his cook, Sir George had never indulged in expensive servants) that no rents were in arrears, and that on the small quantity of land immediately round the house, which had been kept in hand, as little stock of any kind remained to be disposed of, as it was well possible to believe. On the other hand, however, the good man had the satisfaction of reporting that there were but few and trifling claims from any of the country tradespeople, and that a sum greatly less than might reasonably be expected from the sale of the furniture would suffice to pay them all, provided a few sums borrowed upon large interest were not added to the account.

This was most welcome news to Clara. Of all the difficulties which surrounded her, the one which pressed the most painfully on her feelings was, that she anticipated in paying the tradespeople, who had hazarded the fruits of their time and industry by trusting to the honour of her family, and furnished them with the means of daily existence from trusting in their honesty. These claims, which by some strange distortion of the moral sense, are generally considered as the last to be attended to, were in her estimation so greatly the first, that knowing such at least could be honourably answered, relieved her mind from an intolerable weight, and enabled her to look forward with firmness to the destiny she was resolved to meet and to abide.

Believing herself without the slightest shadow of a doubt to be lawfully entitled to the notes found in her father's pocket-book, she of course believed also that she had a right to dispose of them according to her own will and pleasure; and no sooner did she discover that the butchers and brewers who had served the Grange were in a fair way to be satisfied, than she very complacently turned her thoughts to the execution of a project which had seized upon her very heart and soul the moment she had been made to understand that the money received from Charles Chesterfield had not been disposed of.

She had loved, passionately, devotedly loved, Arthur Dalrymple, but for several months she had been schooling herself into the persuasion that this love was not, nor ever had been, requited. To this, as she had repeatedly assured herself since the death of her father, she had as effectually sought to resign herself without a murmur either against fate or fortune, as to the sudden change of her position from being a young lady of fashion to an humble dependent upon her own exertions for support. The success of this struggle, which, such as it was, seemed to satisfy herself, was doubtless as much owing to the high-toned pride that made so essential a part of her character as to the christian philosophy which it was her constant effort to acquire; but whatever might be the predominant feeling that had led her to the state of almost apathetic tranquillity in which she rejoiced, it was not of a nature that could enable her to endure the torture of believing that Dalrymple had been robbed by her father. Putting together all the circumstances which had reached her, the statement of her father respecting the account that was to be settled between them, his transaction with young Chesterfield, and his demand upon herself, she felt little doubt that money to a considerable amount was due to him; and that this terrible debt should be paid if every shilling she could com-

mand in the world would suffice to do it, she was resolved with an intensity of purpose that almost took away her breath as she meditated on the means of accomplishing it, from the eagerness with which she longed to put them in practice.

That she had still a thousand pounds in the funds, and that four times that amount reposed quietly in her writing-desk, were facts that greatly sustained her courage while meditating on the difficulties of her project. The first of these difficulties did not appear very formidable, as it consisted only in her ignorance of the debt; but there was another, which made her tremble from head to foot as she thought of it. How was she to address him on the subject? in her own person? —and so seem seeking for a renewal of the intercourse which it had been his will so decisively to end? NO—not for a reward considerably dearer to her than life. How then was she to set about it? Should she write to the London lawyer heretofore employed by her father, and now engaged in settling as he could between the claims of creditors and the proceeds of the property in Bruton-street? No; she rejected this, from feeling that it would not do to mix up her own transactions with those belonging wholly to the affairs of her father. She well knew that this payment to Dalrymple, furnished by her own means, could not be classed as one of these. She well knew that this reduction of her own independent means of existence was as completely a matter of self-indulgence, as if she had taken a fancy in her poverty to indulge herself still with a carriage and horses, *coûte qui coûte.* In short, the execution of this business was not without its difficulty; and after several hours of very deep thinking devoted to it, she at length came to the conclusion, that if she could but obtain his consent, the best agent she could employ would be Farmer Chesterfield.

For this purpose she again sought a private interview with the kind old man. Like every other member of the family, he would have joyfully undertaken anything and everything within his power to perform, that could either do her service or give her pleasure. Her gentle manner of submitting to the strangely new circumstances which surrounded her; her noble freedom from every species of affectation; her beauty; her perfect temper; and above all, perhaps, the gratitude which the confidential disclosures of the old man had caused them to feel for her generous care of Charles, had bound them to her, one and all, by ties of the strongest affection and esteem. Poor Clara felt this, and next to the sustaining influence produced by her resolution to clear all pecuniary arrears with Dalrymple, it afforded her the best consolation under the oppressive circumstances which beset her, which she was capable of receiving.

"And what is there, my very dear young lady, that I can do for you?" demanded Farmer Chesterfield, affectionately pressing her delicate hand between his palms of horn; "I think I may venture to promise that there is nothing which you can ask that I can refuse, only just provided that it is in my power to do it."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," replied Clara, with a smile, "for what I am now going to ask is no trifling thing—but when I tell you, as I can most truly do, that whatever tranquillity of mind I may still hope for, depends absolutely and altogether on your complying with the request I am about to make, I do not believe that you will

shrink from it.—And yet, Mr. Chesterfield," she added, after sitting for a moment silent, as if meditating how she should begin, "I do very strongly suspect that you will think me wilful, and perhaps unwise in this most resolute purpose. Do me, however, the justice to believe that I must have very powerful and important reasons for being thus resolute.—There is a gentleman, Mr. Chesterfield, who placed unbounded confidence in my unhappy father." Her voice faltered, and again for a moment she was silent. Had she looked in the face of her venerable friend, she would have seen more of tenderness than he was able to express, for his eyes were full of tears, though he spoke not a word, nor felt in any way capable of uttering one.

"To this gentleman," she resumed, "a sum of money is owing, which it is my steadfast intention to pay. But there are some obstacles to my doing this, which I flatter myself it will be both in your power and will to remove. In the first place, I know not the exact amount of the debt; and in the next, I do not wish myself to have any visible agency in negotiating the payment of it. Under these circumstances, Mr. Chesterfield, I turn to you, feeling confident that if you can give up enough of your time to take a journey to London, in order to see this gentleman yourself, you will manage to settle the business for me, without letting my name appear in it at all."

"My dear Miss Clara," replied the old man, "I would be willing to do that, and a great deal more to serve you, if you will but teach me how it may be done. But I see not how this payment can be made from you to him without your name appearing in the transaction. Do you not perceive that this can hardly be, Miss Clara?"

"No, Mr. Chesterfield, no. It may be, and very easily; provided you will have the goodness to adopt the plan I would suggest. You have already, you know, undertaken most kindly to make all payments for me here. Let this transaction be placed on the same footing, and there will be no need whatever that any mention should be made of my name."

"Quite right, quite right, Miss Clara; now I understand you," returned the good man, apparently much pleased. "I fancied—I was afraid that your proposal meant a—But I now understand it all perfectly; the debt to this gentleman, as soon as I have ascertained its amount, is to be paid from the proceeds of the sale which we hope to effect next month. That is your intention, is it not, my dear young lady?"

"Not so, Mr. Chesterfield," returned Clara, colouring violently. "This debt, let its amount be what it may, is to be paid solely from my own funds. I know it to be considerable, to the amount of —— but this matters not. If you undertake the commission at all, it must be with the understanding that whatever be the amount, provided it exceed not five thousand pounds, you make the gentleman of whom I speak understand that it will be immediately paid by you from property belonging to the Meddows family, placed in your hands for the payment of Sir George's debts."

"The worthy farmer looked very steadfastly in the face of the young lady as she spoke, which occasioned her to fix her eyes on the floor; thereby enabling him to persevere in the scrutiny he was making without reserve or scruple. The consequence of this was, that before the

interview ended, old Mr. Chesterfield became very perfectly persuaded that his beautiful guest had some inexplicable feelings respecting the gentleman in question, which in no way resembled any that were excited by other creditors. But the old man was a wise old man, and uttered no syllable that could make her suspect she had betrayed herself; on the contrary, she listened with very particular satisfaction to the tone of voice in which he replied,

"Very good, I quite understand you now. And what is the gentleman's name, Miss Clara? And whereabouts in London does he live?"

This was exactly the part of the conversation which she had the most dreaded; but, reassured by the tone in which the question was asked, she replied, with tolerable composure,

"Dalrymple is the name. I will give you, of course, his full address as soon as you tell me that you are ready to set off—and I hope, I hope, my dear kind friend, that this will be very soon. You can hardly imagine how greatly happier I shall be when this is done."

"To-morrow, if you like it, my dear Miss Clara," was the prompt reply. "Christopher can do without me for the next week or so perfectly well. Let it be settled at once, if you please, that I shall go to-morrow. The jockey-cart will take me over to Gloucester in time for the evening coach, and there are plenty of hours left to-day for you to write any letters you may wish me to take for you."

"There will be no letters, my good Mr. Chesterfield," she replied eagerly, while a bright blush again mounted to her eyes. "Most carefully must you remember that my name must on no account be mentioned. And therefore of course you know I cannot wish to write."

"Never fear, never fear! I shall not forget that. But you might have had other letters to write, you know, Miss Clara."

"I have not a single correspondent in London," replied the isolated Clara, with a smile and a sigh. "So there is no danger that my letters should delay you. But is it not likely that your good wife may think this journey somewhat over sudden?"

"Not a bit, Miss Clara. I have my own principles, my dear Miss Meddows, about the proper place of women, saving your presence, and no female in my family ever thinks of interfering with my going and coming. I take particular good care to be master at home both in word and deed."

Luckily for the farmer's boasted independence, and for the gratification of Clara's impatience also, Mrs. Chesterfield made no objection whatever to his taking this trip to London; but on the contrary, exerted herself so effectually to assist the project, that an admirably packed little portmanteau was ready for him at least three hours before the jockey-cart came to the door.

"Will you go with me, Charles?" said the old man jestingly, as he saw the vehicle appear. "Perhaps you would like to see some of your London friends?"

"No thank ye, father!" was the reply, uttered with a degree of fervour which resulted from the united ideas of Mrs. Sherbourne and little Bessy; "No—I think I'd rather stay at Maplebury just at present."

A SKETCH OFF THE ROAD.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

"Whatever is, is right."—Pope.
"Laissez aller!"—Ivanhoe.

"Adieu, mes amis—I am gone down below. Mais, tout doucement, Monsieur Jacques—you will break your head."

The language was doubtful: but the accent and tone were so decidedly French, that the pictorial faculty immediately presented a meagre, sallow-faced figure—a sort of Monsieur Mallet, or Morbleu—as the next addition to the company in the crowded cabin of the Lord Melville. Thanks to National Prejudice—fostered by state Policy and confirmed by our Anti-Gallican Dramatists and Caricaturists, it has always been the popular notion that le Bœuf Gras was the only fat animal in France. Indeed some thirty or forty years ago—"when George III. was King"—the celebrated Living Skeleton would have been considered as a fair average specimen of his countrymen. A Frenchman any stouter than Romeo's starved Apothecary was a physical impossibility; at the utmost, like his own Mât de Cocagne, he might become greasy, but not fat. Such was, in reality, my own impression in early life; and hence the Eidolon my fancy had conjured up of a foreigner—

"As long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand."

It was, however, a very different Personage who came stooping and labouring through the narrow aperture, which he quite filled up—like a pig squeezing into a hen-house. As the Man-Mountain entered *backwards*, and almost bent double, the mind unavoidably recurred to the Stout Gentleman of Washington Irving: whom the new comer quite equalled in bulk, and rather exceeded in boisterousness; for he had taken his wine on board before embarking; and a little Achates who came with him, had no small trouble in checking, or rather trying to check, the Big Man's exuberant gaiety. It would have been as easy to persuade Falstaff into Quakerism.

In the meantime the old Prejudice set to work, and could not help thinking, in common perhaps with two-thirds of the passengers then present, that so hearty and well-fed a fellow—big enough for a Small Farmer—ruddy enough for a Butcher—and jolly enough for a Jack Tar—ought to have been an Englishman. And as if to countenance this theory, the Stranger not only had some knowledge of our language, but exhibited very decided symptoms of Anglomania. He had travelled somewhere—perhaps between Paris and Calais—by an English Stage-Coach; and struck no doubt with the superiority of whip, drag, and team—the beautiful turn-out, and the admirable performance of horse and man, compared with the foreign Diligence and its cattle, had imbibed the fancy for the "road" so prevalent amongst ourselves. In particular, one of the phrases of the craft had burnt itself into his heart like a love-posy. It haunted him like a tune. In season

or out of season, and intertwined with the most opposite topics, it was continually dropping from his lips; or rather rattling with a strong guttural emphasis from his throat, as thus—"All r-r-r-r-right!—let-them-go!"

The night was close and sultry; the passengers were numerous, and the cabin was of course none the cooler for the arrival of such a huge warm breathing body, displacing an equal bulk of air.

"Sapperment! qu'il fait chaud!" ejaculated the fat Frenchman as he seated himself next his friend at the end of one of the long tables. "Allons, mon ami—we must drink," and, as he spoke, he intercepted the steward's mate, "Hold! boy! garçon—bring here some grogs."

His companion vainly remonstrated against this order, alleging that the other had already drunk more than enough; but the Frenchman was resolute.

"Bah! ce n'est rien—I am not bottlesome—du tout! du tout! all rrrrright—soyez tranquille—ah! ah! here come the grogs—let-them-go—"

A glass of rum-and-water was mixed and swallowed in a twinkling; and a second was about to follow when the friend anxiously interfered, and at last by signs desired the boy to take away the bottle and glass.

"All rrrright—let-them-go!" said the Frenchman, but meaning quite the reverse, for unsuiting the action to the word, he made a snatch at the departing spirit. "Diable! stop!—halte là! give me my grogs."

"No, no, take it away."

"Mais, non—donnez-moi, vous dis-je!—give to me."

"But my dear fellow—"

"Chut! chut!—vous êtes ivre. You see me drink two glasses for one."

"But the passengers want to go to sleep."

"All rrrright—let-them-go!" said the Frenchman. "Ah là voilà!" and he replaced the rum-bottle on the table: "à present—tenez—la vie est courte—il faut boire. Your good healths, gentlemens. Vive l'Angleterre! I am going to ride all over you in a coach—ah si beaux chevaux! All rrrright—st—st—peste! I have broke the bottle all to bits!—holo! boy!—more grogs."

"My good fellow, do be quiet. You had better get into bed."

"A la bonne heure—get into it yourself—go inside; pour moi, non. I shall drink a bit more. Holo! boy!—steward!—come!—vite! —quick!—the grogs—the grogs—the grogs! Bon. C'est un brave garçon! Now then, sir, all rrrright—bon voyage—let-them-go!"

"Pray don't drink any more."

"Mon ámi—à votre santé. It is good stuff!—encore un coup—trink, boys, trink—grogs for ever!—Allons,—chanter un peu—La, la, la, lira la—"

"Hush, hush!—they're all in bed."

"No such thing. There are two misters at the other table—mais, non, he is only one. Never mind. Ah, ah,—voici le Capitaine!—my friend, will you not have some grogs?—Allons—goutez—where do you change you hors! Alles?—ha! ha! all rrright—let-them-go!—n'est-

ce-pas?—Attendez,—one day I will be a whip—parbleu de les ferai trotter—comme quatre!—eh! mon ami? Mai voyez donc, il est malade—c'est sa faute—he would not take some grogs—Oui, c'est ça—I must take warning of him—hola!—Boy!—some more—some more grogs. Quick!—fast!—or else I shall be sick. Look at my old fellow—ah le pauvre!—there he goes into his bed. Adieu, mon cher—dormez bien. A present—allons—buvons nous autres—bu—bu—bu—buvons—" and so forth, till the jovial Frenchman dropping his head on the table, fairly muttered himself into a dose. Sleep could now go to sleep; and snorings, pitched in various keys, began to sound from the different sides of the cabin.

The calm, however, was short. All at once there was a tremendous bounce that shook the very timbers of the vessel as if she had touched on a sand-bank. The Man Mountain had tumbled from his seat, and was rolling and talking on the floor.

"Mon Dieu! qu-y-a-t-il?—I have falled off the coach—oui, c'est ça—here is some bags and boxes—no, it is the ship!—help—hola! Boy! Garçon—ha! ha! ha! c'est bien drôle—Bon!—here is the boy!—tenez—tout doucement—all rrrright—pick up my head and my legs—let-them-go!"

The boy heaved and hauled, as the sailors say, "with a will" at the prostrate carcass, but to raise such a body on its legs was no easy task, and to keep it perpendicular was still more difficult. Long and ludicrous was the struggle, till even Sleep, who had waked in a cross temper, was compelled to smile at the awkwardness of the scramble. At last, by dint of hugging and tugging, and heaving and hoisting, the good-humoured Monster, who had never ceased talking, was propped up in a corner of the cabin.

"Bon! all rrrright!—je vous remercie infiniment—come, you shall drink some—mais, regardez—quel dommage!—there has been one—how do you call it?—quite a spill."

"Have you hurt yourself?" inquired the friend from the bed.

"Not a morsel!—Dieu merci!—sound wind and sound limb. Some grogs will make all well. Mais, parbleu, il fait grand vent!" And the speaker gave a tremendous stagger, and then a plunge over the opposite table.

"By Jove, I can't stand it!" exclaimed the friend, bolting feet foremost from his berth. "He'll dash out his brains!"

"All rrrrright," muttered the fat Frenchman—"let-them-go!"

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The morning after my arrival in London, my good fortune afforded me another glimpse of the Jolly Foreigner. He was occupying rather more than his share of the box-seat of a long stage. The coach was on the point of starting; the driver was buckling his reins; and the helpers stood ready to snatch the cloths from the wheelers. The Fat Frenchman, with his lips moving as if silently rehearsing the favourite phrase, was intently watching the progress of the buckling; and no sooner was it completed than—anticipating the coachman, and with a gusto not to be described in print—forth rattled, as guttural as ever, the appropriate sentence—

"All rrrrright——let-them-go!"

GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES;

OR,

THE PROCTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

"Is not the post-boy come yet?" said I to my excellent old servant, Robert, as I paced up and down the little lawn in front of my cottage in my dressing-gown and in a great fidget. I hate waiting for my letters, because I cannot sit down to compile a book or compose an epigram until I have ascertained whether anything pleasant or unpleasant is likely to result from the contents of the epistles for the day.

Robert, who had duly discharged his duties as groom, valet, milkman, and footman, and was now cultivating his cabbages in his capacity of gardener, reluctantly replied negatively to my query.

"Tuh, tuh, tuh!" said I. "Confound that boy Jem. I'll discharge him—deprive him of his shilling a-week, and restore him to pauperism."

"Better buy him a new jackass," said Robert, "for this un's without conception the most stick-destroyingest animal as ever was foaled. He'll ruin you in ashen plants. 'Tain't no fault of the boy's. He is one of the most donkey-stimulatingest lads in the village, and always carries a pin."

"Does what?" I inquired.

"Always provides himself with the most sharp-pointedest pin he can get," replied Robert, "and always carries it in his shirt-front, or the most-tenderest part of the animal, master."

Robert, I ought to inform the reader, was very much attached to me and to the use of compound words, which he contrived to put in the superlative degree, though he had never been in Germany, nor learnt the language of that country, so justly celebrated for its "superlative compounds."

"Pray explain," said I.

Robert leaned on his spade, and with a peculiar movement of the eyelid, which to an inferior, or an equal, would have been exaggerated into a wink, replied,

"Jem, sir, is one of the most sharpsightedest boys in the place. He soon discovered that our jackass was one of the most hard-hidedest in the world, the most unfeelingest of animals. Ash and even oak was a failure, though he selected the most toughestest twigs he could find. Spurs were beyond the reach of his pocket, so in the most cleverest way he invented a way to simulute an ass—"

"Stimulate," I suggested, greatly amused at the error.

"Well, sir, I beg pardon—I meant nothing by the illusion—he invented a substitute. He borrowed a pin of the housemaid, and in the most ingeniousest manner fixed it to the heel of his boot. The experiment succeeded for a time, but use is next to nature; after a month the donkey turned out the most unwincingest brute to every application of the pin. Jem was not to be beaten any more than the donkey. He set his wits to work and succeeded."

"In what manner?" I inquired.

"Why, sir, he sticks the pin into the most tenderest part of the animal's tail at starting, and leaves it there till he gets home again."

"Brutal!" said I, to Robert's great surprise, "I must either be summoned before a magistrate for encouraging cruelty to animals, or go to the expense of a fifty-shilling pony and give the donkey his discharge."

I had scarcely concluded this short speech, when the peculiar pat-a-pat of the ill-used animal's hoofs was heard coming up the lane. I looked over the hedge, and from the manner in which he carried his caudality and the lively grin in Jem's countenance, felt fully convinced that my servant's account of the boy's talents in tormenting was not incorrect.

Seeing, however, is believing. The result of the inspection was, that Master James had the pleasure of hearing a sermon on the subject of cruelty, and of feeling the elasticity of a cane which I applied to his person with a somewhat prolonged satisfaction.

After this little excitement, which I believe to be very serviceable to middle-aged men who take a diurnal pint of port and very little exercise, I retired to my study to open and inspect the contents of my letter-bag.

Epistles to kinsfolk, unless they are written expressly for publication, are not generally interesting, except to the parties to whom they are addressed. I therefore suppress my aunt Dorothy's complaints anent rats and rheumatism, with which her house and herself were infected, and my uncle Maximmian's moans caused by the degeneration of the present age and the introduction of the light wines of the continent. He was a three-bottle man. A magnum, in his opinion, was the perfection of the "inventive faculty in man."

Having closed my correspondence from my relatives, and committed the letters to the "unanswered" side of my letter-box, I took up one which bore the Oxford post-mark.

I felt a little queer at the first view of this remembrancer of my earlier and wilder days, and almost resolved to thrust it in the fire. I recollected, however, that I had long since paid off all my ticks, and that no dun would have wasted so much sealing-wax, as this letter bore upon it, impressed with "the pride of heraldry," a handsome coat of arms.

People may say what they please about the great distinction between the higher and lower classes of the community; the best definition I ever heard of these two great divisions of the human race is—that the former have a coat always ready for their arms, and the latter have arms ready for a coat—if they can get it.

This is parenthetic erraticity, so I beg pardon and return to my Oxford letter.

With the handwriting I was unacquainted, but the impression upon the seal could not be mistaken. It represented the family bearings of my old friend and college chum, the Reverend Fortescue Frumpleigh.

I opened the envelope, and found a short note written in a label-like hand, which ran thus:

"Respected Sir,

"I am called in by your friend and my patient, Mr. Fortescue Frumpleigh, of St. Mark's, M.A. and Senior Proctor, to request your attendance for a consultation on his mundane affairs, if the journey, which we charge for under the latin term *iter*, will not interfere with your practice in the country. Mr. F. F. is suffering acutely from some disorganization of his organs. The prognosis and the diagnosis are both dubious, and a metastasis is greatly to be desired. Whether the disorder be endemic, epidemic, or merely sympathetic, I have not yet decided. The case though probably painful to the patient is highly interesting to a medical practitioner. Mr. F. F. falls into most lively convulsions once a-day, which invariably terminate in syncope. At this I am particularly delighted, as it proves the truth of a theory I have promulgated in 1 vol., royal 8vo., that 'when nature is completely exhausted, she ceases to struggle any longer.' The book may not have engaged your attention, but I can say with pride and satisfaction that it is bought and read with avidity, by the three young men who attend my lecture in the anatomy schools twice a term, previously to taking the degree of M.D.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir, Your's respectfully,

"GALLIPOT GALEN, M.D."

This to me proved a puzzler—it may do so to my readers. It proved another thing, too—the triumph of science, or the love of science, over the commonplace feelings of humanity. I suppose surgeons and doctors, *quocunque nomine gaudent*, are possessed of some private feeling for their fellow-creatures, but that fortunately for us who suffer they are able to controul them when engaged professionally about our persons. What *delight* Dr. Gallipot Galen could find in witnessing the convulsions—"the *lively* convulsions terminating in syncope" of my poor friend Fortescue Frumpleigh, I could not then conceive. I can *now*.

I went one day with a friend of mine to witness an operation for aneurism, which was to be performed by a surgeon of local celebrity in our county hospital. My friend was merely an amateur cutter and maimer, but enthusiastic in his search after interesting cases and operations. He prevailed upon me to be present on this great important day with great difficulty, and I entered the operation-room with great reluctance.

I will not harrow up the feelings by a prolonged description of the horrors which I, as one of the uninitiated, suffered, but merely state sufficient of what passed to prove the truth of my opinion that, fortunately for their patients, doctors when professionally engaged have not much feeling for the *operatée*. Just as the knife entered the thigh of the poor sufferer on the table, and, in spite of his efforts to suppress it, a deep, loud groan issued from his lips, a gentleman with a most mild, benevolent countenance, who stood next to me, whispered, "What a beautiful cut!"

I confess I felt a sudden sickness come over me, and left the room. Had I remained, I should have fallen into what Doctor Gallipot Galen calls a syncope, and which I presume is Greek for a fit.

Though puzzled by the hard words in the physician's letter, I could make it out sufficiently to feel satisfied that my friend was really very ill, and wished for my attendance. I summoned Robert, and ordered him to pack up my portmanteau, and arrest the progress of the "Warwick Heavy," as the "light Leamington" was called by the *fast* coachmen, which passed my gate daily on its way to the university. Robert demurred, and wished me to wait for the mail. I demanded his reason, and he told me "he knew that the Heavy was the most man-killingest coach that ever ran. It had upset, and had the most heartrendingest accident only the day before yesterday." That was enough for me. I resolved to go by it because the chances were incalculable, except by the great Mr. C., that it would not be upset again for a week or ten days.

As I mounted the box beside the driver, I heard Robert observe *sotto voce*, "Well, if master is not one of the most have-his-own-wayingest men as ever lived!" I arrived safely in Oxford, and hurried to St. Mark's College. On mounting the staircase towards my friend's rooms, I met the physician, Doctor Gallipot Galen, with his wig, cane, and other appurtenances, which in those days were deemed necessary to the professors of the art of healing. He wore a melancholy look, and would have passed me without any other salutation than putting his index finger to the brim of his broad-brimmed hat, had I not addressed him, and introduced myself to him.

His face was immediately illuminated with a bland smile, and he told me that the idea of my coming up to visit him had had so beneficial effect upon his patient, that he had not had a single "lively convulsion terminating in syncope" since he had despatched his letter to me. This, perhaps, was the cause of the worthy and highly-respectable doctor's melancholy looks.

He offered to return with me to his patient, but I declined, as I thought Fortescue would be better pleased that no witness should be present at our first interview after the lapse of some years.

"I assure you, sir—respected sir, I ought to have said—I am anxious to be present—I am in no hurry, and my other patients can wait—pray let me attend you," said Doctor Gallipot Galen (or as Mrs. Galen used to call him, for brevity's sake, Doctor G. G.) looking very much as if he meant what he said.

"Really, doctor," said I, "you can be of no service to my friend; and what he has to communicate to me I am certain is not intended for any other ear than my own."

"Of service to *him*," said Dr. G. G., looking half surprised, half contemptuous, "I never thought of *him*. I shall be of service to human nature generally. Expanded and liberal minds regard the mass, not the individual. I am anxious to witness the effect of the excitement produced by the interview. The metastasis has bewildered me. He ought to have had a fit at twelve precisely. He has *not*. I cannot account for it."

"Your medicines, doctor, perhaps—"

"My medicines, sir—respected sir, I ought to have said," continued the doctor, touching the brim with his finger, "my medicines were not exhibited to prevent the repetition of effects so perfectly in accordance with my own theory. A fortnight's observation of such lively confir-

mations might establish me for ever, and sell a second edition of my work in 1 vol. royal 8vo."

I was resolved that my friend's comforts should not be interfered with, and his nerves experimented upon to insure the sale of a second edition of a book most probably never heard of out of Oxford. I therefore bowed the doctor down the staircase, and opened my friend's "oak."

A sick-room at college presents a wretched appearance. It is entirely out of character; instead of the neat, trim look of a Don's domicile, or the rackety and rickety room of a noisy undergraduate, you see an odd sort of apartment, half-kitchen, half-apothecary's shop; phials, pill-boxes, powder-papers, broth, and gruel-saucepans, usurp the places usually occupied by books or bottles. The hired nurse is an indescribable animal, so I will not attempt to describe her. Suffice it to say, she is an old Harpy, who befouls everything on which she sets her filthy talons, and is regarded by the scout, the attached and faithful servant, as an intruder who means to appropriate to herself those little residuaries that constitute his peculiar perquisites. They do hate one another most cordially. The poor patient, without a relative near him, to cheer and comfort him by those little attentions that love alone dictates and supplies, has to listen to the mutual recriminations and accusations that pass between the hirelings, and are wafted to his excited ears through the thin partition which divides his chamber from the scout's closet. Then the stuff they give you and call it broth—heugh! it makes me shudder; but enough of this.

I found Frumpleigh looking much better than I expected to find him, from the account of Dr. G. G. He welcomed me with a smile and a hearty shake of the hand; the smile, however, was not the joyous, glorious emanation of mirth and merriment that had used to deck his countenance in days gone by. The pressure of the hand was not so firm, and I must add, so painful, as the grasp with which he was wont to greet his friends, in the time of his full muscular development.

"This is kind of you," said he. "You find me in a miserable state—mind and body alike weakened—at five-and-thirty I am the old man. But before I explain to you the cause, or rather causes that have reduced me to this wretched state, let me ask you if you have dined?"

I explained to him the impossibility of such a transaction as I had not been off the coach-box more than a quarter of an hour. He wished me to go into Hall and dine with the dons of his college; but on my declining to do so on the plea of wishing to bear him company, he summoned the nurse, the Harpy, and sent her to the kitchen for a commons of mutton, and to the common-room for a bottle of old port wine.

When I had performed my ablutions, and the little dinner had made its appearance, I fell to with an appetite not deteriorated by a forty-mile ride of six hours duration. I was diligently occupied with my slice of haunch, and did not notice my friend Fortesque Frumpleigh, who feigned to be reading, until a deep sigh drew my attention to him, I was surprised to see him gazing hard at the viands before me, and looking convulsively at the decanted bottle of port which Harpy had just

placed on the table. His mouth and eyes seemed to be contending with each other which should water most. I was afraid he was going to have one of the lively fits which Dr. G. G. had so forcibly described to me, and rather nervously swallowed a mouthful of mutton to ask him if he felt ill.

"Feel ill, my dear boy?" said, or rather groaned he, "feel ill? Ah, me! if you had been kept on college broth and gruel for six weeks, only enlivened by a glass of toast-and-water at intervals, you would feel as I do."

"What," said I, "you don't mean that they have allowed you—a man used to good living and your bottle of wine—to eke out existence on that horrid trash?"

Frumpleigh nodded mournfully.

"And you are hungry now?" said I; "you could eat a bit of mutton, eh?—relish a glass of this ruby bright wine?"

"I could, I could, but I must not; I am strictly forbidden to touch either."

"Nurse," said I, "bring another plate and knife and fork—a wine-glass, quick!"

"Another plate," said Harpy, looking daggers at me and dangerously at the half-commons of mutton which still remained in the dish, "another plate?"

"Yes," said I, "Mr. Frumpleigh will take a little dinner with me."

"He!" screamed Harpy, "he eat! He morn't, I tell ye. Dr. Galen says it's as much as his life's worth."

"I shall certainly die if I don't eat," said Fortescue, attempting to rise in order to reach the table.

Harpy rushed upon him and laid her hand upon his shoulder. The strong man, reduced by illness and Dr. G. G's. recipes, fell back on the sofa, unable to resist the slight touch of a weak old woman.

"You old—something or other naughty," said I, "get out of the room immediately, and send the scout up."

The Harpy looked at me as if she meant to say "I won't." She did not say so however, but seeing that I was in earnest, bounced round to the door, and muttered audibly, "I wish he may have a *bad* 'un."

"A bad *what*, you aged specimen of bad nutricity?" I inquired.

"A fit," screamed Harpy; "a regular shaker."

I rose in anger, with the intent to thrust her down stairs, but she was too quick for me, and had closed the door before I could reach it. I heard her distinctly saying, "I hope he may burst a blood vessel and go raving mad."

Whether this wish was kindly expressed in my behalf or in my friend's I know not. The mention of the fit, however, caused me to hesitate before I supplied Fortescue with the meat and wine he so eagerly coveted. It was a delicate subject to introduce. I felt the delicacy of the inquiry the more as I had heard that persons liable to epilepsy were either not aware when they had an attack, or never would allow it. It was absolutely necessary to touch upon the subject, so like a timid swimmer who dreads a first plunge, I waded in only ankle deep to begin.

"Mere weakness, I presume," said I, "nothing radically wrong."

"Nervous excitement and debility," said Fortescue.

"Nothing violent—nothing like—like—" said I, hesitatingly.

"Oh dear no—no—nothing like—like—"

"Fits?" said I.

"No fits," said Fortescue. "They are not fits, though Galen calls them so. About twelve o'clock daily I feel quite exhausted—from sheer vacuity in the stomach, I am convinced—it's my luncheon-time, and they will not allow me to eat or drink anything eatable or drinkable. The consequence is, that I lay restless and kicking about on my sofa—throwing my arms and legs about in all directions, until I feel quite faint and worn out. Then Galen, who always calls at that hour, mutters something about 'a desirable state of syncope,' and pours some filthiness down my throat, which after nearly smothering me, revives me."

The experiment of exhibiting meat and wines instead of chemicals might prove a dangerous one. I was resolved to try it, especially as the scout, who came up by Harpy's orders, told me that he had ventured to administer a glass of wine and a jelly the day before, about eleven o'clock, which had prevented the recurrence of the "lively convulsions terminating in syncope," which Dr. G. G. had expected at twelve precisely.

I ordered a fresh commons of mutton, and placed it before my friend, who ate it with a relish that would have induced him to make sad havoc with the whole dish had I not refused to allow him more than a moderate quantity. A glass or two of wine with the meat were eagerly swallowed, and when the cloth was removed, and I looked at Fortescue, I became a convert to the doctrine of "instantaneous conversion." He was an altered man. The pallid hue—the sunken eye of despondency, had given way to a healthy suffusion of colour over his face, and his eye beamed with pleasure and satisfaction.

I forbore to interrupt his delightful feelings by making the inquiries I had intended to make as to the cause and nature of his illness. I passed the decanter to him after I had filled my own glass, and began to talk of olden times—of "the days when we were young." We were not old then, though we began to think that thirty-five or thirty-six winters having passed over our heads did not entitle us to rank ourselves among the young ones.

The conversation flagged a little at first, because our recollection of former events required a considerable proportion of thought before we could recal places and personages distinctly to our minds. Some of our reminiscences too were painful, as many of the actors in the scenes gone by had left the stage of life for "another and a better world."

Warmed at length by the subjects started and a few glasses of wine —generous, sound, graduate port-wine—we rattled on, first laughing at some incident in a ride to Woodstock, a lark on Bullingdon, a row to Sandford, and the *row* that followed: then smiling at some eccentricity of some former friend—a Smith of St. Peter's, or a Jones of Jesus. Anon we became serious awhile, and talked of our dread of the schools, the fear of a pluck, the hopes of a class—praise or blame at our terminal examinations—the collections as they are termed. All this was not only amusing, but highly exciting. Each endeavoured to

out-talk the other, as some fresh fact flashed vividly upon his mind. I told some excellent anecdotes of Dons, Tutors, and Proctors, the lights of our days. Fortescue recounted several exploits that had long since been forgotten by me—obliterated most probably by the cares arising from the necessity of providing shoes and other little *et-ceteras* for a numerous progeny with which I had been patriotically engaged in populating my country, while he had been dreaming away his days in single unblessedness. He was in the midst of a most enthusiastic description of a town and gown fight in which, though we fought like undergraduates, we had both been much disfigured. He was attitudinising to illustrate how he had given it to a bargeman, "right and left," when the door was suddenly opened, and Dr. Gallipot Galen entered the room, with cane, broad-brim and wig, *plenissimis pontificalibus*, as old Dr. R— used to translate "full dress."

The Harpy, disgusted at our disregard of her nutricial veto upon the viands she had intended to appropriate to her own individual use, had evidently summoned the superior officer to her aid to quell the mutiny and crush the rebellion in the bud.

The doctor stared like a moon-calf at his excited patient, who, as his back was towards the door, and he had not observed his entrance, was still flourishing his fists in that scientific manner peculiar to those who have "taken lessons."

"On he came again," shouted Fortescue, "hit out at my head—I stopped him cleverly with my left and returned upon his nose—out flew the purple stream—he grew wild— threw away his blows, and was all abroad. I had just got his head under my arm, and was about to punish him severely, when I was unpleasantly interrupted by—"

"A decided case of mental aberration," screamed Dr. G. G. "Phrenitis in its worst form! Straight-waistcoat—phlebotomy and antiphlogistics—the strongest measures must be resorted to."

Fortescue, who, like myself, had subsided or settled down into a sober, demurish kind of man, and would have been very much shocked at a third person, and he a layman, even imagining that he had ever been an actor in so deep a tragedy as a row between the town and gown, looked around at his physician with a mingled look of amazement and disgust. He did not speak—he could not. He remained eyeing the intruder with his fists extended in the last attitude he had assumed previously to putting an end to the imaginary fight. The doctor gave utterance to a loud ahem! At this preconcerted signal, Harpy entered the room. Gallipot whispered to her a message, but sufficiently loud for me to hear the words, "Infirmary—two strong men—straight-waistcoat—apothecary—case of lancets."

"Excuse me, Dr. Galen," said I, stepping between Harpy and the door, so as to prevent her egress, "these alarming preparations are all unnecessary. My friend is more in need of the cook and butler than of an apothecary and antiphlogistics."

"Sir—respected sir, I ought to say—allow me to know best. The prognosis in this case is—"

"What you know nothing at all about, Dr. Galen, and I'mnow thoroughly convinced of it," said Fortescue Frumpleigh, getting out of his attitude and settling his waistcoat and dressing-gown, which had been disordered by his sciomachy.

Dr. Galen looked more than amazed—he looked bewildered. He raised his eyebrows and the skin of his forehead so high, that his wig and hat were lifted up an inch or two. He could not express his indignation in words for some moments, and when he did so they dropped out like plums in a workhouse pudding—"few and far between."

"Know—nothing—at all—about—the case?"

Then as if the word *case* acted upon him electro-magnetically, his volubility exceeded all bounds. All attempts to check him were vain. To give additional force to his words, he began to use an exuberance of action. He "sawed the air" with his left hand and then brandished his cane with his right, until in the vehemence of his energy he smashed the empty decanter into minute fragments.

"Really this is unbearable," said Fortescue.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, sir—respected sir, I ought to say," cried the doctor, looking shocked and sorry for his violent conduct, "but when you consider that I have written a long preface for the second edition of my work in 1 vol., royal 8vo., in which the truth of my favourite theory is fully proved to my own satisfaction from 'the CASE of a clergyman, M.A., of St. M—'s Coll. Oxford,' you must allow it is very irritating to be told that I have mistaken the case."

"You must cancel it immediately, sir, throw the erroneous document into the fire, or devote it to trunk-linings, and other waste-paper purposes," said Fortescue, greatly excited, and in a very unrefuseable manner.

"Cancel it, sir?—respected sir, I ought to say," replied Dr. G. G.; "Cancel it—impossible—it's in the printer's hands;—set up—first proof pulled off and corrected. I will not consent to cancel it. It's an expensive and mortifying degradation."

"The guinea—the diurnal guinea you have pocketted for starving me and depriving me of the little enjoyments of life, will amply compensate for the expense of setting up a parcel of nonsense that ought to be put down. I beg you will leave me, Dr. Gallipot Galen. I would be alone with my friend. Remove that horrible creature, that feminine myrmidon of yours, with yourself."

As Fortescue was really in a passion, and as the doctor's determination to argue the case a little longer was quite apparent, I thought it better to interfere. I took the doctor gently by the arm, and tried to lead him from the room. He, however, shook me off very unceremoniously, struck his cane forcibly on the floor, and knocking his hat and wig very firmly on his head, exclaimed, "I maintain that I am right in my *theory*, though I may have been wrong in my *practice*."

Having acted as his own accoucheur in the delivery of this opinion, Dr. G. G. raised his nose as high as its snubbishness would permit it to be raised, and walked majestically out of the room.

It may be as well to add here that the learned M.D. did not cancel his preface, but published it to the Oxford world, merely suppressing the initials and college of the clergyman whose CASE so perfectly proved the truth of his favourite theory, "that when nature is completely exhausted, she ceases to struggle any longer." A proceeding, unfair doubtless, but perfectly harmless—for the work did not sell.

The nurse—the Harpy, as I have called her—turned cantankerous, as *she* called stubborn. She refused to "wag a limb" until her week was

up. She had been hired hebdomadally, and she would not quit without "a week's wages or a week's warning."

This point was easily settled. She was paid a guinea for work *not* done and performed, and left the room to put up her "things," and secrete the numerous little perquisites she had contrived to accumulate during her nursage. As she was in the scout's room engaged in these preparations for departure, I heard her muttering and jabbering to herself. I could only catch the concluding sentence distinctly—"What an ass I was not to have boned the gold repeater; it's robbing one's own family."

When this "tumult had dwindled to a calm," and the coffee and candles had been placed on the table, I ordered the scout to close the oak, and leave us for the night.

"Now," said I, "that this little excitement is over, and you seem tolerably calm again, let me ask you, my friend, the meaning of it all. Let me know the cause of your illness—of your being resident in Oxford as Senior Proctor of the University, and the specific purpose for which you summoned me up to college. 'Unfold your tale,' as the black man said to the boa-constrictor when he was treating him to a friendly but formidable embrace."

Before I allow my friend to say his say, I must introduce him more formally to my readers than I have done.

The great—I may add the *only* flaw in my friend's character was, the pride of ancestry. He looked down with sovereign contempt on every one who could not trace his family back through fifteen generations, and prove that not one of them in the line direct or collateral, had had his or her name over a shop-door or on a brass plate. He was christened Fortescue after his mamma. He inherited his surname from his father immediately—remotely from his grandfather five times removed. That respectable old gentleman bore the name of Frumps originally, and the antiquity of that name was so indisputable, that the family were usually called the "old Frumps." When he formed a matrimonial partnership with a lady named Leigh, who was to bring a large capital into the concern, it was insisted upon by her parent, who was quite as proud of the Leighs as the Frumps were of the Frumps, that the husband of his daughter should assume her name. This the Frumps indignantly declined. The match might have been broken off, had not the lady, who was a little *passée*, and began to despair of effecting an engagement for life, suggested that their union should be completed by uniting the two names as well as their two persons.

They therefore obtained permission to bear and use the name of Frumpleigh thenceforth and for ever. The Herald's College knocked up a shield combining the armorial bearings of both the families. The crest of the Frumps was a griffin. The Leighs bore a mermaid. The college tacked the tail of the sea-woman to the head of the griffin. As everything ugly and unnatural is valued in heraldry and Gothic architecture, this incongruous monster *told* well.

Fortesque came up to St. Peter's College, of which I was a member, and entered himself on the books. We soon formed an intimacy, as we were thrown very much in each other's way. The fact is, the college was full, and he had to share my rooms as a chum—that is to say,

we had one sitting-room between us; and a bedroom each, parted the one from the other by a very thin deal wainscoat. Fortunately, our tastes assimilated; he loved a little quiet fun in the midst of rather severe study. He was moderate in his potations in general, but did not despise a "little excitement" now and then.

When he had taken his degree, he stood for a Fellowship at St. Mark's, where pedigree is more closely regarded than scholarship. Many of the candidates were his superiors in classical attainments, but his family tree had taken deeper root, and was planted in a richer soil than those of his less aristocratic competitors, and he was victorious. After his election, our intimacy did not cease. He had too much goodnature and good sense to fall into the arrangement generally entered into by the members of St. Mark's—to cut every out-college man. He even ventured to introduce me into the commons-room, and in spite of the dark and lowering brows of his brother Fellows, to pay me particular attention, and order in a bottle from the choicest bin in that *recherché* cellar. The society being very limited, they could not afford to cut him for his audacity, so that I was a frequent guest among them, and was even acknowledged by a distant nod when we chanced to pass in the High-street.

After I left Oxford, I saw but little of Fortescue. We corresponded for some time regularly once a month; at last we had but little in common to talk about, and our monthly's ceased to be *New Monthlies*. We tried annuals next, but the same cause operated to convert them into periodicals at uncertain intervals. I had not heard of him for some time before I received Dr. G. G.'s summons to attend upon him at St. Mark's College.

"I need not inform you," commenced Fortescue, "of my proceedings after leaving College, until my ordination and induction to the family living of Frumpleigh. My letters to you in those days will have rendered it unnecessary. I have lived there ever since—an easy bachelor's life—with my brother, who, as you are aware, inherits the family estates."

"Your duties are not severe, I imagine," said I.

"Easy—that is, comparatively easy—so I think you will allow when I tell you, that the Abbey is the only house in the parish, except a few cottages in which the labourers reside. They attend in the chapel which, as is the case in most old family mansions, is under the Abbey roof. You are not of a *very* old family, but you may probably be aware of the fact."

I had a great wish to say, "An *old* family puts me in mind of a 'family *failing*,'" but I did not.

"My residence at Frumpleigh," he continued "was uninterrupted, except by a two months' annual sojourn in London at our old family mansion in Portman-square, until I received a letter from the head of St. Mark's, entreating me to come up to Oxford and take the office of Senior Proctor for the year."

"Was there no resident Fellow to take the office?" I inquired.

"None," said he. "The *standing*, as you know, for holding the Proctorship, is limited. One half of our men were of too long standing, and the rest were not of standing enough. We have no independent masters on our books—it is against the college rules."

"But you have chaplains," I suggested; "why not have given the office to one of them? He would gladly have accepted it. The honorarium would have been an agreeable addition to the moderate stipend allowed him."

"Ah! that is the very thing," said he; "there was the grand difficulty. I assure you we respect our chaplains very much. Their stipend is very moderate, I allow, but we cannot afford more. Our fellowships are a mere three or four hundreds a-year for each of us. Domus—that is the college fund—cannot set aside more than seventy pounds per annum for a chaplain, and we have two."

"Well, its strikes me," said I, "that that is the very reason why you should have given the office of Proctor to one of them, if his standing in college enabled him to take it."

Fortescue looked annoyed, and fidgetted about in his chair as he replied,

"You—I really scarcely know how to express myself without giving offence—You know that our society is a very peculiarly constituted society. By our founder's will, we are bound only to elect persons as Fellows, who are highly respectable—that is, of *old* families. When by the cycle the office of Proctor came to our turn, our men were of course very anxious that St. Mark's should be represented, as it were, by one of its most respectable members. They were horrified at finding that among the residents, no one could take the office, and still more horrified by one of the chaplains putting in *his claim*. The other was of too long standing, and consequently could not hold it."

"The claimant, I presume," said I, "was a vulgar man, or perhaps not quite correct."

"On the contrary," replied Fortescue; "he is a very respectable, gentlemanly young man, and discharges his chapel duties greatly to our satisfaction."

"Where was the objection to his appointment then?" I inquired.

"Why you see," said Frumpleigh, looking very like an *old* Frumpleigh, "here was the difficulty. His respectable parent is a tradesman in this city. For our society to be represented by a man whose father has his name in gilt letters over his shop-door, and sends in 'bill delivered' for his commodities every term, was not to be permitted. The young man—very improperly *we* think—respectfully informed the society that he should appeal to the Vice-Chancellor or the Visitor. Our men felt that his claim was a just one, and that his appeal would have succeeded unless they could get a Fellow to come up into residence. They looked through the list, and, as I said before, wishing to be well represented—that is, by a man of *very* old family, they applied to *me*. Under the circumstances, the very trying circumstances, I could not, in honour, refuse. I accepted the office, and came up into residence."

"And the chaplain?" said I.

"Oh! we freely forgave him, and allowed him to continue in office."

"Wonderfully condescending," I thought, but did not say.

I do not mean to be malicious, for I have no malice in me; but I do think that gentlemen who condescend to accept of the charitable

bequests of founders and benefactors, ought to be a little less fastidious than the Fellows of St. Mark's were upon this memorable occasion.

"Well," said I, "you have accounted for your being here in residence. Now inform me of the cause of your illness."

"Annoyance—sheer annoyance—or rather a series of annoyances. In the first place, I could not elect my own colleague. My junior represents one of the very smallest colleges in the university—a college that has an unpleasant *sobriquet* attached to its name. The man himself, though of the *novi homines*, is in other respects, I believe, unobjectionable. But could I ask a St. Jude's man to dine in Hall? Of course not. I have, however, asked him to wine with me in my rooms by himself three times, and invited him to sup with the *tonsores*, as I thought he might be able to interpret their vernacular."

"I should not have thought that an annoyance sufficient to 'disorganize the organs,' as Dr. G. G. says," I remarked.

"You," said Fortescue, "*cannot* understand it. Well, in the next place, you know that I love ease and quiet. I hate being disturbed at unseasonable and unreasonable hours. I did not mind a stroll up and down the High-street from three o'clock until five. The trouble of returning the capping was not very great—though rather annoying in windy weather. The night-work was the worry. It is true that my Pros were very kind, and my colleague was very energetic and zealous in his duty; but then the Marshal, who is a most efficient officer, has imbibed a notion that when any extraordinary impropriety is being, or likely to be, committed the *senior* Proctor ought to be present in person to prevent or put a stop to it. I can assure you it is no joke to be roused out of a warm bed by a bull-dog to quell a riot, or disperse 'a hop.' To have to squeeze yourself into a pair of tights at midnight, and in full dress, with only a gown on instead of a warm great coat, to stand in a gutter and harangue a mob, is exceedingly unpleasant. Now and then a refractory bargeman forgets the dignity of the Proctor's office, and one's ears are offended by language one is totally unused to."

"I *can* understand these annoyances," said I. "The young men, I hope, did not add to them."

"Why, young men will be young men, and though I have had to benefit the barbers, by imposing some few—very few, for vice and immorality—vulgarity I never pardon—yet I am, I know, rather popular with the undergraduates. I treat them as gentlemen, and trust to their word when once it is given. I recollected the days of my own pupillage, and knew from personal experience, that a mirth-loving, mischievous spirit will degenerate—as the boys would say—into sober tameness in a very short time. A lark, a pure frolicsome lark, the result of buoyancy of animal spirits, I have never punished severely, though of course I lectured in private on its enormity."

"I think you are quite right, and I am glad your judicious conduct saved you from any annoyance from the men *in statu pupillari*," said I.

"Not too fast," continued Fortescue; "the undergraduates did annoy me excessively in one point. I could not get them to dress for dinner. You know that in our days no man appeared in Hall, or in

the High-street after a certain hour, without silk stockings and a white tie. Now there is not a bit of white cambric muslin worn except by the Dons. To me the sight of a stock is very annoying—it gives me an unpleasant notion of animal oil, which must accumulate in large quantities in a stock worn without cessation for three months : I hate a stock, and such stocks as they invent now. It is not more than six weeks since that a man called upon me for leave to go out in a buggy—which meant a tandem, of course—in a green satin abomination, embroidered with gold flowers—a thing with a waterfall front—a cascade of satin—in which were stuck two pins as big as marlin-spikes, connected together by a chain-cable. I of course refused him leave—I hate vulgarity in dress. I don't object to a plain black neckcloth in a morning, but I do wish to see the restoration of muslin for the evening."

"These then," said I, "and other little annoyances, which I will not weary you to remember and record, were the causes of your illness?"

"The primary causes, certainly—aggravated by what I am now convinced is the unfair manner in which I have been treated by Dr. Gallipot Galen, who has evidently been using my person as a subject to be experimented upon, in order to prove the truth of his ridiculous theory. I'll "throw physic to the dogs, I'll have none on't." My term of office soon expires—I shall abdicate with great pleasure—make my last dying speech in the Apodyterium, and return to inglorious ease in the old family mansion at Frumpleigh."

"Speech?" I inquired.

"Yes—speech—a *Latin* speech," said Fortescue, with a look such as I conceive may be given by a real lunatic-asylum maniac. "I may as well confess it at once—the idea of having to write and deliver that Latin speech before a mass of unfeeling, 'in full-practice' critics, has been the real cause—the final cause of my nearly premature decease. Only the day before yesterday was the incubus removed from my mind. I had been practising in secret—trying every style from the pure Ciceronian and the cramped Livian, down to the simplicity of Cornelius Nepos and Phædrus's fables, and all without the smallest approach to an imitation. I was in despair. As a St. Mark's man, I could not allow that I was incapable of performing the task, though I had not written a Latin sentence for five or six years. I dreaded exposing myself to the society to which I belong I thank my family star." (it could not have been the Georgium Sidus, thought I, for that is a *new* one) "my difficulties were removed in a miraculous manner."

I looked an inquiry, and Fortescue whispered,

"I don't mind telling *you*—masonically of course. Since my illness I have been unable to shave myself—our college barber operated upon me until I could not bear it any longer—he sups off onions nightly. The day before yesterday, I dismissed him, and sent my scout to procure a fresh man. He came—a very nice young man indeed. I thought to astonish him.

"'*Heus puer!*' said I, '*remove meam barbam.*' To my surprise he answered,

"'*In oculi nictu.*'

"'You understand Latin? said I.

"'Yes, sir; and Greek too. My father, old Chops, the stammering barber of St. Peter's, put me to a good school, in order that I might be able to increase the *rem domesticam* of the Chops's by writing impositions for the young men.'

"I ordered him to lock the door. We soon came to an understanding and terms, and—and—*I've got the* DOCUMENT! My mind is relieved, and now good bye to Dr. Gallipot Galen."

"One more question," said I; "for what specific purpose did you summon me up to college?"

"Look here," said Fortescue, lifting up the lid of a large box, and disclosing a mass of MS. papers. "During my idle hours, I have been collecting and scribbling down every anecdote and story I could hear or remember, a sort of Proctor's Note-book you may call it: they are yours. I as a St. Mark's man, cannot of course become an author—though I am sorry to see that many, even of the oldest families, condescend to take a publisher's money, and see their names advertised in three vols., at one pound ten and sixpence, to the great detriment of many who, like yourself, with invalid wives, and I don't know how many children, depend for their support partly on the spilling of ink. Take them, and make what use of them you please—only don't say *I* did them."

I thanked him sincerely, as I saw a vision of Henry Hases floating over them, every one of which promised a due supply of shoes and frocks to my little ones.

I have looked them over and so arranged them, that I shall be able to present one little historiette or anecdote to my readers in each succeeding number. I object to *continuations* as much as the gentleman did, who kicked his tailor down stairs for offering to make him a pair of green trousers to match his coat. I shall ramble too in my subjects, for I dislike being *confined* as much as any lady does, who prefers dancing before the discharge of her domestic duties.

Reader—are you interested in the fate of Fortescue Frumpleigh of St. Mark's?

He was killed before his time by seeing a member of a "very old family" in his neighbourhood, come to a ball in a cutaway coat, boots, and a light-blue stock.

THE DEATH-SONG OF THE MANILLA CHEROOT.

In a land more blest
Than the stormy West,
In the loveliest realm of the earth—
'Mid the sunshiny smiles
Of the Philippine Isles,
I received my lowly birth.

I grew apace,
Like a child of grace,
Beneath a cherishing sky;
'Till a tyrant's doom
Cut me off in my bloom,
And hung me out to dry!

Full soon I faded,
By earth unaided,
And reft from my parent root;
I was roll'd and dipp'd,
I was press'd and clipp'd;
And then I became a Cheroot!

In a wooden cave,
Like an Afric slave,
Immured with thousands more;
I never saw light,
By day or night,
'Till I reach'd proud England's shore.

On the frigid strand
Of that stranger land,
My brethren were set with me:
Releas'd from jail,
And exposed for sale,
In lots of thirty and three!

By a son of the West,
Whose pitiless breast
Ne'er heeded a captive's sigh!
I was bought, and then,
Imprison'd again;
Led hither, alas! to die.

And soon his breath,
Like the blast of Death,
That sweeps o'er Arabia's plains,
Will cause a flame
To consume my frame,
'Till nothing but dust remains.

I bequeath no ills
To the hand that kills,
But my redolent fume of love
I still bestow,
As this world of woe
I leave, for the clouds above.

No sculpture solemn,
No urn or column,
May mark where my ashes lie;
But o'er earth and air,
Shall the free winds bear
Such parts as are doom'd to die.

Like the saints of old,
I'm condemn'd and sold,
To death through suffering driven!
And I pass with a smile
From my funeral pile,
To become a bright cloud in Heaven!

BENGALENSIS.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. GORE.

COUNTRY towns are daily losing their physiognomy. The surface becomes smoother and smoother, like that of our current coin, till by the evenness of the superficies, the value is lessened. Mail-coaches did much, and railroads are doing more, to destroy all local characteristics and distinctions. The two capitals of the sister kingdoms are divided by only four-and-twenty hours each, from the great metropolis; and the interstitial towns, now that they receive the gossip of London wet from the press, and new fashions and new follies bright from the mint, have flung aside those quaint old garments of individuality, which rendered Winchester as different from York, as Chester from all other cities of the United Kingdom.

It may be doubted whether they alter for the better. A man may cease to be the yeoman without becoming the gentleman. Superficial polish is often acquired, when the nature is not intrinsically improved. The heartiness of the country disappears, but the politeness of the capital lags behind.

The common run of towns resemble a blunt razor,—or a single-barrelled gun,—or a sailing-packet,—or any other antediluvian thing which, instead of beguiling the time, by looking like the time, looks like times better forgotten. Its society is a shoal of minnows, among which the most moderate fish becomes a Triton. Accustomed to receive its laws and opinions, like its ribbons and other manufactured goods, from London, if you ask a question, people are as slow in answering as if waiting the arrival of the coach to make up their minds.

A century ago, ere roads and newspapers had established an electric chain betwixt the capital and her satellites, every country town was the capital of its province, as in France at the present day; and the substantial old mansion-houses now figuring as boarding-schools and manufactories, attest that, aforetime, the winter migration of the

squirearchy extended no further than the limits of their shire. The wealth thus concentrated brought refinement and progress. Now, all who have money to spend, spend it in London; and country towns are consequently restricted to a secondary order of civilisation.

The great manufacturing towns are distinguished by a certain flashiness of taste, in addition to their smoke, noise, and unwholesome-looking population.

The cathedral towns pretend to higher gentility,—are blue and scandalous, addicted to whist and green tea.

Garrison towns are gay and flirtacious, inclining to theatricals, and boasting a capital circulating library. But the genuine country town is the one that hath neither Canon nor cannon,—neither black coats nor red,—neither a barrack nor cathedral close;—nor even a manufactory, beyond a slender steam-engine chimney or two, starting up, like asparagus running to seed, in the suburbs;—or perhaps a few mills, half hidden among the shallows of an unnavigable river.

Such a spot is the true Castle of Indolence, a place where, as in the hearts of the restored Bourbons, nothing has been learned, nothing forgotten;—whose horizon is so bounded that you cannot turn round within its limits without knocking your head against a prejudice; and where, like Lightfoot in the fairy tale, you must tie your legs together not to outrun the rest of the community.

On first installing yourself in such a region, you are surprised to find, by some species of optical delusion, all great objects diminish in importance, and all trifling ones expand. You lose sight of the rest of Europe, but the next parish becomes vast as Savoy or Portugal. You cease to conjecture whether the death of Metternich will operate any influential change in the constitutions of Austria; but become suddenly convulsed with curiosity to know why Mr. Spriggins has suspended the improvements at his villa. A gradual torpor seizes upon your intellects. Art, science, intelligence, refinement, glide out of sight, like spectres at cockcrow; and the immaterial gives place to matter of fact. All the illusions of civilisation vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision!

At the close of a month, you have become acclimatised. Your optics have adapted themselves to their new focus. You have learned not only the date of the church, and the fact that a very curious old gateway once stood on the site of the present town-hall; but to admit the infallibility of the Pope of the place, and are convinced that there is no need for you to give up the ghost under fourscore years of age, so long as that able man Dr. Green and his gig are in circulation in the parish.

Shall I ever forget my sojourn at Welstanton! It was like creeping back into the pages of Richardson! The formalities—the littlenesses—the monsterings of nothings—the waste of interjections where everything else was charily hoarded—the upturning and downcasting of eyes whenever anything was done or said differing from the sayings and doings of the day before! Before I quitted it, I had begun to consider robbing a henroost an enormity, and short whist an act of profligacy demanding the intervention of the quarter-sessions.

It was a pretty town enough; situated on a hill-side sloping to a brook, which the county history politely termed a river; having a cheer-

ful, healthy suburb, called Spital-green, wherein was situated the Palazzo Reale of Welstanton, the new-built house of Mr. Marx, the attorney, agent to his Grace the Duke of Hereford, with its conservatory the size of a bird-cage, and its lawn the size of a billiard-table; besides a venerable old manorial residence of the Tramsydes, occupied by two awful maiden ladies of that name, first cousins to a Welsh baronet, and personages not to be spoken of by lips profane.

But Spital-green was looked upon as almost in the country. In the "heart of the town" (that is, in the larger of the two streets) stood the vicarage; its frontage covered with a vine, that bore fruit in due season, *i.e.*, when bitten by the November frosts into decay, mistaken for ripeness, and its forecourt planted into a garden by means of box edgings and a stunted spruce fir-tree stuck in the midst. Just opposite, was the Bank, with the adjoining red-brick residence of its acting partner, Jonas Puncheon, Esq., whom many people pretended to recollect behind the counter of a grocer's shop in the neighbouring town; and twenty yards lower down, the abode of Dr. Green, with an odd-looking little outbuilding, having a green serge curtain to its glass door, and "nightbell" affixed to a brass knob on the doorpost. Further still, towards the entrance from the London-road, stood a square dingy-looking mansion, ensconced behind a high brick wall, the Vatican of the Pope of Welstanton, Benjamin Brighthelmstone, Esq.,—little Benjamin, their ruler.—

"And who is Mr. Benjamin Brighthelmstone?" I inquired listlessly of Miss Martha Tramsyde, on the evening of my arrival at Welstanton.

The first impulse of both the old ladies was to look anxiously round, and ascertain whether a twelfth-degree domestic of a footboy, whom, had they resided in Marylebone, they would have styled a page, had quitted the room; lest the subordinates of their establishment should become aware that their schoolgirl guest was a person so insignificant as never to have heard of Mr. Brighthelmstone. Then, satisfied that no one was present but her sister Sybella, their favourite Persian cat Tamerlane, and my culpable self, she pursed up her mouth, smoothed her apron, and congratulated me on not having ventured to expose my ignorance before a less indulgent audience.

"Mr. Brighthelmstone, ma'am," said she, "is one of the most distinguished men of the present day. Few persons perhaps of any age have exceeded him in depth of learning or refinement of mind."

"A man of letters, then?" said I, already beginning to respect the high brickwall as the stronghold of literary leisure.

"Of *letters?*" reiterated Sybella, glaring at me over the back of Tamerlane, who was purring over her knee. "Do you mean to say, ma'am, that you never *heard* of Mr. Brighthelmstone?—that you never *read* any of his productions?"—

"Perhaps, sister," remonstrated the milder Martha, "Miss Titmarsh may be unacquainted with the literary signature of our accomplished friend. Mr. Brighthelmstone, ma'am, in the character of Φ is the author of that charming Essay on the Gardens of the Ancient Mexicans which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the month of July, in the year eighteen hundred and six."

"At that period, I fear, I was scarcely included among courteous readers," I was beginning—

"The echoes of fame, ma'am, prolong themselves *ad infinitum*," retorted Sybella.

"For many years afterwards, nothing was talked of in the literary and fashionable circles but the *chef-d'œuvre* of our accomplished friend. You will find a presentation copy of the number of the magazine yonder, on the book-shelf. Be pleased to reach it down."

"To the Misses Tramsyde,
"From Φ,
"*A tribute of humble mediocrity to transcendent merit.*"

"I recommend you, ma'am, to take the volume to your own room, and peruse the article with the attention it deserves."

After a polite reference to the centenarian flowering of the aloe, I ventured to inquire whether this charming essay were Mr. Benjamin Brighthelmstone's latest production?

Miss Sybella shrugged her shoulders so impetuously that Tamerlane, startled by such unwonted vivacity, jumped from her lap.

"Did you never hear of 'Brighthelmstone's Gleanings?' Is it possible, ma'am, that you have overlooked the praises awarded to that able miscellany by the literary productions of the day? Three lines and a half in *The Athenæum*, and a notice in 'Our Library Table,' in *The Spectator*!—Mr. Brighthelmstone's works, ma'am, have an European reputation."

"To say nothing of his eminence in the scientific world!" added Martha. "Mr. B. is a member of the Geological Society of Bath—of the Antiquarian Society of Belfast—of the Philo-Saxon Association of Berwick-upon-Tweed. As a naturalist, he ranks with the greatest names of the day. His collection of crysallidæ are about to be engraved as a companion to 'Audubon's Birds,' and 'The British Fishes.' Some day, when our accomplished friend is completely at leisure, we may perhaps prevail upon him to show you his collections. —The whole county has nothing to produce equal to them!"

I abhor miscellaneous collections of Natural History on a small scale. Though declining in the vale of years, I have not yet forgotten the cold shudders that came upon me the first time I had occasion to contemplate a glass-case full of centipedes, or a jar of bottled snakes. It was at the house of George Spence, the Cartwright of his day; to whose place of execution in Old Bond-street, innocent children were beguiled for the extraction of their front teeth, by a gallery containing all the curious birds of the air and fishes of the sea, artificially stuffed and preserved. I remember connecting, for many weeks afterwards, a mystic meaning with the glare of their light-coloured glass eyes,—as if, like the birds or fishes of some Arabian tale, their looks had warned me with a human meaning to "beware the dentist!" No matter. Even a naturalist's gallery might prove a relief to the monotony of a sojourn at Welstanton.

Such a pleasure, however, was not to be lightly conceded or accomplished without antecedents. In terror of his erudition, young people were forced by their parents and guardians to read up to it, as they were physicked by Dr. Green previous to inoculation. My imagination and memory were accordingly filled with creeping things innumerable,

by the time I was considered worthy a presentation to the Buffon of Welstanton.

Awful were the preparations in that old mansion-house, on the evening the Infallible was to take tea with us, preparatory to his cross-examination of the candidate for the honour of admittance into his museum.

The house was not large; but its lobbies were so spacious and its vestibules so numerous, that people took less heed that its rooms were full of queer angles and embrasures, or that their altitude was such as in most old mansions, from Shakspeare downwards, forbids one to suppose that the race of Britons is physically degenerated. A standard footman or a life-guardsman, would scarcely have stood upright in the state parlour of the Tramsydes. Fortunately no such rampant specimens of human nature found their way into those maidenly precincts.

The furniture was almost as heterogeneous as the contents of Mr. Benjamin Brighthelmstone's museum. It often happens that these old spinstress-cages in country-towns, contain choice specimens of art, in addition to the tabby-cats, both biped and quadruped, purring by their fireside. The legacies of successive generations concentrate the moveables of an ancient squirearchical family in the possession of its last Mrs. Tabitha. Old Euclio devises

"His lands and tenements to Ned;"

because Ned can keep the tenements in repair, and improve the lands at leisure. His books and "pictures,"—his prints and "chayney," are extrinsic things, which his old maiden aunt or cousin will better appreciate. There had been more than one old Euclio in the Tramsyde family; and the curious mansion with its deep Elizabethan windows, abounded in treasures such as would have collected a crowd round the windows of Baldock, or touched the lips of James Christie with fire.

Such crackled china!—such Nankin vases!—such enamelled saucers!—such quizzicalities in Dresden!—lachrymatories in crystal,—chalices in onyx and jasper,—Chinese gods in En-Shee stone,—and mystical Egyptianisms,—whether demon or divinity who could tell?

In one vestibule, stood an old carved ebony cabinet, such as one finds at Amsterdam or Nimeguen, looking as if all the prescriptions of Boerhaave, or commentations of Erasmus, must be concealed within its mysterious labyrinth of secret drawers and twisted columns. I have seen early Dutch copies of the Bible, wherein the book of Exodus is illustrated by plates of the inner sanctuary of the tabernacle, much resembling the interior of this mysterious cabinet. It contained, however, nothing that *I* could ever discover, except the smell of myrrh,—though permitted by the old ladies to pursue my search after the sliding panel, which, I was convinced, would one day reveal to view a mysterious manuscript, containing perhaps a narrative of the murder of the De Witts, or inedited anecdotes of the barbarisms of the Duke of Alva.

In another lobby—a lesser one, leading to Miss Sybella's private chamber—there stood an old-fashioned settee, and another old cabinet of genuine Japan—lacquered with a degree of richness worthy the state-apartments of a mandarin of the first button.

I know not from what member of the Tramsyde family this stately

piece of furniture had descended to the two old ladies; but certain of its drawers savoured of musk and maréchale powder, to a degree that spoke, flute-tongued, of billets-doux of the reign of Queen Anne.

Just over the cabinet was suspended a picture of singular merit, in singular disarray; for, purporting to be the Adoration of the Magi from the pencil of Vandyck, there was a rent right through the visage of one of the swarthy kings, which implied that it had been either thrust at with some rusty weapon, or gnawn through by the rats. The Tramsydes protested it had suffered in the siege of some family castle during the civil wars, and swore the picture was an original. At all events, it was a splendid picture.

Miss Sybella often reproached me with the hours I wasted in that little vestibule. She belonged to a time and place entitling her to consider every thing but active occupation, idleness; and when neither sewing, knitting, nor copying receipts into the grand Tramsyde collection, I was, of course, doing nothing. I suspect she did not like me to approach too near her chamber-door.

They were Catholics—rigid Catholics. Previous to my visit, I had heard hints of vigils, penances, and macerations, that made my blood creep whenever Father Marston, their priest, came over to visit them from the neighbouring town. No sound, however, reached me, as I sat musing on the settee, but the buzzing of the flies over a pot of the night-flowering stock, that bloomed in the hot window-seat; or another and scarcely louder murmur from Miss Sybella's chamber, which I always concluded to be the rehearsing of her paternoster.

Had Horace Walpole been acquainted with those two elderly gentlewomen, I am convinced he would have made one of them his Countess, in order to add their collection to that at Strawberry-hill. The taste of Mr. Benjamin Brighthelmstone—or as Dr. Green jocosely abbreviated him amongst his intimates "B. B."—was towards the sciences rather than the arts; or he would scarcely have been able to resist their antiquated tendernesses, or their carvings by Grinling Gibbons: Petitots adorned their snuff-boxes; and the very vellum fans with sticks of encrusted gold that, on my arrival, lay forgotten in the old lacquer cabinet, would have worked up the enthusiasm of the Chaussée D'Antin to frenzy.

One might almost fancy that our national taste, as developed in these gorgeous superfluities, had been gradually degenerating from the days of Charles II. to our present age of utilitarianism. If we are to trust the evidence of old family collections, and the hints of old comedies and such records as the "Rape of the Lock," there *was* a time when English people wasted their coin upon toys of a richer and more elegant description, than the gewgaws which now encumber our tables.

I had thought myself tolerably conversant with the treasures of my venerable hostesses; but the tea-party brought to light a thousand curious trifles in addition to B. B.

It was summer-time. The table was set in the deep recess of an old window, looking towards the little flower-plot, which they called a garden, sloping southward towards a paddock, through which ran what Welstanton considered a river. The opposite bank, a charming boundary

to what would have been otherwise an uninteresting stare over one of the ugliest counties in England, was richly matted with ivy, between huge scattered stumps of ash and oak trees, throwing up here and there, their jets of underwood, which bore evidence that it had not been long denuded of the wood, still assigning to the spot the name of Stanton Hanger.

The garden, such as it was, showed bright with its Midsummer redundance of flowers—old fashioned things disavowed by the Horticultural Society, but which constitute the glory of old English farms and manors; such as the double-flowering white briar, with drooping boughs and delicate blossoms, like a sick beauty;—the flaunting crimson, that forms so glaring a contrast with the pale yellow lily, its Midsummer contemporary; the fraxinella, red and white—the globe-flower—the gladiolus—larkspurs, lupins, poppies, peas of every dye, honeysuckles and sweetbriars filling the evening air with fragrance; and in the centre of the grass-plot (round which, skirting a well-rolled gravel-walk, this gaudy flower-belt was disposed), a single fine magnolia-tree, at that moment bearing at the extremity of every bough one of those heavy blossoms that look like an ostrich's egg, and smell like a Persian banquet.

Such was the scene without: the paddock, green as an emerald, being relieved only by the huge old hawthorn-bushes, sheeted with blossoms straggling towards the river. Of this circumscribed landscape, I had even more than enough. The novelty consisted in the tea-table, whose curious old damask napery was interwoven with the Tramsyde arms, a worthy accompaniment to the singular specimens of Japan porcelain and antique family plate, brought forth to grace the solemnities of the evening.

These things would have struck me less now that all which was then *rococo* has been vulgarized by the vogue of fashion. But plainness and simplicity of design—that is, poorness and stiffness, was then the order of the day; and I defy the most perverse imagination to produce anything more thoroughly tasteless than the furniture, plate, and all other accessories of domestic life, in use during the last twenty years of the last century, and extant during the first ten of the present. Contrasted with the meagre productions of Rundell and Bridge, the fanciful old embossed tea-kettle and coffee-biggin of the old ladies, chased with the richest embossing, looked Cellini-ish and graceful. As to the china, Alexander Pope alone could do justice to its eggshell transparency, and the beauty of the lotus-flowers uplifting their enamel leaves at the bottom of every tiny cup.

In addition to the old plate and the old china, were two strangely shaped crystal cups, filled with honeycomb and preserved apricots; and between them a twisted-stemmed, gigantic, old Dutch drinking-glass; in which—oh, profanation!—with an apostle spoon, parcel gilt, and of great antiquity, they had deposited the sugarcandy for the coffee! One could not help wishing that Gerard Duow or Ostade could look in, to give durable existence to that picturesque collation—over which hovered a splendid moth, astray from the garden, as if to impart a crowning grace to the arrangement of the picture.

When the Sir Hans Sloane of Welstanton entered the state-parlour, his attention was attracted neither by the old plate nor the young lady

but by the Sphinx which had preceded him at the tea-table. Rushing abruptly out of the room, in search of the hat carefully deposited on a peg in the vestibule, or in hopes that the old-fashioned equipage (in which, on such grand occasions as Tramsyde tea-drinkings, he chose to make his transit from one street to the other) might not have driven from the door, so as to enable him to send home for his butterfly-net, he shuffled back, and began chasing the unhappy insect, which, like all living things thrown out of their sphere, was beating itself alternately against the window-panes and ceiling, while pursuing its natural instincts of activity. You heard its heavy body flap at regular intervals against the glass,—intervals which the disappointed B. B. always managed to miscalculate, giving so hard a blow with his hat to the casement as a sort of echo to the senseless thump of the poor moth, that a catastrophe seemed imminent. One could see the powder disperse from the mealy wings of the moth, every time the naturalist contrived to hit the victim which he failed to capture.

At length, this unequal strife ended in an amnesty, without manifest advantage on either side. The footboy announced Dr. Green, of whose uncompromising quizzing B. B. stood so greatly in awe, that the poor wounded moth was allowed to flutter his jagged wings without further persecution.

It would have been nothing very wonderful, had the merry Doctor espied a quizzable object in the queer little man who, a moment before his entrance, was standing a tip-toe on one of the elbow-chairs, bounding up and down like an India-rubber ball, in hopes of catching the poor Sphinx in the hat with which, as it flitted past, he strove to arrest and imprison the fugitive; so strange a figure did he cut in his speckled silk-stockings and nankeen tights—the complexion of both sadly impaired by a very long series of ablutions. He hopped nimbly down from the chair, however, and pretended to be making most obsequious acquaintance with myself as Green drew near;—as a cover to the shame of being caught moth-catching at the moment when he ought to have been more rationally employed with tea or toast, or tea and tabbies.

Dr. Green was a man of the most comic contour and countenance, except Buckstone's, I ever looked upon. He seemed made to be laughed at; and being a man of excellent sense, in addition to his globose outline, wisely determined to throw the first stone at himself, and have his laugh with the rest of the world. The only difficulty was to reconcile so very grave a profession as physic with his jocular propensities. Doctors have been the cause of wit in others, from the days of Molière down to those of Sterne; but it is not always safe in them to join in the fun. Not but that Green, when *real* sickness or sorrow predominated, could be as earnest and serviceable as the gravest of his tribe. But he *would* laugh at his nervous patients, and quiz his hypochondriacs; and nervous people will not endure being laughed at. Dr. Green protested that it served to put them in a passion—a less disagreeable visitation than being out of spirits. But the sense of the town, that is its want of sense, was against him. It was whispered in confidence, from house to house, that his yearly income would be considerably increased by an increase of gravity. Above all, he delighted in venting his jocularity upon B. B., Pope of this parish. Both

were bachelors,—both thriving ones; the physician, thanks to an excellent practice in the neighbourhood; the Pope, thanks to an indedendent income of twelve hundred per annum. Twelve hundred per annum was a prince's revenue at Welstanton. It enabled his Infallibility to keep a pair of fat coach-horses and a fat coachman as a set-off against Dr. G.'s smart gig and knowing groom. It enabled him to distinguish himself by two dinner-parties, falling about the winter and summer solstice, in opposition to the snug little oyster-suppers of the merry Doctor.

Two old bachelors, in easy circumstances, in a country-town without a navigable river, a canal, or a barrack-yard! But for *them*, how the conversation of the morning visits would have stagnated! But for *them*, what a lack of inuendoes,

Of nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,

among the spinsters of the place! There was Miss Marx, the agent's daughter—an heiress. There were the three Graces of the Mayor. But above all, there were the two ladies of the manor. It was amusing to hear the different inflexions of voice with which the gossips of Welstanton severally whispered, "Miss Sybella Tramsyde? Believe *me*, Mr. Brighthelmstone has no thoughts of Miss Sybella!" or "Miss Martha? as if Dr. Green would think of Miss Martha!" some being of opinion that the two mature Lovelaces, charming as they were, must not presume to lift their ambition to the last branch of one of the oldest families in the county; others penetrated with the notion that two Clarissas who had survived to such very mature spinsterhood, had better continue to hang like icicles on Dian's temple for the remainder of their days.

Whether that auspicious tea-drinking, with its "breath of hawthorns, lapse of streams, and tune of chaffinches," had any influence in melting the icicles and attenerating the obdurate hearts of the venerable damsels, it is useless to conjecture. The scandalous chronicle of Welstanton, I admit, presumed to hint that the coquetry of the young visiter, who, to her shame be it spoken, *did* find some little amusement in flirting with the Pope and rendering the punster serious during that solemn festivity, was not without its share in hastening the catastrophe which shortly afterwards converted the attendance of the doctor into the devotion of a partner for life; and inaugurated the charming Sybella among the curiosities of the museum of B. B.'s Vatican.

On this knotty point, it is impossible for me to decide; seeing that, a few days after the tea-party, my grim hostess, aided by the optics of the green-eyed monster, discovered that it was indispensable to commence the repapering and repainting of the rooms devoted to my use; and to the great relief of my *ennui* and their own anxieties, my visit was accordingly brought to an untimely end.

The finale of the courtship I was forbidden to witness;—the only intimation I received of the great event, being a double portion of wedding-cake, accompanied by a double allowance of favours, announcing a double wedding in the Tramsyde family, which, I conclude, must have afforded an eighteen days' wonder and delight to the astonished inhabitants of THE COUNTRY TOWN.

FOREIGN SPORTING.

By Nimrod.

BOULOGNE RACES AND FETE, AND VARIOUS OTHER MATTERS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

No one who had not witnessed them could form anything like a correct notion of what he could see and hear at Boulogne races.

For example: On the first day of those just now passed, he would have seen at least a hundred and fifty carriages—some of them really well turned out by both French and English coachmen—and thousands of well-dressed persons in the stands and on foot; but for what purpose was this vast assemblage? Why, simply to have these words fall lightly and politely on the ear—viz., "a fine day, though rather cold; *but are we to have no racing?* Two trainers were ten minutes too late at the *mairie*, for the purpose of entering their horses and paying their stakes, which disqualifies their horses from starting; and the owner of another, who had entered him for a selling plate, refuses to run his horse unless the owner of the second horse will promise not to claim him if he wins, which he is as sure to do as he is a horse, if he does not tumble down.

The consequence of this was, three walks over, and one horse cantering in at his pleasure for the fourth prize, beating his opponent by as many lengths as his jockey thought proper to let him.

Now all the remark I made on those several matters was, that, as regarded the last mentioned, if a gentleman thinks his horse worth more than the sum awarded in a selling plate, together with the amount of the stakes, he had better not enter him at all, inasmuch as it may prevent other horses being entered; and as regarded the first, that if these two trainers had been asked to solve a problem in Euclid, an excuse might have been made for their failing in the attempt; but it is difficult to account for such ignorance of their duties, or stupidity, as they were this day guilty of.

I have another observation to offer on the subject of the only gallop that the public were this day favoured with: namely, between the Count D'Hédouville's Astonishment, and Mr. Quick's Black Bess.

The reporter of the *Sunday Times* says, in his remarks on this race, in allusion to an objection to the winner receiving the stakes, that "it appears that, according to the laws of racing in France, it is necessary the winning horse should be produced at the weighing-stand on the termination of the race. This Count D'Hédouville omitted; and when the opposite party demanded that the horse should be brought up, it was discovered that he had been sent off the ground. Mr. Quick hereupon claimed the stakes for Black Bess, on the plea that Astonishment had forfeited his right to them by not coming up to the scales after the race. The matter was referred to the stewards, who, to the surprise of everybody acquainted with the rules of the French turf, decided in favour of Astonishment. It would be difficult for a stranger

to conceive how those gentlemen could have given their judgment in the teeth of an established law."

Now the difficulty here is to account for any person, undertaking to report a race, being so ignorant of racing as not to know that not only in France, but in all countries, the winning horse (as all others in the race) is produced at the weighing-place on the termination of the race. And as for the objection in the case alluded to, the fact was this: Astonishment was led away by the boy before his jockey got out of the scales: he might have waited till he was pronounced to have brought in his weight; but the horse being taken away as he was, could have had no other effect than his jockey not having been allowed to call for his bridle, had he been too light in the scale. At Boulogne, however, where weight is allowed for the bridle, this taking away the horse after the jockey is in the scale is of no moment, and I myself was one of the persons appealed to, to do away with the objection raised against him as the winner.

The second day's racing was something better. At all events there were two good heats for the Gold Cup; and so good, indeed, as to require the best use of my eyes to judge the winner between Monsieur Santerre's Ophelia, by Shakspeare, 5 yrs old, and Count D'Hédouville's Astonishment, 3 yrs old, the young one getting 26lbs from the old one. The other two races were failures, and I forbear to offer any remarks on the ludicrous exhibition of the dragoons in their new character of contenders for the honours of the race-course, further than that I should like to watch the countenances of two or three of our colonels-commandant of cavalry, on its being proposed to them, that their men should ride their troop-horses in a race.

One lesson, however, was read by this spectacle to those Frenchmen who think *substance* in horses everything, and pure blood worse than nothing. By a mistake, some of the horses went more than double the distance they were intended to go, and a pretty figure they made when they came to the finish of their course. I saw two of them so exhausted that they could scarcely stand on their legs, and one actually fell from the same cause.

The weather on the third day, together with some encouragement given by the two well-contested races of the previous one, attracted a large assemblage; but notwithstanding the *Sunday Times* reporter pronounces it to have been the best day of the three, I, as judge, pronounce it second best, and miserably bad. But how is it he has made Sir Richard Jephson's Reindeer winner of the Hurdle Race, whereas he was beat in a canter by Mr. Bushell's Festival, late Dick? In spite of the fine riding of Mr. Oliver, he could do nothing against Festival, a fine hunting-like horse for Leicestershire, admirably ridden by Mr. Simons.*

The Handicap was also a poor race, for which I have myself in part to answer, as one of the handicappers. It would be seen, however, that we made the winner, a three-year old, give one aged mare 10lbs. (I proposed 12lbs. but was overruled), and another 5lbs., and yet all would not do, as Monsieur Santerre's The Maid was an easy winner.

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* What does the said reporter mean in saying that, "at the third hurdle, Festival began to flag, and *broke* in taking his leaps?"

I will never again, however, assist in handicapping a race-horse which I had never seen, as was the case with The Maid. It won't do to listen merely to what he or she may have done; and as Lord Maidstone justly observed, The Maid, by her appearance and action, should be better employed than in running a mile and a half over Boulogne race-course. She appeared short of neck, but all over like a racer.

I now dismiss Boulogne races with observing, that, unless matters mend, there will soon be an end to them; there was no lack of money to be run for, but a great want of horses. And looking at them as the means of encouraging the breed of horses in France—their principal object, we may presume—they are altogether a failure, for reasons which I am enabled to produce; and as this article is certain to be tranferred from the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine* to those of the *Revue Britannique*, I will read Frenchmen wishing to improve the horses of their country a short lesson on that important subject.

With the exception of the localities of Chantilly, Paris, and Versailles, which may rank with our Epsom, Doncaster, and Ascot, almost all prizes given with the view of ameliorating the breed of horses, so much called for in France—should be open only to horses bred in the department in which the race-meeting takes place, and likewise for two and three-year old colts and fillies, having one good cup-race, as also a handicap (and one hurdle-race if approved of) at each meeting, for horses of all ages and countries. Men of small incomes, however inclined to breed racing-stock, will not do it in France, unless they can bring them to the post, as we do in England, at two and three years old, and thereby have a prospect of an early return for their outlay of capital in breeding them. It is evidently the intention of the government, as well as of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, to improve the breed of French horses by promoting racing; but they have not as yet gone the right way to work.

For example: the government gives two thousand francs in two prizes every year at Boulogne, for horses foaled in the northern division of France, thereby including those foaled in the neighbourhood of Paris, where all the best studs are established—thus discouraging a local breeder from an attempt to compete with them, for some time to come at least. The Duke also gives a thousand francs for a hurdle-race, open to all horses; and he has done so for some years past. But what advantage has here accrued to France? Horses have arrived from England a day or two before the appointed time, and their owners have carried back the prizes, both at Boulogne and St. Omer, without a French-bred horse starting for either of them.

I know but one breeder of race-horses in this part of France, and he is not a Frenchman, who has ever won a hurdle-race and kept the winner in the country. He won it with a good sort of a mare, thoroughbred and strong (the sort of animal, in short, to be desired in any country), from which he afterwards bred by the celebrated horse Lottery, late Clinker, now in the government-stud in Paris, and she is again with foal by him.

Were the government and his Royal Highness to divide the three thousand francs which they give, together with the King's Plate, only into four distinct prizes—namely, one for two-year old colts and fillies, thoroughbred; another for those of two and three-year old, also

thoroughbred; another for all ages, thoroughbred; and the fourth for all ages, half-bred, *all to be foaled in the department*, there would be no lack of French breeders of race-horses. The other prizes given might be open to horses from any country.

It has been suggested that the above-named prizes should be for colts and fillies, *the produce of horses and mares bred in the department;* but to this I strongly object, as it would be the means of checking the importation of fresh blood from England, or from the neighbourhood of Paris, where some of the best is to be found. So long, however, as the inducement to breed is so limited as it now is in this department, things will remain *in statu quo;* not because there are not Frenchmen well disposed, and able to enter into the speculation of rearing horses for the turf, and running them, nor because hay and corn are dearer here than in other parts of France, but solely for the reason just given—namely, the want of encouragement to do so. And I can mention a case, showing the necessity of an alteration in these matters.

An Irish gentleman of the name of Burton, residing in the neighbourhood of Montreiul-sur-Mer, about twenty-two miles from Boulogne, brought out an exceedingly fine two-year old filly, by Exile, bred in France by himself, at the late Boulogne races, but there being neither Stakes nor Plate for two-year-olds, she was obliged to carry with three year old weight, which she did, beating everything in the race with her, in a canter: walking over for another prize, and winning a third the week following at St. Omer. This same gentleman has two other two-year olds, bred by himself, one of them engaged in the Hippodrome 1000 Guineas Stakes of 1843; but he assures me they are the last he shall breed in France, unless some greater encouragement is held out to French breeders, than what they already receive from the government and the heir-apparent to the throne, who, I am certain, requires only to be convinced of the best method to attain the object in view, to induce him to adopt it.

Numerous have been the accounts in the English newspapers of the late great fête at Boulogne, the best and most correct of which appeared in the *Era* Sunday paper. In some of the others I was sorry to observe an intention of looking at this fête with somewhat of a jaundiced eye, whereas everything relating to it, save one thing, was conducted in a masterly manner. The *spectacle* was certainly, throughout, a truly grand display, and such as no person could reasonably find fault with; but the *blot* was the *emeute* at the ball. This could have been easily prevented, inasmuch as it was openly talked of for the three preceding days, and by two very different manœuvres. It is well known, that in the piping time of peace, and on all public occasions of rejoicing, Napoleon was especially mindful of the private soldier—that he, as well as his superiors, should take part in the mirthful scene. Now as to all the privates of the Boulogne national guard being invited to this ball, the thing was not on the cards, from the station of society from which so many of them are drawn to serve their king and country; neither could a ball-room be expected to be large enough to contain them. The mistake, then, in the first instance was, in not having one or two other places of amusement thrown open to them on the night in question, where themselves and their friends would for the most part

have been upon an equality. In the next, the *emeute* being expected by the authorities, a small horse patrol should have been in the streets, which would at once have prevented it. If a foot-soldier is called upon to repel physical force likely to overpower him, he has nothing for it in a crowd but his bayonet, which, if used, at once draws blood; whereas, a few mounted dragoons, by the power of their horses, to enter the ranks of a mob, and the use of the flat instead of the edge of their swords, can disperse hundreds without shedding blood, or greatly injuring any person.

As for myself, I never reached the ball-room, the carriage I was in being stuck fast in the procession, and as some young ladies who were with me, were in a state of great alarm, I was glad when we got back to our hotel. Knowing what a French mob can do, and have done, it was not very pleasant to observe soldiers *running* past the carriage with bayonets fixed; shopkeepers shutting up their windows, together with the incessant yells of the assailants; and had the doors of the theatre been forced, it is hard to say what might have been done by an infuriated mob, which it was. That setting fire to the building was contemplated, is very generally believed, when a dreadful scene would have presented itself; but to show how lightly some people think of these matters, when themselves only are in danger, an intimate friend of mine, celebrated for his exploits in the saddle, was one of the foremost among the mob, crying out, "*A bas les Anglais*," as loud as he could bawl.

"Mon Dieu," observed one of the unwashed, "c'est bien drole d'entendre un Anglais, crier lui-même, à bas les Anglais!"

It is my opinion, however, that the less Frenchmen in Boulogne make this cry, the better is it for their reputation as Christians, as also for their pockets; forasmuch as they cannot but be aware that English money has been the making of their town, and the enriching of themselves and neighbours.

But seriously speaking, this sort of national display of bad feeling towards the English has already greatly injured Boulogne, and must continue so to do if persisted in. Numerous have been the commercial failures in the town during the last two years, and so far from the late fête having proved permanently beneficial, several resident families were driven away in terror of what might occur at it, and the proprietor of one of the principal hotels told me, that he had not been so little busy at any period of the winter, as he was during the week of the fête, so many families having left the town on account of it.

Although my gardener declares that there has not been a fine summer since Napoleon's death, neither will there be another unless he returns to life, I think neither the Boulognese, nor their neighbours, carry their admiration of his character quite so far. At all events, there was much less enthusiasm displayed on that account on the late occasion than I expected there would have been, the chief acclamations that reached my ears being, "*Vive le Brave!*"

At the musical concert in the gardens of the Tintelleries, one of my countrymen placed his life in no small peril, by a somewhat uncalled-for display of that daring spirit, for which an Englishman has ever been conspicuous, and for which, in a good cause, it is to be hoped he ever will be.

Not feeling disposed to move at the order of a private soldier from a seat on which he had placed himself, but which it may be supposed was reserved for others, it was attempted to remove him by force. John Bull, however, is unused to personal restraint on an occasion like this, and no sooner did the soldier take the gentleman alluded to by the collar, than in the language of the prize-ring, "he let fly his right and floored him." The man jumped up, and was in the act of fixing his bayonet, which no doubt he would have used, when his arm was arrested by an officer; and as it luckily happened that the British consul was at hand, the affair was hushed up on the spot. Each party was, in my opinion, to blame. The soldier should have applied to an officer, or the sergeant of the guard of which he formed a part; at all events, he should not have seized a gentleman by the collar for so trifling an offence; and the gentleman had acted more prudently if he had moved off when told to do so, by authority, as was the case here.

There was a grand display of fireworks on the evening of the day of inauguration, which, although inferior to that I lately witnessed at Chantilly during the race week, was good, and would have been better had not a shower of rain fallen just before the exhibition commenced. The representation of the column and statue of Napoleon on the other opposite side of the port to the town, had the happiest effect, and the display called the "*bouquet*," at the finish, is certainly a grand specimen of the art, and is, I believe, peculiar to French artists in this line. An excellent effect was also given to the entire exhibition by a sort of running fire, kept up with much spirit by the several yachts of the Royal Thames Club, the commodore of which, Mr. Harrison, gave an entertainment in his cabin on the occasion, to which, had I been introduced to him a few hours sooner than I was, I no doubt should have been invited; and I speak here not on my own authority, but on his.

It is natural to imagine, that the sort of new era which has lately shone forth in France, as giving birth to a passion for racing and other British sports, has had its admirers and its calumniators as the tastes of the parties directed. Amongst the latter, is a Count Armand de Portmartin, who, in an article in the *Quotidienne* Paris newspaper, under the head of "England in France"—and in which, by the way, allusion is made to myself and my opinions—endeavoured to turn into ridicule the praiseworthy attempts of those of his countrymen who, having the example of England before their eyes, are endeavouring to improve the breed of their horses by the *only certain* means, viz. the promoting of race-meetings in various parts of the kingdom. There is, however, nothing of malignity in the Count's language, but a good deal of taunting sarcasm, with now and then an insinuation which cannot be mistaken for what it really is—namely, a feeling adverse to any innovations and improvements *not* of French growth, and more especially as having been imported from Great Britain. In fact, the very title he gives to his article at once shows that he is somewhat jealous of the good fellowship that has lately existed between French and English gentlemen, as well as between the two nations generally—both which, as he is aware, have been greatly promoted by the former entering as they have done, and with spirit, into the favourite pastimes of the latter, horse-racing especially.

It appears that the article n question owes its birth to the Count's

having perused, in the *Revue Britannique*—a periodical of great circulation in France, and entirely devoted to the translation of certain articles in those of England—a paper from my pen in the *New Monthly Magazine* on Foreign Sporting, in which racing in France was introduced, and commented upon; and he thus commences his strictures upon it—having previously observed, that, as was the case in England, *sporting* was about to become paramount to anything else in France, and that, by its influence, the character and manners of Frenchmen were in turn about to be changed:—

"Read and meditate upon," says the Count, "an article in the *Revue Britannique* (see October and November 1840) touching this important matter. This lecture will convince you that politics, patriotism, philosophy, diplomatic stratagem, are child's toys in comparison with *sport*, the only study of a respectable man. You see the little we have obtained already, and all we have yet to acquire—the dispositions that must be cultivated, which we have not as yet got; the influence of the English cap and saddle, for instance, and the most minute details of *sport*, on the destinies of the world! You will then learn to place national susceptibility where it ought to be, on a thorough knowledge of *sporting*, and not in the miserable questions of honour and general interest—whether one province or one fleet had lost or won the day.

"Why pay attention to the unpoliteness of Lord Palmerston, or to the feats or gestures of the commodore, when in a few years of peace and study, we shall perhaps raise the French turf equal to that of Britain; be able to drive a diligence, to make a gun, to shoe a horse, to understand the management of a stable, to keep a stud—in other words, to raise ourselves as high in civilization as our neighbours on the other side of the channel? How then can we show ourselves hostile when we know that the first declaration of war would deprive France of the most interesting, most essential part of its new population, without whom our life would be a train of blunders and Norman horses; of sorrow and French saddles to our waiters, our coachmen, our bootmakers, and our postilions? We should soon have to demand our passports from such men as the two Edwardses, Pavis, Boyce, Robinson, Flatman, Hardy, young Blos, Butler, Smith, White, and Mizen—the most celebrated personages of our epoch. Perhaps you would ask me, who these great men are? These illustrious men are jockeys, the *élite* of jockeys, and the best not only to ride, feed, clean, and fortify the human species, but to direct, enlighten, civilize the canine and horse species. Let us then resign ourselves to some sacrifices—renounce the superfluous to save the necessary. Let us desert Mehemet to keep Edwards and Pavis; let us abandon Beyrout for Flatman and Butler; let us return from St. Jean d'Acre to contemplate the glory of Messrs. Boyce, White, and Smith; let us skip over the question of the East; but let us hold firmly to that which reverses the picture, and exclaim with a reasonable pride—'All is lost except *sport!*'"

The Count next has a slap at the Duke of Orleans, and at length introduces his Royal Highness in conversation with myself on the subject of racing of course. This is, I think, done in bad taste. Racing in France—consequently improvement in the horses of the country—

would never have arrived at what it now is, had not the heir-apparent become its patron. That it will have the effect of improving the horses of the country, the example of England convinces us; and surely the Count is not so bold as to assert that no improvement is wanting. How is it that, in the comparatively small kingdom of Great Britain, the value of horses should be estimated at the enormous sum of twenty-two millions of pounds sterling; and also that she is at this moment remounting the cavalry of France, the last being unable to do so? On this subject I shall have a remark or two to make presently; but let me in the mean time tell the Count Armand de Portmartin, that I consider his attempt to turn into ridicule the desire of his countrymen to acquire a taste for manly sports, is ill-judged in the extreme. Let me ask him—without the slightest wish to draw an invidious comparison between our respective countries,—is there any nation under the sun in which the manly character and *its effects* are, and have been, so conspicuous as in Great Britain? And surely France cannot lower her intellectual character by seeking information from Englishmen on the subject of horses or hounds. It is from Englishmen alone that she can receive instruction which will be useful on such matters—on the breeding, rearing, and treatment of horses especially. In fact, the generality of Frenchmen know too little about these several systems, to make them really efficient for their purposes, and a striking proof of this lately presented itself to my observation.

I allude to some extracts which appeared in a French journal from the pen of General Bugeaud, offering his advice to the breeders of horses in France, on the treatment of them in their colthood, with a view of fitting them for the cavalry. Unfortunately, I omitted transcribing them, but I have a perfect recollection of the erroneous systems which he advocated. For example: at one time of the year, bran and carrots were to form their principal food. Now, in the first place, there is no nourishment to a horse in bran; and when mixed with carrots, the effect of which is strongly diuretic, such food must be debilitating in the extreme. It is true it has been the practice in England to give to our best colts a few carrots mixed with their corn in the spring, but only a few; and I believe the practice has lost ground within the last few years. Then out to graze *at Michaelmas*, after having been housed previously. Now if there be one period of the year less fitted for colts to be abroad than another, it is during the autumnal months, when the grass is sour and weak in its nutritive properties, when the coat of the animal is undergoing a certain degree of change by the natural process of moulting, and when the influence of climate is most powerful, by long-continued rains especially.

What a different view from that taken by the Count Armand de Pontmartin, is that of another French nobleman, the Prince of Moskowa, son of the gallant Ney, who, as President of the Society for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses in France, and also as a cavalry officer of rank, has published a pamphlet on the defective state of the system at present pursued in his country with regard to that most desirable object to all nations—to a military one, such as France is, most particularly so. I will quote a few passages in this excellent little work, —a copy of which the Prince did me the honour to present me with,—

showing that the author has benefited by the experience he has had of English-bred race-horses, in the hands of his own English grooms, and that he is not above acknowledging the fact.

"In England," says the Prince, "they attach almost as much importance to the food and management of the colt as to the purity of the blood of the horse and the mare that produce him. The horses of their dragoon guards, for example, are many of them bought at two years old by the government, at a price of twenty-five guineas each, which is the regular price allowed; but these horses are fed with so much care, that they attain the noblest development that a horse is susceptible of, being of great size, and with all desirable requisites."

And the following remarks show how highly the writer appreciates pure blood, and how essential is a mixture of it for light cavalry horses.

"To breed, to feed, and to instruct colts," he says, "are things indispensable to the service of the remount; and we must remember that the more blood a young horse has, the more easy will he be to instruct, because two of the properties of the horse of pure blood are courage and intelligence."

Again—"We have," writes the Prince, "several instances in our light cavalry, of the effects of crossing working mares with horses of pure blood."

This passage alludes to France; but the writer proceeds to corroborate his assertion by the experience of other countries. For example:

"The 12th regiment of the Chasseurs," says he, "and the 5th of Hussars, having sojourned a long time in the Pyrenees, had occasion to remount themselves, and it is easy to see with what advantage. All the officers of these regiments have remarkable horses, and the greater part of those of the men are very distinguished. This one example, among many others, justifies the doctrine I have heretofore advanced."

Again—let us hear what the Prince says on the advantages of racing:

"The inhabitants of the plains of Tarbes, the capital of the Hautes Pyrenées, are passionately fond of racing. There is not a hippodrome in France which can show a larger number of competitors than that of Loubiére can show; so much so, indeed, as to make it necessary that the horses should run in two or three different classes for the same prize. This passion for racing among the farmers of these countries, makes them procure for their mares the best Arab or English sire they can get; and as this system has been practised for a long time, the horses and mares, and consequently the colts, of this country have excellent qualities—marked, in fact, with the seal of their own characteristic race."

Politically considered, the following passages are rather interesting, inasmuch as they confirm the truth of the assertions of the English press, as to the deficiency in French cavalry at the period when war between France and England was much talked of, and also much dreaded:

"The government," says the Prince, "would be sorry to have to give to strangers considerable sums of money to buy horses fit for the cavalry, if the indigenous industry of the country, properly encouraged, could supply them. If we could guarantee to the breeder a beneficial sale of his produce, we should create a result, the effect of

which could not be doubted. It happens, however, that either in ignorance of the art of producing, or carelessness in rearing their young horses, or, in fact, from a tendency to abuse the administration, our breeders are not in the place they ought to be, and the result is, that the Minister of War has the greatest difficulty in procuring every year the number of horses necessary to keep up our regiments; but it must be admitted that our squadrons are augmented. Still the production would be found to be greatly out of proportion to the wants of the administration."

Again:

"The insufficiency of horses in France is shown by recent circumstances. About to undertake a war, the government was absolutely obliged to remount our cavalry; to have recourse to those whom we were perhaps about to fight against; and to send dealers to foreign countries to purchase horses, which our own country could not supply. I know who wanted to take the horses of our gendarmerie, but surely the ministry will reserve this step as the last resource, because, having once taken it, there will be no horses in France to remount our cavalry. I know no fact more particular or sadder than this; I see none other more worthy the attention of the Chambers. Is there anything more serious or more deplorable, than to see the absence of one of our principal elements, indispensable to our army; to see that the production of our horses is unequal to the remount of our cavalry; altogether incapable, in short, to satisfy the extraordinary demand which circumstances require? A worse state of things is impossible. Can we consider it definitive and without remedy? Must we see the breed of light horses in our country so scarce, whilst post-horses and diligence-horses are to be found in abundance? But we must come to this discouraging conclusion, if the Chambers or the ministry do not occupy themselves in trying to rectify the necessities of a situation, which is now no longer tolerable, because those circumstances are too recent not to be taken into serious consideration. It would be wrong to accuse our soil, so rich and productive as it is, or our climate, so mild and temperate, of this insufficiency of cavalry horses, which is too apparent to us. We should attribute it to its real cause, and I do not hesitate to attribute it to the backward state of improvement in the French horses. We* have never refused government the sum of money required for their improvement. On the contrary, since 1806, the epoch at which the administration of the stud was created, the contributors have paid more than fifty millions for the regeneration and the keeping of our horses! The resources of the country, drained by long wars, are hardly renewed during a twenty-six years' peace."

The Prince tells us—a fact well known to all who have visited Paris—that nearly all the carriage and saddle horses used by the aristocracy of France have been imported from England, and also that the officers of the French cavalry have great difficulty in mounting themselves on horses bred in France, from the want of figure and fashion, which a cross of pure English or Arab blood alone can impart to them. This is puzzling to Englishmen when they consider the vast extent of the kingdom of France, and the opportunities the people have had of following the example of England in the first place, by availing themselves of

* The Prince here speaks as a Peer of France.

Arabian blood, and in the next, of what is now much superior to it—good English blood. He proceeds, however, to account for this apparent neglect of public and private interests. Improvement in the breed of horses in France to the extent required will never, he says, be effected until it becomes the reward of the native industry of the country—by which he implies its being taken out of the hands of the administration.

"The government stud," he says, "has 471 brood mares and foals, the keeping of which requires a vast establishment, and employs a great many people; and after all they are kept for no use whatever. The mares miscarry and the foals die."

He likewise finds much fault with the sort of stud-horses it disperses throughout the department, only 194 out of 861 being horses of pure blood, upon which fact the Prince thus writes:—

"It is here," he says, "that the want of confidence in the veritable doctrine of pure blood is most felt. It is known and admitted that the improvement of horses cannot be accomplished but by the means of thoroughbred sires, and yet the stud employs mongrels, and heavy and common horses, to the number of five hundred and seventy!"

But now comes the truth.

"What answer do we receive," says the Prince, "when we remark upon the uselessness of those miserable horses for the end for which they are intended? It is—that the farmers and other breeders have prejudices against horses of pure blood, and will not have them. But should not the administration endeavour to destroy this prejudice, instead of encouraging it by continuing to employ such stud-horses as they possess, and which are a disgrace to their stables?"

The fact is, there is and ever will be in France a prejudice against light horses, and it is to be accounted for in many ways. In the first place, the generality of Frenchmen—aye, ninety-nine in a hundred—admire a horse as they would a bullock, according to his great size and weight; and if he have a little more action than the bullock has, they are satisfied. The pace they travel at requires little more, it being with those who ride or drive their own horses, not much beyond four miles in the hour.

Secondly, racing will never become in France what it is with us, one of the principal popular amusements. I believe it is even at present considered by many who do not absent themselves from a race-meeting if it take place in their neighbourhood, as *un diable de plaisir*; nor can we wonder at persons not enjoying what they do not understand. And I must be pardoned for quoting a reason given to me some few years back for racing, about its not being understood in France.

"Will the French ever take to racing, and come to understand the principles of it?" was a question put by myself in Paris to a French nobleman deeply interested in it.

"*Never*," said he in reply; "they know nothing about it, and are a d—d deal too conceited to learn."

If ever they do take to racing, it will be for the sake of the reward, and with this consideration, the prizes given by the government are considered by the Prince as not sufficient in value. He also recommends exhibitions of brood mares and colts throughout the departments with prizes for the best; and clearly shows that in those parts of

France in which the best prizes to be run for are given, speculation is already active, and brood mares are to be found which have been purchased in England at the price of from fifteen to twenty thousand francs each. For the truth of this I can vouch, having myself seen in the stud of Monsieur Auguste Lupir, in the neighbourhood of Paris, three brood mares, for which very near two thousand guineas were given at the late King William IV.'s sale.

The Duke of Orleans may be considered the most spirited breeder of race-horses in France, and gives out of his own purse a prize or prizes at those places at which racing is most likely to progress; and in his own stable his Royal Highness has had his full share of success. The government made an attempt to train and run the colts they bred, and they made a good beginning, but have now abandoned the practice, and only breed to sell the produce for the benefit of the country. The Duke De Guiche also, whom my readers will recognise as having long resided in England, has been a great promoter of the breed of thoroughbred horses in France, and in a work from his pen has boldly given his opinion that 7000 stud-horses of pure blood are required for the regeneration of the breed of French horses, which would in that case be effected in the space of twenty years.

In accounting for the little improvement hitherto effected in the breed of French horses, the Prince gives the following causes of failure.

Firstly—The fickleness of the doctrines and the speculative methods of the administration.

Secondly—The instability of the *personnel* (*i. e.* the persons employed).

Thirdly—The material organization of the administration itself.

But in my opinion the true cause is to be found in the following sentence in the Prince's pamphlet, when speaking of the formation of the Society for the Improvement of Horses in France.

"Several members," says he, "founders of this establishment, were invited to call on the Minister of the Interior to discuss their theories, and to sustain the belief of their new faith."

The doctrines of the society were no others than those used in Arabia ages ago, and in England since Charles I.; and more recently in Germany, in Russia, and in every country in which the people occupy themselves in breeding horses. The trial was long; I assisted as a member of the society, and I shall never forget *with what ardour the doctrine of pure blood was attacked and defended.* The result was favourable, and since that epoch, horses and mares of pure blood have *not* been excluded from government races. Their incontestable superiority soon put the others aside, and the feeble encouragement at present given by the ministry is no longer reserved for horses only fit to poison the breed."

But, reader, only imagine an administrative body formed for the improvement of horses, ever having excluded from their race-courses, consequently from their studs, the only horses fit to appear on the one, and improve the other!

It appears from a note appended to page 20, of the Prince's little work, that many of the postmasters who have engaged to find horses for the new mail-coaches, which travel over great part of France (one comes every day from Paris to Calais at the rate of ten miles an hour,

stoppages included), have protested against the increased rate of speed, declaring that they shall be ruined by the destruction of their horses.

"Would they know the cause of this?" asks the Prince; he tells them that it is merely because their horses are deficient in blood. But I will give his own words, which are expressive.

"Or veut-on savoir ce qui manque à ces chevaux? Du *sang*, du *sang*, qui donne l'haleine, l'énergie, le fond, et qui manque à nos chevaux de poste; aussi ne séra-t-il pas hors-de-propos de les rendre un peu plus légers, quand la France se verra dotée d'une plus grande quantité d'etalons de race pure."

I must do justice to my countryman, Lord Henry Seymour, for having been one of the chief promoters of introducing horses into France, by the early and liberal encouragement he gave to racing; and it should likewise be stated, on the authority of the author of the pamphlet before me, that he was one of the first few who had breeding-studs in the country.

The vast importance of a good breed of horses in a country—a military one especially—may be estimated by the following energetic words at the conclusion of the Prince's pamphlet.

"The insurmountable difficulties," he says, "which the government met with when it wanted to remount our cavalry, should operate as advice to all those who occupy themselves with the future state of our country—its glory, its strength, and its independence. But the change which the stud (*i. e.* the government stud) will make will not alter the danger of our situation."

A correspondent in the *Times* newspaper, a short time back, offered some remarks on the comparative merits of the horses used in the French cavalry, giving them the preference over all others for enduring the hardships of a campaign,—especially instancing the one in Russia, and its horrors, which few others than French—those of the Normandy breed especially, survived. They also are said by the same writer to have stoutly resisted the climate of the Peninsula. I am very much of the same opinion. My experience of French horses generally, leads me to class them amongst the hardiest of their species, and they will eat what an English horse would refuse. In fact, I have often said of them, from what I have witnessed of their meagre appearance, and the severe work they perform in this state, that there seems to be no end to them until their throats are cut.* Nevertheless, what I have seen of French cavalry horses, does not prepossess me in their favour. They look very low-bred; are apt to be bull-necked, consequently heavy in their forequarters and in hand, as well as deficient in that light action which the nature of the manœuvres they are called upon to perform with *éclat*, requires. They have, however, one redeeming quality;

* The little care a Frenchman thinks it necessary to bestow upon a horse under his care, naturally surprises an Englishman; and I, a short time back, witnessed an instance of it. A horse was brought into his stable by his owner, who had been driving him some considerable distance, and was delivered by him into the hands of the person who looked after him. A bundle of hay, and one of straw, were already in his rack, and something like a bed of straw was prepared for him. But what grooming did he receive? Why, the fellow, after he had taken off the harness, gave him three or four slaps on each side of his body with a leather rubber, and having kicked up his bed with his foot and cried "là," instantly locked the door upon him. Strange to say, stopping the feet of horses is scarcely practised in France.

they have strength to carry their burden, and a docility of temper that is remarkable.*

The town of Calais, at this time, presents an amusing, although somewhat of an extraordinary scene. A shipload of horses arrives daily from Dover, in part of a contract entered into by Mr. Elmore, the celebrated London dealer, to supply the French government with two thousand five hundred horses by the end of December next, and about four hundred of the number have already arrived, and been passed by one of the inspecting Colonels. Having had the honour of the Colonel's acquaintance, the *entrée* to the inspection in the barracks has been granted to me, and I am in consequence enabled to pronounce them excellent, although rather a severe judge of horse-flesh. By the word severe, I mean to imply, that he now and then rejects a horse which would not be refused for the English cavalry, some of his objections being such as might be looked for in horses for which the mere government regulation price is given, after they have been transported from their own country into this, and at no small expense. For example: I saw him refuse a fine strapping five-year old mare, equal to great weight, merely because she had something like an incipient curb on one of her hinder legs. Why, a Melton Mowbray groom smiles at curbs. He and all his brethren have a recipe that kills them at two or three dressings—the horse continuing to work at the same time that the cure is being perfected.

The inspecting Colonels—for there are two—although the one I have before alluded to takes the lead, are accompanied by Monsieur Bercher, a veterinary surgeon of great experience, and standing very high in his profession. Previously to their action being exhibited, he examines the horses under a shed, in the presence of the Colonels, and his quick and experienced eye instantly detects anything likely to produce unsoundness. It, however, would appear strange to Englishmen present, to observe, that not once in twenty inspections does he lift up a foot to look at the state of it, satisfying himself, I presume, of its soundness, by its external formation. He has a clever instrument for taking the measure of a horse's foot, for his shoes, which is quite new to me.

Mr. Elmore has credit for this bold undertaking—for a bold one it is, to furnish two thousand five hundred horses within the space of about three months, and subject for a fine for each horse contracted for and not furnished within the time. And I must do him further credit in saying, that as far as I have yet seen of the sort of horse he has produced, he has done justice to his employers, for they are strong, very sound, and as good-looking as they could be expected to be for the money. In fact, had not the railroads diminished the demand for *road* coach-horses, such animals, young and sound as they are, could not have been procured for the money given for them.

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* A conversation between the late King George the Fourth, and his Grace the Duke of Wellington, on the relative merits of French and English cavalry, is well known to the military circles.

"Our cavalry is very superior to the French," said the King.

"The French cavalry is very good, sire," replied the Duke.

"But ours is better," resumed the King.

"The French cavalry is very good, sire," continued the Duke.

There is one circumstance respecting this transaction on the part of the French government which surprises me, and this is, the insisting upon the horses being brought to Calais to be inspected and passed. Mr. Elmore offered to deduct *five* pounds per head, in the case of their having been inspected in London, and *two* pounds if at Dover. Several of those refused have already been sold at more than the government price; many are gone to Paris, where, after being made fresh and fat, they will sell for as much again, and no doubt the neighbourhoods of Calais and Boulogne will not lose the chance of picking up some useful horses, mares especially, out of those which the judges refuse. Perhaps it has been with a view to prevent this being done to the injury of the breeders in their neighbourhoods, that a silly report has gone abroad, of the horses in question being German horses; but let one consider the expense of importing them from such a distant country, and the falsehood of it is apparent.

I now and then hear an objection raised against the permission given by our country to the exportation of these horses, especially so, as it was refused by others. To this I answer, that the withdrawing of two or three thousand of our inferior horses and mares from Great Britain, is a mere drop from the ocean, as regards our own wants; and may be looked upon as a relief to the horse-market, consequently to the agricultural world at a moment when relief is wanted. It must be recollected that by far the greater part of the sires and dams of these young horses (most of them three-year-olds), are still remaining in England, producing more, and that the brothers and sisters to those exported will soon fill their places. There may be some truth in asserting, that the French nation may profit by the produce of the many English mares they will get into their country by this contract being fulfilled; still it is in vain to imagine, that now that the effects of racing in France are being, as they are, made apparent through the influence of the government and the press, but without our aid in the case alluded to, the horses of France *must* improve.

The very quickening the rate of the mails and the diligences alone will do it; for even the French people, in their universally fast times, will no longer submit to be nearly forty hours on the road from Calais to Paris (only 165 miles), which was the case not three years back. Twenty-six hours now is the time allowed; and the diligences keep good time, unless much opposed by weather, which must have a powerful effect on such ponderous machines.*

Those of your readers who take interest in racing matters, and no doubt you have many such, may like to hear how they have been progressing this past season in Germany. The great *lion* of the year has been the Count Plessen (of whose late father I spoke in my German tour, as the owner of five hundred horses and fifteen hundred cows), with

* No people that I have ever come in contact with, appear to bear with such patience the sufferings imposed on them in travelling, equally with the French. Many of my readers will recollect an anecdote I mentioned on this subject. I was travelling by a diligence which stood still for twenty minutes to enable a butcher to kill a pig which was to be conveyed by it to a neighbouring town. Not a murmur against the delay was heard from the passengers, although it caused the loss of their dinner, which were almost all devoured by the time we arrived at the inn at which we were to have dined.

two horses—one a three-year-old, by Prince Llewellyn (late the property of the Hon. G. L. Mostyn) out of Brilliant, and the other a four-year-old, by Morisco, which have beaten everything opposed to them. Amongst other prizes, the Llewellyn colt won the Union Stakes at Berlin, value 1000 louis-d'or. He also won the King's Plate, value 200 louis-d'or, and the two-year-old stakes with a colt by Fang.

A friend at Aix-la-Chapelle gives me this information respecting a racing-meeting in Germany, of which I had not before heard.

"I was about six weeks ago," he says, "at the Dusseldorf races. There are only three persons there who at all take the thing up as yet. Count Hatzfeld, who lives in the neighbourhood, has eight thoroughbred mares, and of course their produce, together with other young stock bought last year in England, and a stud horse called Pigeon, which belonged to the Société Vervieloise (near Brussels), which I do not think much of. There are, besides, a Count Westphalen, Lieutenant Hahnfeld, and a Dutch Baron of the name of Heekeven, whose horses you may have seen run at Brussels. His were decidedly the best at the meeting. Racing, however, in that part of the world, is only in its infancy; and unless the stakes are made more valuable, it will be slow of growth. I dined, when in Brunswick, with Count Veltheim, at his fine seat at Harbke, who expressed himself much pleased with what you had said of him as a sportsman in the *New Monthly Magazine.* He has given up breeding race-horses, which is now chiefly in the hands of Count Gneisenau and Count Alvensleben."

I give this passage respecting Dusseldorf merely to show how racing is making its appearance in places likely to be suited to it, inasmuch as from what I have heard of the place in question, it cannot be well adapted for breeding race-horses, from the severity of the winter season.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

"When you are eating, leave off hungry."

Do no such thing. Supposing your Appetite to be honest and hearty,—no pampered craving for delicacies,—but a natural demand for wholesome food—why then, no shabby instalments, no ounce-in-the-pound compositions with Hunger—pay in full. The claim of the stomach is a just one, and let it be handsomely satisfied. The constitution, physical or moral, must be peculiar, that can derive either comfort or benefit from perpetual dunning.

Leave off hungry!—Pshaw—as well say when you are washing yourself leave off. There is only one reasonable reason that can be urged in favour of thus bringing a meal to an "untimely end"—namely, that you cannot get enough to eat. In such a case, Necessity makes the rule absolute, and you may leave off as "hungry as a hunter" who has not caught his hare. But will the whole Joint before you—eat your fill? As for the Rule, there is only one maxim of the kind that is worth anything: namely, *when you are dying, leave off alive.*

T. H.

THE SUICIDE'S BURIAL.

(NARRATIVE OF AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.)

By * * * * *

"Quòd si tu multa pati posse negabis, æternum ignis cruciatum ferre quuî poteris? De duobus malis semper minus est eligendum. Ut ergo æterna illa futura supplicia evadas, mala præsentia pro Deo æquo animo ferre studeto."

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

ON the night of the 31st of December, 182—, I made one of a gay and animated party at the house of a friend in Castle-street, St. ——. Though in the invitation I had received nothing to that effect had been intimated, it was, I believe, the intention of our host, and the majority of his guests, to bid farewell to the Old, and welcome to the New Year, in this festive manner. For myself I had other intentions; and when prevailed upon to attend the party, I did not fail to inform my friend that circumstances, which it were needless then to particularise, rendered it desirable I should withdraw some time at least before midnight. My reasons for this apparent singularity (as I learn them from my diary) were as follows: Firstly, I wished to hail the birth of the Young Year in the silence and privacy of my chamber; and lastly, I did not care to infringe upon a long-established habit of night-reading; the more so as I had that day purchased at a book-sale a curious old folio copy of "The Anatomie of Melancholy"—till then known to me only by report, and which I was therefore impatiently burning to enjoy.

"Ten minutes to twelve," exclaimed I, as, adjusting my cloak for departure, I looked at the dial in the hall; "let me walk ever so fast, I shall scarcely be home in time."

Little did I then think that ere I should arrive there, hours would have passed, and I should have taken part in a mournful procession in honour of the dead.

As I entered upon the dark street, and the door, closing behind me, cut off a stream of light so brilliant, as to nearly rival that of day—the contrast between the artificial splendour created by man for his enjoyment, and the deep gloom of nature at this season, did not fail to strike me.

Truly, it was a cold and dismal night. The snow, which had fallen three days before, still lay unthawed in the well nigh deserted streets, and on the house-tops; whence the boisterous wind (which, by its loud chanting, seemed to rejoice over the universal desolation) hurled it fiercely down, in chilling and unwelcome showers, upon the belated passenger. The dense black clouds hung heavily upon the city, and were as impenetrable to vision as the roof of Tartarus. Hence the darkness had been intense, but for the dingy oil-lamps which, flickering faintly at long distances, shed from their smoky globes a doubtful glimmer on the snow beneath, barely sufficient to indicate the path.

Noting these inconveniences, but (as I was warmly clad) silently despising them, I hurried homewards. Already I had passed the old

cathedral, and was just about to quit the precincts of its close, when the clock commenced striking twelve,

" The hour for frightful spectres made."

I started! not from any superstitious fear, but from surprise—*ten*, *eleven*, TWELVE! The strokes burst so loudly and heavily upon my ear, that, for the instant, I was betrayed from the consciousness of my actual position, and it seemed as though Time himself, hovering aloft, had proclaimed through brazen throat the irrevocable dismissal of the departed year.

I stopped involuntarily, and, as if to assure myself of the futility of that impression, looked backwards at the magnificent pile whence the sounds had issued; but so thick was the darkness, that notwithstanding the snow which fringed its battlements and mouldings, I was scarcely able to define its masses against the sky.

Upon the nerves of *few* doth the knell of the defunct year fall lightly and *comfortably*; upon the hearts of *many* it smites fiercely, with a voice louder and more awful than the voice of thunder. The reflection that another link is drawn of that frail and brief chain, whence we hang suspended over the gulf of Eternity, will obtrude itself, receive it how we may. That incorruptible part which informs and animates this earthly leaven, and which the perpetual assaults of domineering or rebellious passions can never wholly vanquish, will seize with avidity a moment thus marked with more than ordinary distinction, to assert its heavenly prerogative, and vindicate its claim to attention. It is then the chequered vista of the past appears in the most painful or pleasing colours; it is then vain speculations as to what may yet await us in the dark womb of futurity are indulged in; it is then resolutions of amendment are made, that we may thereby quit the complainings of the *still small voice* within.

But I confess such reflections as these did not long occupy me on that night. My mind unconsciously reverted to the splendid scene I had so lately left. The pointed jest, the quick repartee, the delicate and neatly-turned compliment, with the gracious smile of the approving fair, were once more recalled through imagination.

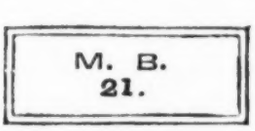
The distance I had to traverse was more than half accomplished when, from a narrow lane which entered the street I was then in, at right angles (famous for being the birth-place of Nell Gwynne, the humane and renowned mistress of the Second Charles), a long procession of men and women slowly and silently advanced. In front a huge lantern, containing three candles, was carried on a pole, and many of both sexes present bore similar conveniences of the usual size. By the aid of their light and that of the lamps, I was just enabled to discern in the centre of the crowd, above the heads of the bearers, the dark outlines of a coffin. Upon gaining the middle of the broad street, it halted as if to form afresh, and the men lowered their burden to the ground.

I stood petrified with astonishment. A funeral at the dead of night, its solemnities performed by a large and apparently indiscriminate concourse of people, not arrayed in the outward garbs of mourning, but in their ordinary habiliments, staggered me—I could not comprehend

it. A ghostly procession on the gloomy shores of Stymphalus or Plegethon, could scarcely have more appalled me. To be thus returning from a brilliant party, one at which the elegances, and not a few of the blandishments of life prevailed with thoughts dwelling only on the fair and lovely in this world, and to stumble unexpectedly on a corpse, the kind reader will admit was reason sufficient to give me pause.

It was indeed one of those stern startling realities of living experience which, in moments of hilarity, came unbidden, it is true, but which, in consideration of the beneficial effects they are calculated to produce, the good will never disregard or esteem unwelcome.

Desirous of learning whose funeral it was, and why it took place at this unseasonable hour, I made way through the crowd till I came to the body. Some slight injury had befallen the old parish bier whereon it rested, which a man was repairing; and by the light held for that purpose I obtained a full view of the coffin. It was of the coarsest materials, rudely constructed and evidently that of a person below the middle stature. Ornaments it had none, unless the rings for grave-cords at its sides could be so called. In lieu of a breastplate, the initial letters of the name, with the age of the deceased, were set in black nails thus:—



I soon learnt that these were the remains of Margaret Bourne, a young woman who had poisoned herself in consequence of a disappointment in love, and that as a verdict of *felo de se* had been returned at the inquest, she was to be buried without passing bell, and denied the customary rites of Christian sepulture.

There were many women round the corpse. They were descanting in homely but emphatic language upon the beauty, virtues, and misfortunes of her who now lay "in cold obstruction" before them, alike insensible to their praise and pity. Much was said in censure of one James Hughes, who had deceived her; of a cruel uncle who had first robbed, and then disowned her; and of the jury, who, they averred, should have brought in a verdict of insanity, which they did not scruple to add would have been the case had the deceased been of rich or powerful family.

The bearers were preparing to resume their duty, when a woman after gazing a brief while on the pall-less coffin, hastily took off and spread her cloak carefully over it; a second woman, perceiving it was too short to answer the intended purpose, followed the example of the first. I did not seek to analyse the motive, whatever it might be, which prompted these acts; it was sufficient to observe it caught, on the part of the last, by that fine-drawn intuition of the feelings which despises the aid of words. I looked in their faces: they seemed respectable women of the middle age, and I would venture a trifle, had daughters themselves; but whether this was the case or not, at least they compassionated the lot of her whose insensate remains they had thus respected.

Again the procession moved forwards, not in orderly, but in scattered groups; and notwithstanding the churchyard, where, by the side of her

parents, it was intended to bury her, was full two miles distant, the little I had heard so far interested me, that I resolved upon testifying my sympathy for her sad fate, by following her to the grave.

Excepting its catastrophe, the history of her life presents little,—perhaps nothing unusual. But as it may serve to show how the cloud of misery settled on her, ultimately to extinguish the light of reason, I shall give it in few words, as I gathered it then, and by subsequent inquiry. It is the story of an unit in the great body of industrious, honest poor—those who so frequently suffer and sorrow in secret, and eat their hard-won bread in bitterness here, but whose recompense surely awaits them in a world other and better than this.

Margaret Bourne was the only surviving child of John Bourne, an inconsiderable but respectable barge-owner in K——. At the age of fourteen she lost her father, who left his widow in humble, but (as their expenses were small) competent circumstances. About two years after this bereavement, her uncle, by the father's side, prevailed on them, under promise of a higher rate of interest, to lend him their money, which, by some crooked means I never heard clearly explained, he ultimately contrived to wrest from them entirely. This villanous and merciless act, together with the harassing anxieties of law consequent upon an attempt to enforce the rights of herself and daughter, brought the widow to a premature grave; and poor Margaret was thrown on the wide world a friendless and almost destitute orphan.

Educated in the daily observance of religious duties, under an exemplarary mother, she was happily proof against those powerful and seductive temptations which, through the medium of the passions, assault the youthful and inexperienced, and under whose intoxicating influence so many fall.

But her modest virtues, though they blossomed and had been nurtured in secret, at length, through Providence, raised her up a friend.

This was a Mrs. Trokes—a devout woman since dead, and whose character deserves a passing encomium. She was the wife of a retired tradesman, who had long been a *local preacher* among the Wesleyans. Beneficence, in every shape, was her distinguishing characteristic: her intelligence and address would have put to the blush many of far more exalted rank. Having a family no longer, a large portion of her time was disinterestedly devoted to attendance on the sick poor, and the relief of their most urgent wants. The good she did in this way was incalculable; and such was her discretion, that many wealthy, pious people intrusted her with the dispensation of their alms. Wheresoever misery shivered, or sickness, pining on squalid couch, sent forth its despairing groan on the fetid air, in that room you might find her ministering consolation, or providing solid comforts like some Catholic "Sister of Charity," or a spirit whose home is Heaven.

This saint-like woman on learning the character and desolate position of the orphan, interested herself on her behalf, and procured her employment as a glove-sewer, which, as she was industrious, amply provided for her humble wants.

In personal appearance, Margaret Bourne was considered handsome. Her pale features were mild and pensive in their expression, and her figure was symmetrical and graceful. If so unassuming a creature could in anything be pronounced remarkable, it was for a degree of in-

tellectual attainment superior to her station, for the winning suavity of her manners, for timidity, modesty, and reserve.

About six months after her mother's death, a young man of good character named James Hughes, foreman in the house she worked for, commenced paying his court to her. This lasted without interruption for two years, during which she was known frequently to declare her happiness, and how gratified she was by his attentions. But a withering blight was soon to come over her dearest prospects.

There are few that, in their passage through life, can fail to have observed, without wonder, what trivial accidents form the hinges whereupon the impenetrable and resistless doors of human destiny inexorably turn. The simple accident of a change of lodgings, on the part of Hughes, was, in all probability, the remotest cause of this fond girl's death; for by such means he was brought into contact with an artful and clever woman, who, though she bore by no means a good character, had, notwithstanding this disadvantage, ingenuity enough to estrange him from Margaret Bourne, and (furthered in her schemes by the temptation of a legacy she had lately received) at last to secure him for herself.

From the day that Hughes deserted her—not to say the day of his marriage—a pitiful change was wrought in Margaret Bourne. Her looks became haggard and care-worn, her cheerfulness utterly forsook her. She held communication with few, and confined herself as much as possible to the silent solitude of her chamber. The inmates of the house where she lived, said that she grew careless of providing for her wants, and seemed to regard everything with a stolid indifference; while those who, in the way of business, came in contact with her, affirmed that for many weeks before she destroyed herself, they had detected in her unequivocal symptoms of aberration of mind. At last she put a period to her sufferings by taken arsenic.

Now it happened that the route it was necessary the funeral should take, passed, singularly enough, by the house in which Hughes since his marriage resided. It had been agreed by many of those present to groan as they passed it, that he might be made sensible they execrated his heartless conduct. Scarcely, however, had we reached it, ere the door opened, and a stream of light shot athwart the snowy road. It partly closed again, and there appeared to be some one obstructing the passage out. At the same time loud objurgations smote upon the ear.

"I *will* go," was uttered in a voice I judged to be a man's.

"You shall not," was the reply of a female.

"I say I will, and it's no use resisting me," was the rejoinder.

A slight struggle accompanied this, and, to the disgust and surprise of every one, Hughes rushed out, and joined the procession. He was received with groans and cries of "*shame*" by most of us; but with menaces and curses by a large body of bargemen present. One of these, a sturdy, powerful man, walking up to him, demanded with a loud imprecation whether he had any decency left, and threatened if he did not instantly return he would force him to do so. On this Hughes retired a few paces, sobbing audibly. He implored permission to follow the corpse, and protested his penitence. He declared his sufferings, more

especially since the unhappy girl's death, had been dreadful; and said that if allowed to follow her to the grave—the only respect he could now show—he thought his mind would be something the easier. Upon the intercession of a Wesleyan preacher (whom I now, for the first time, perceived was with us), no further obstruction was offered him, and he fell in dejectedly amongst the crowd.

After this extraordinary scene, the funeral, which had taken advantage of it to halt and change bearers, again advanced. I walked onwards in silence, but my mind was busy. I contrasted in thought the splendour and frivolous gaiety of the scene I had so recently left, with the mournful character of that in which I was now an actor.

At that night's party I had seen a lady—one in particular, at the piano. She was young and lovely, and sang like a seraph. Attention was visible on every countenance; delight was present to every soul. Her father and mother were there to feel pride in their daughter; and the joyous countenance of the fair creature, as at the song's close, she looked up to a fond husband, who bent in devotion over her, bore eloquent testimony that the measure of her happiness was full. Here again was one equally youthful, equally fair, equally amiable, but, alas! not equally fortunate. Her parents, and such relatives as cared for her, long since dead; there was but one being upon earth to whom she could look for proper sympathy, and that—her lover. To him she gave her affections and confided her blushing hopes of wedded bliss, with the prospective destiny of her life. Cruelly deceived and deserted by him, what charms had the world for her; what recompense to offer for her affliction? The reed upon which she had leant once broken, could she trust another? The vast crowd of human beings around her knew not, or were insensate, to her misfortunes: their present interests, their prospects of future welfare embraced not hers. She stood among them a solitary unit, unknown, uncared for, or what was worse, despised. In this melancholy condition, no wonder a change of existence promised to be a change for the better.

The soul despised and rejected in its carnal tenement, its fond hopes of earthly happiness extinct for ever, yearning for human sympathy but finding it not, becomes weary of restraint and beats fiercely against its prison-bars for escape. There is a conflict between inclination and those promptings of natural piety which we term duty; sometimes the mere body also resists and reacts on the mind, for the idea of death is repulsive, and it would still live on: in either case reason is unseated; the necessary pitch of frenzy once attained all scruples vanish, the dagger, the poison-bowl, or some less classic, but still friendly means of death is sought—a few sharp convulsive struggles, and all is over. The painful compact between them thus dissolved, the fleshy covering drops into the bosom of its parent matter, and the released spirit wings its way through the fathomless depths of eternity!

It was far from clear to me that the jury, at the inquest on Margaret Bourne, were justified in finding the cruel verdict they had returned. The popular impression was, that they were not. To enable me to decide the matte rfor myself, I looked through the crowd for some one likely to throw a light upon the subject. Nor was it long before I chanced to alight upon a person in my estimation above all others the best

qualified for that purpose; and though up to that hour I had never spoken to him, a residence of many years in the same city made us known to each other, and, not to urge the solemn duty we were both engaged in, was a sufficient excuse for personal communication.

His name was Price—"Mr. Price, tonsor, dentist, and phlebotomist"—as he loved grandiloquently to style himself; in other words he was a barber-surgeon—an ancient and once important profession, now rapidly becoming extinct. He was a garrulous, light-hearted sort of gossip; and like the generality of his craft, the notorious retailer of local news and floating scandal of the neighbourhood. In all matters of parochial business in the election and inauguration of constables, headboroughs, watchmen, and civic officers of like dignity and standing, he took an active interest, and was not unfrequently consulted when difficulties requiring the authority of historical precedent were wanting. Moreover he was a kind of standing juryman; and it was his frequent boast that not an inquest had been held in the parish for upwards of twenty years but he had officiated, and could still furnish you with the leading details. It was for this last peculiarity I selected him.

"Mr. Price," said I, accosting him, "were you at the inquest on the ill-fated girl we are now following?"

"I was, sir. Poor Margaret! I knew her well, and her father before her; a honest man he was too, and it would have been better for his widow and child, if his brother had been honest also. He—"

"I am acquainted with that story," said I, interrupting him. "But of the girl herself; do you really think she was of sound mind when she took the poison?"

"Of sound mind? No! I was one of the four jurymen who held out for a verdict of *Insanity*; for I who had known her from a child, and had always noticed how regular she was at church, how dutiful to her mother, and after she lost her, how prudent and good she continued, could have believed—I was myself more likely to have committed suicide than she was."

"Then why didn't you find a verdict of derangement?" I inquired.

"Because B——, who is no more fit to be Coroner than I am to be Lord Chief Justice, opposed it.* For my part I took the liberty of referring him to the letter she had written to James Hughes, and to the low way it was proved she had been in for weeks; but he was obstinate, and it was of no use. He had directed us to bring it in *felo de se*, and nothing else he would have; and that, because the druggist, who he said was a respectable man, and who every one knows is his relative, deposed to her having been quite sane and collected when she bought the poison at his shop, only two hours before it was discovered she had taken it."

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* Under the old Corporation Act, it was and, for aught we know to the contrary, still may be the custom in that city, for the corporate officer next, or next but one, in succession to the civic chair, to hold the *ancient and honourable* office of coroner, for the space of one year. Hence persons who handled the pestle, cloth-yard, or cheese-scoop without disgracing themselves, often fell into that predicament when invested with an office they were not adapted, nor in the proper order of things intended, to fulfil.

"You speak of a letter to the man who had deceived her, as affording evidence of derangement. Be so good," continued I, "as to inform me how it does this?"

"You shall judge for yourself," replied he. Then drawing something from his coat-pocket, he added, "Here it is; for I have kept it since the inquest. You can read it, whilst I go forward to inform the bearers that we have the clergyman's permission to pass through his grounds, instead of going away round Clihonger-lane."

I took the letter from his hands, and by the aid of a lanthorn read as follows:

"To Mr. James Hughes.

"Dear James,

"I write this lest something bad might happen to me, and I should never see you again to say how freely I forgive you. I thought you loved me—oh! I was sure of it. Since I found you did not, I feel as though there was nothing now worth living for in this world; but, dear James, I sincerely forgive you; and indeed I wish you may be always happy.

"My mind now often becomes confused, and strange, bad thoughts come into it so strong that they almost madden me. Last night, I was alone, as I am now, and I had them. They drove me into a fit or something of that like; and when I awoke from it, I was vexed it didn't last for ever. When I seek of God to strengthen me against them, and to make me resigned to my lot, I can't even pray as I used to. But He will have mercy on me, when it is worse needed.

"Dear James, if any bad comes to me I hope you will not grieve. For perhaps it was my fault to flatter myself you lovedme, when you did not mean anything more than kindness; and I am sure you were always kind. Should I die, I have nothing worth leaving you. My poor mother's ring, the paper with her hair, and the Bible in which the date of my birth is wrote down by my dear father, I should wish buried with me. The other Bible, with my prayer-book, and a pair of black gloves I have made with many a tear, I hope you will accept and keep in memory of me. Perhaps we shall meet again in a better place; oh, how I wish we may! I shall never forget the day we spent—"

Here the letter broke off abruptly; but sufficient is given to prove that she had experienced attacks of derangement; a circumstance that would have justified a more charitable verdict than her remains received. It would even seem as though, at the moment she ceased writing, some tender reminiscence had again shaken the reins of reason from her grasp. The devotion to him who had deceived her which she shows throughout the whole, is touching; the manner wherein she exculpates him, at the expense of her own strength of character, extremely so.

The question as to her insanity thus settled to my satisfaction, I felt a tranquil pleasure at having determined to join the funeral. Whilst I was still meditating upon the nature and singular aspect of the scene we were engaged in, a respectable female addressed me, expressing her surprise and gratification at seeing me there.

"Dear Mrs. Trokes," said I, on recognising that estimable woman, "my attendance is little better than accidental."

"You must have had the *will* to come," rejoined she, "or I should not see you here."

I then related to her how it happened; and in return she explained to me the little sacrifice she had made in order to be present.

"You are a churchman, I know," said she; "and probably unacquainted with the customs of our sect. This is our *watch-night*; on which we are enjoined to meet at chapel, to pass the last minutes of the old year in prayer and to welcome the new with praise (hymns). For nine-and-thirty years I have punctually observed this injunction; but to-night I thought my duty to the dead had a stronger claim on my attention, therefore I am here, as also is my husband, and our supernumerary minister, whom I have prevailed upon to read the burial-service over Margaret Bourne's remains. I should not have wished this had I not been fully persuaded she destroyed herself during a fit of derangement."

"It was a dreadful fate!" ejaculated I, involuntarily.

"Truly it was!" sighed she; then added—"I am not unacquainted with death; for, to say nothing of friends whose last moments I have witnessed, three of my dear children *passed away* in my arms. God bless them! they were always dutiful and pious, and I am sure are now in a better place. But of all the thrilling scenes of the kind I have ever known, that of the night before last, when I attended this poor girl, was the most insupportable. Excepting about twenty minutes before her death, she was delirious during the eight hours I was with her. She raved almost incessantly about James Hughes: he seemed constantly present to her imagination in a visible form, and her broken sentences were addressed to him as if to move his pity for her distress.

"Once only she named her mother; this was after the violent retching which at first distracted her had passed away, and she was evidently dying. I never shall forget it. Raising herself suddenly in the bed, she placed one arm behind her as a support, and with the other pointed to the candle, at which she directed an intense and unfaltering gaze, as though she perceived something there of unusual interest. At last, without once removing her eyes from it, she exclaimed,

"'Do you see that?'

"'See what, my dear?' reiterated I; 'there is nothing there, but the candle upon the table.'

"'It is my poor mother! What a blaze of light she is in! See, she is crying! Don't cry for me, dear mother, I shall be happy again.'

"Although I thought my disbelief in supernatural appearances had been so strong, that what I knew to be the mere phantoms of delirium could never alarm me, in that I was deceived. There was such a startling earnestness in this address to her mother, that for a moment I felt a cold shudder run through me. I could no longer remain with her alone; so I sent for a poor widow who is here, and who, with the kind-hearted doctor and myself, were the only persons who approached her. Shortly afterwards she sank into a kind of lethargy, occasionally muttering something we could not understand. From this she awoke a

few minutes before her death. She then articulated faintly, and with great difficulty,

"'I see how it is. God bless you both.'

"I was much affected. Speech then left her; but I am satisfied she still continued sensible, for when I moistened her lips with wine and water, she absolutely *looked* thanks. Knowing what she was suffering, I felt a heavy load removed from me with the long sigh in which she expired."

By this time we had reached the church-yard. But no solemn toll of bell floated forth on the air, proclaiming to the world the inhumation of a Christian corpse; no white-robed priest was there to greet the dead with the usual solemnities. Nevertheless, the beautiful and impressive service of the English church was not wholly omitted. The Wesleyan minister present, kindly read a selection from it. He met the funeral at the gates; and every head was reverently uncovered whilst he performed the affecting ritual. We moved round to the north side of the church, where, by the side of her parents under a wide-spreading yew-tree, the deep yawning grave had been excavated. Contrasted against the snow, the black chasm, with its heap of earth, looked unusually chilling and repulsive; but darkness, and damp, and cold, were no longer for Margaret Bourne.

They had placed the coffin on its brink, the grave-cords had been run, and they were waiting that part of the service where the body is committed to the earth, when Hughes, who could no longer subdue his feelings, fell upon the coffin and clasped it with frantic affection. He charged himself with the poor girl's death, again declared his sincere penitence, and implored forgiveness of God for his cruel perfidy. So great and vehement was his anguish, that ere the ceremony could be completed, it was necessary to remove him by force.

"Surely," said I, on witnessing this compunction of conscience, "the misfortune of this man would seem to be, not that the sense whereby we discriminate between right and wrong is either warped or hebetated by contact with the world, but that his disposition is so facile and feeble, that he may be moulded by designing people to whatever form they wish hence the catastrophe this weakness had brought about."

At the conclusion of the burial-service, an extempore prayer was offered up; and we sang a penitential hymn. Its wailing cadences fell upon the susceptible silence of the night with a mournful effect, awakening echoes both far and near. The daws, unaccustomed to such sounds at this belated hour, rushed out in clusters from the belfry, and affrighted betook themselves to a distance, like a troop of hell-spirits at the bidding of the Redeemer.

The mourners at that funeral had been self-bidden it is true, but their conduct was in keeping with the occasion; it was decorous and dutiful. The behaviour of the watermen, who, without hope of fee or earthly reward, but out of respect for the memory of her father, had performed the laborious office of *bearers*, was strikingly creditable. Their rugged natures seemed touched and softened by the sacred character of the duty they had undertaken, and they joined cordially in the hymn, with voices, it was to be feared, seldom used so worthily.

Soon the earth rattled on the coffin-lid, and her grave was heaped up. There in her everlasting home we left her; the night-wind moaning in the hearse-plumed yew a fitting requiem, the black sky overhead her pall-like canopy.

Ere I passed the church-yard gates on my return, lost in conjecture as to the condition of her soul, I chanced to cast my eyes heavenward. The clouds still scowled darkly; but whilst I yet looked a star peeped through, and though it shone but for a moment, and that dimly and watery, like the eye of a weeping angel, I hailed it with an emotion of joy, for to me it gave assurance that happiness was the portion of the departed.

About eight months afterwards, on a calm autumnal evening, I was passing that way, and turned aside to visit her grave. I found it turfless, and almost flattened by the action of the weather. The drooping blades of lank, dark grass, which had grown through the crumbled mould at its sides, had almost embraced over the neglected spot.

"Poor Margaret Bourne!" sighed I; "in death as in life, thou hast had little attention. The loud protestations of penitence, the emotions of remorse we witnessed in him whose cruelty had caused thy death, of what value were they when the only testimony of respect it was left him to bestow, had been so disgracefully omitted.

I turned from the spot, and made a call upon the sexton, who lived hard by.

"What is the charge," I inquired of him, "for *sodding* a grave?"

"Eighteenpence, sir," was the reply.

"Here are two shillings for you, and be sure that Margaret Bourne's grave is raised, turfed, and neatly wyth-bound by next Sunday."

"I won't fail to do so," said he, pocketing the money.

This duty performed, I left the neighbourhood.

"At least," thought I, "if no stone marks her resting-place, it will henceforward be green like other graves, and indicate by its shapely form that human dust reposes beneath."

Such then is the unaffected story of Margaret Bourne. To have heightened its interest for the reader, by gratuitous touches of invention, had not been difficult. As far as facts are concerned, I have preferred giving it inartificially; feeling that what might be gained in pathos or picturesque effect, would be at the sacrifice of truth, and for that reason objectionable.

A VISIT TO GERBE.

BY THE HON. AND REV. CHARLES BATHURST.

THE steamer and its steward, its nausea and its noises, the *douane* and the *diligence*, the passports and the posting, and sundry other *agrémens* pertaining to continental travelling have been so often seen, felt, heard, and described by others, that we shall at once suppose the sportsman arrived, no matter how, at Bagnères de Bigorre some day early in September, but not later than the 4th of November, that being the season for the "*chasse aux ramiers*," a sport peculiar to this part of France, if not to *Gerbe* alone, as some have asserted. Bird-catching in England would seem now to have fallen into disuse as a "gentleman's recreation," though in the olden time it was a favourite pastime. Among the ancient Egyptians fowling of all kinds was a sport much exercised by all classes, and the Italians in more modern times appear to have paid great attention to bird-netting, having fitted up their pleasure-grounds with artificial groves, bushes, trees, glades, and various nets for the purpose; for, in the words of old Burton, "they would take any paines to satisfie their delight in that kinde." At Bagnères the *chasse aux ramiers* is followed up solely as a trade by the fowlers who farm the *palomberie*, as the νεφελοζά σια, or place where the nets are set up, is termed. It is well worth the time and the *climb* for the traveller who may be curious in observing the

> "Manners, mysteries, and trades,
> Degrees, observances, customs and laws,"

of men and nations, to visit the heights of Gerbe—which take their name from a little village at the foot of the hill about three miles from Bagnères—when the preparations are in progress for this *chasse* previously to the expected arrival of the birds, inasmuch as he will then have more leisure to examine the apparatus and *modus operandi* than when the sport is actually begun; and it may be here observed, that it is of great importance to the success of the season that there be no appearance of hurry or bustle when the pigeons come, for being of a very shy nature their suspicions are easily aroused by any, however slight, unusual appearances or sounds; hence everything must be completely set up and in proper place before the flights are expected. Towards the end of August honest Jacques Pierron, with his assistants, commences putting up his nets and their concomitants, all which are constructed and arranged with the most careful regard to the habits of the animals which it is intended to catch; and they present to the naturalist and mechanic beauties in their disposition which they who only take a hasty view would not notice, or noticing, might be inclined to condemn as blemishes. The engines and devices are, in truth, rude and rough, but they are not made without labour or devised without skill, nevertheless; and although perhaps they may be capable of improvement in some respects, poor Jacques Pierron pays too high a rent to make him able to speculate upon an increase of the annual *coups* or *takes* of his nets, were he to use more costly gear; his present system

works well, and the knowing how to manage his resources to the best advantage gives to his small means the power and efficacy of greater ones in less able hands than those of this worthy peasant. Arrived at the place, the visiter is first struck by the symmetrical appearance of a long row of lofty trees planted at some distance apart, but with great regularity; between these are suspended, like so many curtains, the "panthieres," for thus the nets are called, from παν (neuter) *every*, and Θηρ (masc.) *wild beast*, as the French assert, but from *panterana*, a species of lark, as the Italians aver;* this kind of net, though of more delicate fabric than those at Gerbe, being used for capturing larks. In our English dictionaries we find the word "panter" defined obsolete, meaning a net generally, but Chaucer alludes to it evidently as a specific engine for fowlers, thus:—

> "To catche in his *Panters*
> These damoselles and bachilers
> Love will none other birdis catche."

These Panters are suspended by ropes attached to the upper corners of the said net, and each rope travels through a pulley made fast to the end of a stout staff lashed to the branches of the tree, and at a sufficient height to permit the foot of the net to reach the ground. As soon as the pigeons fly against the panters, men stationed at the trunks of the trees let go the ropes, and down fall the nets with the birds entangled in the folds.

Near the trees look-out stations are erected, wherein are perched men—one in each—who watch for the flight of pigeons as they fly from east to west. These *Gazeebos* resemble nests stuck up aloft at the top of three poles, an height of about 150 feet from the ground; the sides are covered with branches of trees, aud the means of ascent are pegs thrust into one of the poles which form this rustic tripod.

One would imagine, at first sight, so apparently frail and elastic is the fabric, that the weight of a much less heavy body than that of *Monsieur Pierron's* sentinel, must overthrow it; but experience proves that there is no cause to apprehend the toppling over of that functionary; day after day he mounts his äerial berth early in the morning, and remains there till dusk during the season. As soon as the flight comes within sight or hearing—for the birds are often heard by the practised fowler before they are seen—he gives a signal to the men below; but not a word is uttered by the *chasseurs*, and well would it be, if the spectators would observe the same strict silence; when we were on the spot, the most perfect cessation from all talking prevailed; albeit, a lady was of the party, not an "oh," or an "ah!" escaped our lips. When the pigeons have arrived tolerably near the trees, the look-out men hurl from their nests a wooden instrument, cut out in imitation—rudely enough—of a flying hawk. They send these skimming down near the ground, and the pigeons espying them, immediately mistake them for their deadly foes; the flight of the hawk being low and horizontal, these inanimate billets act their part to perfection, and the poor pigeons fearing that the next evolution of their enemies will be to

* Perchance of German origin; from the practice of driving *many* kinds of *beasts* (Thier) into a space inclosed with nets.—Ed.

attack them in the air, rush down at once against the nets for shelter; thus dreading an imaginary danger, they hurry into a real one; and mistaking a harmless stock for an implacable adversary, they meet death when escape was freely open to them, except in that one direction which they went out of their way to select!

Our friend *Pierron* appeared to take pleasure in showing us his means and appliances for conducting his manœuvres, and in talking over their uses and application; and although he always received with all due loyalty any little "*pièces de six sous*," bearing the likeness of his sovereign, he never seemed to look forward to them as the necessary consequence of admitting a stranger into his armoury of pegs, poles, panters, and pullies, when one called at his house. Nay, farther, he listened with much attention, as if he took a real interest in the subject for its own sake and apart from other expectations—unless, indeed, there be something peculiarly *silver*-toned in our voice—to a passage which we read to him out of Madame Dacier's French Translation of Homer, the original of which runs thus:

"Οἱ δ' ὥστ' αἰγυπιοὶ γαμψώνυχες, αγκυλοχεῖλαι
Ἐξ ὀρέων ἐλθόντες ἐπ' ὀρνίθεσσι θορῶσι,
Ταὶ μὲν τ' ἔν πεδίῳ νεφεα πτώσσουσαι ἵενται.
Οἱ δέ τε τὰς ὀλέκουσιν ἐπάλμενοι, οὐδέ τις ἁλκὴ
Γίγνεται, οὐδὲ φζγή."*

Which Pope gives:

"Not half so keen, fierce vultures of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feathered race,
When the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quivering net:
No help, no flight, but wounded every way,
Headlong they drop; the fowlers seize the prey."

Now, Madame Dacier, like Pope, renders the passage so as to mean that the birds fearing the *nets* rush up *from them* into the air and within the hawk's power; and Madame Dacier says that Eustathius offers too great violence to the text when he makes Homer to say, that the birds fearing the *hawks*, rush into the nets.

Upon this subject Jacques Pierron and we were agreed, looking only to matters of fact; first, that nets would not be used by the fowler as mere contrivances for frightening birds away; other means requiring less expense of time, trouble, and money would answer the purpose better; secondly, that the birds are a vast deal more afraid of the hawk than of the net, the perils of which latter are concealed by dyeing them of a demure grey colour. If the hawk were not more dreaded than the net, the wooden representative of the former would be worse than useless in the *Chasse aux Ramiers*, inasmuch as fearing the net, they would fly *from that*, unpursued and unscathed, whilst the dreaded hawk lay prostrate and inert, "telum imbelle sine ictu;" in short, the whole apparatus would be absurd. Œlian speaks of a

* Odyssey, Book xxii., v. 302.

manner of hawking, and says, that men spread their nets and lie still, and that the hawks afterwards pursue the birds and *frighten them into the nets.*

Next, as to the word "*νεφεα.*" Some commentators have rendered it "*clouds*" instead of "*nets;*" and have given the passage altogether a different meaning, making the attack upon the birds by the hawk to take place up aloft among the *clouds*, and omitting all allusion to the net whatever; recalling to the mind the lines of George Tuberville, the celebrated and enthusiastic falconer in the reign of James I.

> "When once the falcon free begins to scud amid the skie,
> To turne and winde a bird by sleight, and eke at last to slay,
> With strong encounter doves and ducks, and every other prey,
> By binding with her *close in clouds*, in manner out of sight."

As bearing somewhat curiously on this point, we may here mention that upon inquiring of a peasant the situation of the *Palomberie*, he answered, "Vous ne pouvez pas vous tromper, vous verrez de loin les filets tendus, ils resemblent à des *nuages* au haut de la montagne."

Jacques Pierron and we, then, after due deliberation and consideration, came to this conclusion:—that Eustathius is right as far as natural history and the practice of fowling are concerned; but we leave it for others to decide how far the text will bear him out in thus interpreting Homer's meaning. We must remember that the Greek poet was blind; he therefore must have derived all the knowledge which he possessed of this sport from the reports of others; his informants may have observed inaccurately, have spoken carelessly, or have been understood imperfectly, and thus Homer may have been misled as to the real facts of the case; and therefore Madame Dacier and Pope are right, as translators.*

Assuredly one thing is certain, that it is only by studying the habits, instincts, and propensities of the lower animals, that we can hope to be successful in our contrivances for subduing the fowls of the air, the fishes of the waters, and the beasts of the field, to min ister to our use and support, or for preventing them from endangering our lives or damaging our property. Hence, hearsay evidence should be received with caution. For ourselves, we have been eye-witnesses of what we have recorded, though weakness in our pneumatic organs had well-nigh forbidden our mounting the steep hill of Gerbe; having, however, formed a *quadrupedal alliance* with a good, sound, Pyrenean donkey, we were carried through difficulties in safety, though tired, as perhaps our readers are, with our "Visit to Gerbe."

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* It may have happened with Homer as with Milton,—or to a piece of brown Holland—that he was not always a Blind. The circumstantial truth of his descriptions would indicate, rather, that he must at some period have enjoyed the use of his eyes. Mr. Wales, the astronomer, on "Cook's Second Voyage," remarked that the Iliad contained scarcely an action or circumstance relating to a spear, but he had recognised amongst the natives of the Tanna Islands:—as their meditating the aim when about to throw; and their shaking the weapons in their hands as they walked along: the whirling and the whistling noise of the spears as they flew, and their quivering motion when they fell and stuck in the ground. Such characteristics are hardly to be obtained by hearsay, or even—to use a Scotch phrase—by spiering.—Ed.

THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME LAFARGE.

We confess to having been singularly interested in that most recent of "Causes Célèbres," the trial of Madame Lafarge for the murder of her husband. As a Romance of Real Life, it strongly exemplified the adage that Truth is stranger than Fiction; for certainly no living dramatist could have invented such a plot, or such characters, and such scenes as occurred in its progress. No extravagant German tale ever presented a wilder mixture of the revolting, the horrible, and the ludicrous. It resembled one of our own Terrific Melodramas of strong Tragic Interest, but withal providing for the Comic, by a part adapted to Buckstone or Keeley. First there was the grave charge of a young Wife beginning almost in the honeymoon to poison her husband by instalments. Then followed a solemn and protracted investigation which only established two great doubts:—1st. As to who poisoned the Defunct; and 2ndly, whether he had ever been poisoned at all! The Poison itself was invested with a mysterious interest—first appearing by pounds—then dwindling into pinches—and then to minute stains, like fly-spots, on a metallic plate. Not to forget the pantomimical transformation of a packet of arsenic into a packet of carbonate of soda, with the farcical consultation between the two rustic servants whether for the family safety they had not better throw the poison into the family well. The very rats of Glandier were no common ones, for they were proof against ratsbane; and after all their runnings and squeakings and gnawing linen, and even eating the buttons off a riding-habit, became involved in the same doubt as the poison, and were denied any actual existence! The trial itself was, in the theatrical sense, a complete Spectacle. For instance, could the Freyschütz present a more horrid picture than that of the Chemists with their circle of furnaces boiling up the disinterred viscera and members of the deceased, whilst the abominable perfumes pervaded the adjoining Hall of Justice, and even reeked in the nostrils of her who had been flesh of that flesh? And then, to crown all, the portentous appearance in court of a Mother demanding pecuniary damages for the loss of her murdered Son! In short, the Accusers, and the Accused, the Judges, the Counsel, the Witnesses, Doctors, and Chemists contrived amongst them to get up an extravaganza which, if it had been performed on our side of the Channel, would have "frightened the Island from her propriety!"

Since her condemnation and imprisonment, Madame Lafarge has been occupied in writing her Memoirs, a translation of which is announced for publication in this country. It is not our intention to go regularly through her narrative; but merely to select a few pictures of French life, as sketched by a native artist, and therefore true, we may presume, to the national character. At least we may conclude as a certain lady did of her attempts in a foreign language, that they are so very unlike English that they must be French. Suppose us, then, in Madame Lafarge's Gallery of Tableaux Vivans, and pointing to No. 1, which may be described as a Little Romance.

M. de Fontanille had quitted Gascony, to lead, at Paris, the joyous life of a bachelor. Loving all the pretty things of this world, he kept his adoration

for pretty little feet; so he busied himself in making a collection of all the darling slippers which had merited his enthusiasm, and he wore always over his heart the gay satin shoe of his most recent love. Business called him to Strasbourg. There he encountered, in a drawing-room, set up on the gilt sphynx of an enormous gothic andiron—a living foot, smart, charming—of admirable purity of form, and not longer or thicker than a biscuit *à la cuillère*. Astonished and ravished at the same time, M. de Fontanille procured an introduction to the mother of the damsel with that delicious little foot. He saw it every day, and became impassioned with it, till discovering that a provincial shoemaker called in to make a new shrine for his idol, was waiting below for orders, he took fright lest the craftsman should bruise, wound, or, most dreadful of all, dishonour it by giving it a corn! His disquietude was fearful, insupportable—and, in order to save that little *chef-d'œuvre*, of which he wished to become lord and master, while making it his god, he offered up to it his name, his heart, and his hand! He was accepted; and after his marriage, M. de Fontanille went nearly every year to Paris, in order to have made, under his own inspection, new shoes for his wife.—vol i., pp. 110—111.

No. 2 is a rather homely representation of "Hercules with the Distaff."

Having entered, I know not why, my new aunt's chamber, I found her reading the newspaper, whilst her husband was putting her hair in a swarm of papers.

"Follow my example," she said to me seriously; "there is no greater convenience than making of one's husband a lady's-maid: M. Pontier dresses hair divinely, laces me astonishingly well, and no one knows better than he does how to give grace to a bow, to make one's waist expressive, or arrange the folds of a shawl."

At that instant the model-husband wished to place upon her neck a collerette which was a little rumpled. Madame Pontier, observing the false pleats in it, said bitterly to M. Pontier, that "since the morning he might have found plenty of time to have touched it with the irons, and that, moreover, it was not the first time she had perceived his indifference. That the death of her father had left her in the depths of misery; for nothing remained that she could love, and that loved her, except a dog."—vol. ii., p. 109.

No. 3 is a full-length of Madame de Montbreton.

The first time that I was at Corcy she was shut up in a little quilted boudoir, in which the cushions prevented her from hearing the village bell tolling for the dead. At the end of an hour she made her appearance, with a smelling-bottle at her nose and a perfume-box containing chloride in her hand, to inform herself, before entering, if I was in good health; if I had long had the measles; and, lastly, if any epidemic sickness prevailed at Villers-Hellon. Satisfied with the answers which were given her, she crossed the threshold of the door; approached me, sprinkled me slightly with vinegar on all sides, and kissed me on the forehead. Having been told that I was a musician, she made me sit down to the piano, and desired me to play a *galop*; then rushing to her son, forced him to dance with her.

"Mother," said Jules, breathless, and endeavouring to stop her, "you will kill me!"

"Encore, encore!" she replied, dragging him on; "it is excellent for the health."

"But, mother, I shall fall through fatigue; you put me out of breath."

"Come on! It is necessary for my digestion!"

And as Jules still stood panting and half dead, she threw herself on a sofa, and said to my grandfather:

"Collard, I am most unfortunate! You see how unnatural are my children; they refuse even to dance a *galop* to repair the health of their mother. Ah! Ihave good reason to complain.—vol. i., pp. 95—6.

No. 4 is an illustration of the adage "Nemo mortalium *omnibus*

horis sapit!"—the hero being the M. Clavé of the Trial, and the Heroine its Madame Lotaud.

Marie recounted to me, in a whisper, that, one day at the beginning of winter, having gone on foot with her maid to make some purchases, she had been obliged to enter an omnibus to seek shelter from the rain. A glove of the most orthodox yellow tint, having been tendered to facilitate her ascent, she raised her eyes, charged with thanks, to that amiable glove, when she saw that it belonged to a young man of unexceptionable form and person, who had the manners of a gentleman and the air of a nobleman.

The Rue St. Honoré is very long, and it was necessary to traverse it throughout in order to regain the Rue d'Angoulême, during which time both parties examined each other, and enabled each other to divine that the result was perfectly satisfactory. Marie, in negligently playing with her handkerchief, permitted her pretty name, embroidered there at length, and surmounted with a countess's coronet, proud and coquettish, to be seen. The stranger on receiving some villanous large sous in change from a new and brilliant piece of silver, disdainfully desired the conductor to release him from that disagreeable burden, and to scatter them among some beggars. At last, when Marie desired to descend, he descended first, again offered her his hand, then, having respectfully saluted her, remained immovable in the midst of the rain and the mud, to protect her with his eyes, until the moment when the great door of her *hotel* was closed between her and him.—vol. i., pp. 171—3.

No. 5 may be labelled "the Old Couple."

Another of my excursions conducted me to an aunt of M. Lafarge, whose talents, understanding, and writings, they had often mentioned to me with pride. In person she was little, invariably shadowed by a huge green and yellow hat, as poetical as an *omelette aux fines herbes*. My aunt received me with two learned kisses, the most beautiful of all phrases, and said gravely to a sub-lieutenant of infantry of sixty, whom she held by the hand,—

"Dearest, bow to this amiable niece, who comes into our deserts like the dove of the ark, bearing a branch of myrtle instead of a branch of olive. Panzani, my love, embrace your niece—she allows it—and then go and gather her a rose. He does not understand a word of French—he is a Corsican," she said to me in a whisper; "but if he speaks badly he knows well how to love. Our marriage was quite a romance. He was dying with love for me, and my bewildered heart sacrificed on the altar of Hymen a life that I had determined on consecrating to the chaste sisters of Apollo."—vol. ii., p. 198.

No. 6 is an "Interior."

Madame Panzani's castle was situated in a lovely position—the mountains of the Saillant—the meadows watered by the Vézère—the vineyards and rich cornfields stretched out beneath the little terrace. The interior of the house displays an artistical disorder and originality. Books encumbered the tables and chairs: some dried on their learned leaves simples, champignons, and pears; fruits of every kind were confectioning in glass bottles; and the inkstand also fulfilled the function of a salt-cellar. Under a portrait of Napoleon hung M. Panzani's martial shako, which in its discreet lining concealed the false hair, curlpapers, and pearl powder of the female author. While the sabre, which was formerly used in combat with the Bedouin, served as a support for superb bunches of grapes and bunches of morilla cherries. During the evening I passed at La Côte we had a dreadful storm. Madame Panzani, in affright, assembled her labourers around her, set them all praying on their knees, and commanded her little servant to sing, with all the strength of his lungs, the psalms of *la pénitence;* while she busied herself in counting her rosary, sometimes stopping to conceal her fear in the bosom of her old and unconcerned beloved one. When the thunder raged most heavily, the châtelaine would call to her little saboted groom—

"Baptistou, my darling! sing thy *Complainte d'Alger.*"
And then, turning towards her spouse, she murmured to him,
"Then you were in all your glory, my duck; you forgot love."
If a flash called her back to her terrors, she would cry—
"Quick, Baptistou; sing your psalm again."
And Baptistou shouted saintly with the tempest; the labourers prayed; and the rosary passed rapidly through her fingers.—vol. ii., pp. 200—2.

In all of these Pictures the design, composition, handling, colouring, and peculiar effect of the French School are, we think, clearly to be recognised; and the numerous sketches of Madame Lafarge by her own hand are equally characteristic. She was born on her Father's birthday, who would rather have been presented, she tells us, "with a masculine *Bouquet:*" a disappointment she dutifully did her best to alleviate. Thus she learned from his artillerymen to fire off their guns, from Mr. Elmore of English horsedealing celebrity to ride, gallop, and leap a ditch, and better than all, took lessons in fencing of her military Parent. No wonder she preferred Voltaire's Charles the Twelfth to Madame de Genlis; that Paul and Virginia wearied her to death; and that being thus accustomed to gun, sword, and saddle, she desired "a little war and great victories, and thought that Louis Philippe was scarcely young enough for Young France." Her feminine accomplishments appear to have been confined to music, dancing, and romantic flirtatation; by virtue of which she contrived to become that incongruous character—a Sentimental Hoyden. Accordingly, in one sketch you see her on her steed Arabska galloping, in fancy, beside her idol Di Vernon, who, on her "*white* mare," hunted over the heaths of Scotland; and in the next picture playing confidante to the high-flown passion of Mons. Clavé, or penning for Madlle. Nicolai that exquisitely French assignation, "For health, a promenade in the Champs Elysées at two o'clock; for salvation, a prayer at St. Philippe."

The remaining sketches present a series of pictures illustrative of a French Mariage de Convenance, as significant as those by which Hogarth has satirised an English Marriage à la Mode. From the first of the set, in which the romantic singing, waltzing, fencing, gun-firing, galloping Marie Capelle accepts off-hand an ugly Limousin Ironmaster for her husband, we pass by a strange but appropriate succession of scenes to the final catastrophe. Seriously, what could be anticipated from so unnatural and violent a beginning, but some calamitous conclusion? How could a young French woman of *her* education,—who sang romances and had danced at the Tuilleries, be expected to put up with an old Rats' Castle which required such extensive alterations as she was compelled to suggest to her husband.

I advised him to turn the saloon itself into a bedchamber, with closets for the bath and the toilette; to turn the horrid entry-hall into a vaulted gallery, lighted by agreeable and elegant ogive windows, and to pave it with white flagstones. The desert without doors and windows, which they called a kitchen, had sufficiently beautiful proportions to metamorphose admirably into a Gothic saloon, to be ornamented with sculptured cornices, massive portals, and sombre hangings. To the right, several little rooms would unite themselves into one nice dining-room; to the left, one could have a study, in which might be found, to while away the solitary hours, pens, books, and a piano. My mother-in-law listened with an air of stupefaction to these revolutionary plans, and seemed to apprehend that I might be a little mad. Madame Buffière, who wished to

approve them, asked if the young Parisian dames were all so learned in house-architecture. As for Madame Pontier, she caressed her dog with a bitter smile, and appeared to me to grow every moment more odious.

How could a female Societarian who compared herself to Robinson Crusoe whilst giving orders to six bricklayers, besides slaters, locksmiths, masons, and eight pioneers, be ever reconciled to the solitude of that Great Desart which comprehends all France except its capital? From her very first step in matrimony, Madame Lafarge was in a false position: and the moral poison discoverable throughout the narrative was sufficient—without one grain of arsenic—to account for all the domestic convulsions that followed.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE CANADAS IN 1841.*

The extent and importance of the British Colonies cannot be but a source of the proudest satisfaction to every Englishman who feels a proper interest in the greatness of the land that gave him birth. No nation has ever existed that could bear a moment's comparison with this country, as far as regards the spirit of enterprise so largely displayed by her in the number of her colonial settlements. By this her power and her language have been diffused to the most distant parts of the globe, and the territory thus acquired, compared with the mother-country, makes the latter appear little better than a mere speck of earth. To whichever quarter of the globe we turn, we cannot help perceiving the most gratifying evidences of British industry and British influence. The obscure island, the name even of which was scarcely known to the great nations of antiquity, now maintains sovereign authority over a portion of the earth and seas, more than equal in surface to all of them united. Of these the Canadas deserve to be considered among the first in importance. They were originally obtained by right of conquest, through one of the most brilliant struggles that the annals of modern warfare contain; and since, by the judicious management of the government at home, and extraordinary energy on the part of the rapidly increasing colonists, they have obtained a position on the globe, in importance second to none of those vast empires which have been created through similar means, by the extraordinary resources of Great Brtiain.

No work has appeared which was capable of satisfying the public curiosity in this country, as to the gigantic advances made in both provinces during the last ten years, and their present actual condition. But in the entertaining and instructive volumes for which we are indebted to Lieutenant Colonel Bonnycastle, an officer of high character and superior attainments, long resident in this interesting colony, we have at last met with everything the most exacting disposition could require. Holding an appointment in connexion with the local govern-

* The Canadas in 1841. By Sir Richard H. Bonnycastle, Lieutenant Colonel Royal Engineers, and Lieutenant Colonel in the militia of Upper Canada. 2 vols.

ment that gave him ready access to all the best sources of information, and possessed of scientific acquirements which are rarely found even in the most cultivated minds, he was admirably qualified for investigating the resources of such a country as the Canadas. But his claims on the reader's attention we will here allow him to relate.

"A long residence in Canada; several voyages across the Atlantic; the nature of the duties I had to perform, and the advantage of my official station, which obliged me at different times to visit nearly every part of the county, from the lonely shores of Labrador, Anticosti, and the Bay of Chaleurs, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to the far-off solitudes of Lake Huron, of course afforded me opportunities, seldom to be otherwise gained, of obtaining a knowledge of the immense territory embraced in these limits. In the course of such extensive travels, I became acquainted with the people inhabiting that territory, from the resident of the city to the hard-working pioneers in the vast forests, and to the wandering and savage Indian." That this work is not less full of pleasant adventure than valuable knowledge may therefore readily be imagined. It is at once a most animated picture of nature in her wildest state: in the impenetrable forests—the astounding cataracts—the vast solitudes, and apparently boundless lakes, whilst affording one equally impressive of the rapid triumph of human civilization over obstacles that appear so unyielding, from the rude settlement of the half-savage "squatter" to the comfort and magnificence of the new-created city. We meet with valuable notices of the natural history, able descriptions of the commercial resources, and clever sketches of the inhabitants of both the Canadas. Nothing worthy of observation seems to have escaped the author, and with a talent which does not often present itself in such productions, Colonel Bonnycastle has rendered his work as much a resource to the settler in this attractive colony, as an acquisition to the libraries of the less speculative and adventurous at home. Besides the sterling attractions of the text, the volumes possess others likely to be equally appreciated in their way, in several beautiful engravings of some of the most picturesque features in this extraordinary country, and in a capital sketch map of Upper and Lower Canada to illustrate the author's route.

THE PARISH CLERK.*

THERE can be but very few observant persons, who have resided for any length of time in any of the villages or small towns of England, who have not noticed the peculiar chronicler of the district in the person of "The Parish Clerk." This respectable and important functionary is not only in such places the natural depositary of the *on dits* of the existing neighbourhood, but is as equally conversant with the sayings and doings of all and sundry whom Death has removed to the quiet locality of the churchyard—at least for some two or three generations back. The stranger who desires to be informed of the history of the parish, or of any of its component parts, dead or living, as a matter of course proceeds to the Clerk, whose parochial recollections, assisted by the books, of which he has usually the custody, are pretty sure of

* The Parish Clerk. By the Author of "Peter Priggins." Edited by Theodore Hook, Esq. 3 vols.

being sufficiently ample, if not sufficiently satisfactory for all purposes; and very rarely indeed is it his narrative does not abound with curious glimpses of character, strange incidents, marvellous adventures, and startling romances, affording an almost inexhaustible supply of materials for the novelist. When the parish wherein he flourishes, decidedly "the observed of all observers," is situated on the sea-coast, in the centre of a district possessing a strong predilection for smuggling, the interesting nature of the Parish Clerk's experiences is very greatly increased. The narrative may be expected to abound with a wonderful variety of "hair-breadth 'scapes;" the personages who figure in them most prominently possess qualities that can scarcely fail of exciting attention—and the scenes and objects described, have that picturesque colouring which renders them so attractive to all lovers of romance. Knowing this, we were prepared to meet in the revelations of David Digges—the very amusing example of the genus Parish Clerk, to whom the author of "Peter Priggins" seems to have been under obligations of no ordinary nature in the production of these volumes, a fund of entertainment of the most readable kind: and we have not been disappointed.

This work bears no resemblance to its predecessor—for very efficient reasons—the reminiscences of an Oxford scout being of a totally distinct character to those of a parish-clerk, whose sphere of observation has been confined to a smuggling village on the coast of Sussex; but it is at least equally amusing, and is much more likely to interest the general reader.

The author after having duly introduced us to the individual who furnishes the materials of these volumes, commences his caterings from that worthy's budget, with a graphic, singular, and deeply interesting story of rural life, called "The Twin Squires," that is continued to the end of the first volume. The heroes of this strange narrative are two originals, such as could not be found in any other locality than the one in which the author has placed them; and their exceedingly chequered career affords a picture of Sussex life, as it used to be no very long time since, of which we do not remember another example worthy of being compared with it. "The Lieutenant's Tale" is the next in the series, and is written with equal force. It is a story of smuggling adventure, "full of perils by flood and field," wherein the dramatis personæ are distinguished by characteristics as original as they are striking, various, and well developed; and notwithstanding that their features are seldom prepossessing, it is almost impossible for the reader to withdraw his attention from their proceedings till he comes to the conclusion of the story. The third and last contribution from the Parish Clerk is entitled, "The Treasure Finder," and illustrates very effectively the influence of schism on a strong but uneducated mind. The story is rendered more amusing and instructing by the introduction of a religious adventurer, such as, even at the present day, occasionally makes his appearance in obscure rural districts, to sow the seeds of discord and dissent, where hitherto nothing of the kind has been known—and we are allowed to behold his whole career, and a remarkable one it is. Independently of the talent so conspicuously visible in these volumes, the work possesses another recommendation—in its having been the last of the late Theodore Hook's literary labours, except his novel, "Fathers and Sons."

THE POEMS OF OSSIAN.*

Ossian, or rather the Ossian of Macpherson—a very different personage,—has been sufficiently long before the public to render easy a dispassionate judgment of his literary value. Although he has now sunk into almost general neglect, the immense reputation he was once allowed cannot be forgotten by many of our readers. There was a time when the Ossianic style seemed to have taken the imaginations of the reading world captive, and scarcely anything was read or written which did not smack of the bombast, grandiloquence, and absurdity, that were the most prominent features in the alleged productions of this ancient bard. But these characteristics properly belong to the translator, who, as Mr. Macgregor states, "while he professes to translate literally, omits and adds whole lines, and alters at pleasure. Hardly one of his favourite phrases occur in the Gaelic, such as *other days*, *other years*, *feast of shells*, *mildly blushing*, *darkly rolling*, *dark tumbling rock*, *streamy roar*, &c. &c." Not only was he often misled by his hurry and his ignorance of the idiom, but he frequently departed from the sense of the original, with a view either to improve the style, or to obviate anticipated objections, and sometimes to gratify his own prejudices. Under such treatment we do not wonder at the fate which has overtaken this once almost universal favourite. After the novelty of the thing had worn off from the public mind, it could scarcely be otherwise than that its inflated diction should in course of time be regarded as it deserved. But what is genuine in Ossian's poems does not deserve the contempt Mr. Macpherson's ill-judged alterations and additions have brought upon it—they are at least entitled to be regarded with a singular interest as relics of a long distant age, preserved by oral tradition during a period of fifteen centuries, and Mr. Patrick Macgregor, under the auspices of the Highland Society of London, has in this volume produced a new translation, in which the genuine works of Ossian are for the first time fairly rendered into English. With this is given a preliminary dissertation on the evidences in favour of the genuineness of these poems, in which all objections are answered, and every proof advanced that could be brought forward. As the author is an admirable Gaelic scholar, and leaves nothing unattempted that would make his work valuable to all who take an interest in his subject, his labours deserve attention; but we cannot promise him that they will be as highly appreciated as would reward him for the trouble he has taken. We are afraid, on this side the Tweed at least, there exists a complete indifference to "Fingal's far-famed son," on which even the talent and industry of his translator can have but little effect.

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* The Genuine Remains of Ossian. Literally translated, with a Preliminary Dissertation. By Patrick Macgregor, M.A. Published under the patronage of the Highland Society of London.

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

If "the first blow is half the battle," it is no less true that a fortunate title goes halfway towards the success of a book: and a happier title has seldom been hit on than that of "The Old English Gentleman." How delightfully redolent is it of the natural *sequitur* which the author has in this case assigned to it—"the Fields and the Woods." It breathes of them as a May morning does—"it echoes to the seat where" that best of all "love is throned," the love of the country and of external nature. But the best part of a good title is, that it puts one in good-humour beforehand with the book it precedes: the reader therefore must not be surprised, and will not be displeased (especially after reading the author's brief but apposite Preface) if we, for the nonce, lay aside the essentially urban—alas! not always urbane—*métier* of the critic, and treat of this book in the spirit in which we are disposed to treat everything when under the genial influence of "the fields and the woods," into which it so pleasantly carries us.

And first let us welcome as its rarity deserves the original character of this novel,—the author of which evidently writes with as little of the encumbering aid of books as if none had been open to him but the book of Nature, and even that had been conned by the aid of his mother wit alone. In fact he has written, not like nine-tenths of our modern novelists, because others have written novels before him, but because his head is as full of his subject as his heart is, and in the true spirit of that country life which he depicts, he would fain share his enjoyments with those about him. To the true "old English Gentleman," the man who lives half-across the county is his neighbour and friend, if it be but in virtue of their meeting in the same hunt: while we dwellers in cities know and care as little about the people who live on the opposite side of the square as we do about the antipodes. Mr. Mills, in the buoyancy of his abundant animal spirits, seems to have written his book for want of any better sport in the blank interval between the respective periods when hares grow mad and partridges begin to fly. Like the eager young soldier who grieves over his "occupation gone" on the setting in of winter, and "fights his battles o'er again" in the barrack-room—*he*, on the setting in of summer, (which is *his* winter) seems to have felt that anything—even writing a book, provided it were about sporting—was better than wasting the sweetness of life within the walls of cities: and accordingly, a book he has written that, with about as little of prepared plot as a foxchase, and as often at fault to the critical eye, is, on the other hand, as fresh as a meadow in early May after rain, and as healthy in its tone as the exercises and sports it so pleasantly and spiritedly delineates.

Be it expressly understood, however, that we confine our liking of this work exclusively to its pictures of rural life. When the writer of the "Old English Gentleman," in pursuance of his plan of cultivating the favour of town as well as country readers, conveys his *dramatis personæ* to London, and calls upon them to take part in the miserable inanities of fashionable life, he is not much more amusing than the insipid nothings he describes. Luckily, however, "that's not much:" his plot is but a thread on which to string his sporting scenes: and when we add that he gives us not merely a sketch, but a living picture of every country sport practised in

England in the present day,—even to that of hawking, at the one extremity of the scale, and rat-hunting at the other,—it will be readily supposed that he has not much room for the love-and-murder department of his *métier*. As, however, these are *de rigueur* in modern romance-writing, Mr. Mills flings us in a share of them by way of "blessing," over and above the measure of his main design,—which is avowedly that of helping to perpetuate among us the essentially English character of the Country Squire, or "Old English Gentleman," and the love of those health and pleasure-giving pursuits and amusements which constitute "the beauteous and sublime of *rural* life."

It must not be supposed, however, that the tastes of the fairest and "gentlest" of readers have been neglected. Mr. Mills is evidently anything but a mere boisterous and breakneck foxhunter—nay, the tendency of the youthful portion of his *personæ* to Moores' melodies and serenading by moonlight, bespeaks a decidedly romantic and tender turn in his tastes. Moreover, we have a regular fox-hunting heroine, a sort of modern Di Vernon; a dandy sportsman, out of whose affectations much fun is extracted; a capital country attorney; most fresh and racy sketches of every species of official connected with sporting life,—down to the old trapper, and his dog Button; a bumpkin scapegrace who plays monkey tricks with every body he comes near;—and above all, "The Old English Gentleman" himself—as natural and forcible a portrait as any in the book,—unless it be that of our favourite, Tom Bolton, the whipper-in—who is undoubtedly the flower of the flock.

Having described this novel as original in its character, we should not be doing justice to either writer or reader if we did not offer a specimen of its style and quality; and we cannot deal more fairly by both than to take as much as our space will allow of the opening pages of the work, which introduce us to the worthy just named, and his son Will, the Squire's huntsman.

It was a cold comfortless night in December. The wind swept over the heath, whistling through the woods in sudden gusts, accompanied by sleet and rain, as Tom Bolton, the old whipper-in, sat in his "snuggery," as he called his cottage, before a log fire blazing cheerfully upon the hearth. The rain battered against the windows with a chilling sound, and the old man continued to heap fresh wood upon the fire, until the little room was warmed and illuminated to his heart's content. "There, that's as it should be," exclaimed he, stretching out his legs, and filling the bowl of a short pipe.

Tom Bolton's hair was thin, and the many winters that had passed since he was a "feather weight" had frosted the few remaining locks. Threescore and seven years numbered his age; but the health of youth glowed in his rubicund visage, and strength was still in his sinewy and well-moulded limbs. Time had not frozen his blood, or weakened his voice, if it had thinned his hair. Still to him the dashing leap and high-mettled horse were the same objects of fearless attraction and delight; still his voice rung merrily through copse and cover, as he cheered his darling pack; and, for many miles round Woodland Hall, Squire Scourfield's old whipper-in was frequently the subject of the fox-hunters' toast, and even of the ladies' admiration.

The old man puffed cloud after cloud, watching with upturned face each succeeding volume of smoke as it rolled along the ceiling. Occasionally, he glanced at a capacious china bowl, in which was a fawn-handled silver ladle. It was empty; but near it was placed some lemons and a knife, and upon a half-consumed log hissed a small kettle of boiling water. An old clock, that had been tick-tacking for half a century and upwards, in a corner of the room, struck nine; and after the carved representative of a bird had "cuckoo'd" for a

minute before the dial, Tom rose from his easy position, and, pulling away a chequered curtain before the window, peered through the wet-streaked panes. The night was dark and gloomy; the water streamed from the roof and pattered on the ground; the rain beat against the glass; and, excepting an occasional whine of discontent from an old hound chained in the yard, nothing else could be heard.

"Where can Will be? I don't hear him coming," said the old man, returning to his chair. "Courting as usual," continued he, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and exhibiting signs of increasing impatience.

In a few minutes, footsteps quickly approaching attracted his attention. The hound barked loudly, when a voice hallooed, "Down, Rangler, down, I say!" which instantly silenced him.

"Here he comes," said the old man with a smile, which was immediately changed into an awkward frown. The latch of the door flew up, and into the room bounced a young man, dripping with wet from head to foot. He appeared about twenty-eight years of age, and was very athletic; his features were so similar to those of the old man that no one could doubt the relationship existing between them.

"Well, governor," said he, shaking the water from his hat, and throwing off a great coat from his broad shoulders, "here I am, you see."

"And you might have been here before, I think," replied his father, "and not come tailing in this fashion. Always be a leader, Will, and not a tail-hound."

"So I am, dad; thanks to your whip," rejoined Will, seizing the lemons and cutting them in halves. "Ask Fanny whether she doesn't think me the first fellow in the country," added he, with a comical look at his father, and stopping in the act of paring a lemon.

"William Bolton, my son," said the old man gravely, "women are women. Fanny Chatterton 's a woman. Many a man's been hung through a woman. I need say no more upon the subject. Mix the liquor."

Will laughed heartily at this speech, and resumed his employment. In a short time the mingled ingredients steamed fragrantly from the bowl, and, as Will stirred them about, his father's olfactory nerves seemed excited.

"That smells prime," said he, regarding the prepared beverage admiringly."

"You're like Chanter, governor," replied Will.

"What, upon the right scent, eh?" added the old man.

After a few "fancy stirs," by Will, as the old man called them, he filled an old-fashioned horn, mounted with silver, and handed it to his father.

"There, governor, taste that," said he.

The old man took the proffered flagon, and, after surveying its contents, said, "Here's the squire's health—God bless him!"

"Amen," rejoined Will, draining one of like appearance and dimensions.

After the toast, Will dragged a chair opposite to his father, and settling himself in as pleasant an attitude as possible, said,

"I hope I shall give satisfaction in my new calling, governor."

"Of course you will, if you follow my directions," replied the old man, taking his pipe slowly from his lips, and placing it on the table. By this movement Will saw that he was about to receive a lecture.

"As whip under me," continued his father, "all that you did was a copy of the original; there was no doubt or fear of doing wrong, because you only, as I may say, echoed what you knew to be right. I ain't a proud man, my son; but I may as well say, for it's God's truth, that 'tis as unnatural for me to be out concerning all about hounds, as 'tis for you not to wink your left eye at every pretty girl you meet."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Will.

"William Bolton, my son," continued the old man, "I'm sorry to make the comparison;" here he gravely shook his head; "but I can't get up a better—a more true one never was. Fill up the horns."

The last part of this sentence was replied to by Will's filling the respective

horns. His father said upon taking his, "Follow my advice, and you'll be as good a huntsman as—"

"My father's a whipper-in," chimed in Will,

"Precisely so, my son, and no flattery neither," said the old man, with a self-satisfied shake of the head. "A huntsman's situation," continued he, "is a very important one; and now poor Striver can ride no more—poor fellow; I'm afraid he drank gin-and-bitters before breakfast in his youth—you're to fill up his place. Now, I don't mean to say that Striver couldn't hunt a pack in his younger days as they should be hunted; but not since you've been second whip—oh, no! he shirked his leaps, and quailed to mount a young un; his voice was more like an ill-tempered old woman's than a huntsman's; his hearing was amiss, and altogether he wasn't the figure for my ideas. So you mustn't follow his ways of doing the business. Indeed, I don't think the squire would stand it long with you, because it was only in consideration of long service that he put up with old Striver's bungling."

"I've heard him grumble at it, a good deal o'times," added Will.

"Ay, and you may rest assured that no muffing work would be looked over in *any* young man," replied his father. "But I don't expect any from you, my son. No, you'll not disgrace your bringing up, I know."

Will's forehead and cheeks became flushed at this eulogium.

"Now Striver's pensioned off upon the property, to snare fitchews and weazles for amusement, you've the first place in the squire's establishment. To-morrow," said the old man in an important voice, "you take possession of the kennel. Think of the position for a moment. A young man on the sunny side of thirty, huntsman to Squire Scourfield's pack of crack hounds! Why, it's a better place than the Lord Chancellor's, Will; at any rate, a better one for you. Now, mark my words—it's the last time that I shall give ye my opinion as to your duties, because, as you enter upon them to-morrow, it wouldn't sound musical for the whipper-in to be instructing the huntsman in his work. It wouldn't be regular. Fill up your horn. Now listen. Activity—"

"What hound was that, father?" asked Will, with a suppressed laugh.

"Out with your nonsense!" said the old man, pettishly; "activity is the first indispensable for the huntsman to a pack of fox-hounds."

And so the old man goes on, lecturing, joking, and philosophising through the chapter, and indeed through the whole work,—of which he is the sporting hero—without disparagement to his excellent master "the Squire," the "fine old English gentleman," who gives title to the novel: which, we may remark in conclusion, fills up a hiatus in our literary fiction. We have had novels belonging to every class of society, and almost every distinct profession—historical novels, political novels, religious novels, philosophical novels, fashionable novels, military novels, naval novels—novels of the court and novels of the city—novels of St. James's and novels of St. Giles's, and novels appertaining to places, persons, and things "that never were on sea or land." It is Mr. Mills's distinction to have given us, in "The Old English Gentleman," the first *sporting* novel, and its success will certainly secure it from being the last.

THE IRON TRADE.*

The author of this useful and entertaining volume does not appear

* A Comprehensive History of the Iron Trade throughout the World, from the earliest Records to the present Period; with an Appendix containing Official Tables, and other Public Documents. By Harry Scrivenor, Blaenavon.

to have been withheld from illustrating the subject he has chosen, by any dread of the ill effects likely to arise from it, as indicated in that familiar couplet—

> " Ah me, what perils do environ
> The man who meddles with cold iron!"

for, not content with the most elaborate treatment of it in its cold state, he takes it up red-hot, and employs it as much to his advantage as did our old friend Baillie Nicol Jarvie, in a never-to-be-forgotten chapter of " Rob Roy." Indeed, it may be said that he handles it with equal effect in every state in which it exists, from its first appearance in the mine, through every process it can be made to pass, to every shape it can be made to assume. It is treated historically, statistically, mechanically, and commercially,—the author very judiciously tracing from the earliest times to the present, and in all iron-producing countries, its progress as a manufacture, an object of barter, and as a means of greatly assisting the knowledge and diffusion of the useful arts. In every part of the globe where its application to beneficial purposes is understood, its importance cannot but be highly appreciated; but in England it has long been the great sinew of her strength and prosperity. By her superiority in mechanical skill in the use of this metal, her commerce and her arms have made her name famous in almost every part of the habitable world. The universality of the employment of iron is so manifest, especially in this country, that if any period has deserved the title of the iron age, to none could it be applied so characteristically as to the present. The seas are traversed by iron ships —the land travelled over by iron carriages upon iron roads—we have iron engines employed for nearly every mechanical purpose—water is brought along our streets by iron pipes, and all our thoroughfares illumined by means of gas conveyed to us through a similar channel. Many of our houses have iron floors and iron roofs, whilst the windows are closed with iron shutters. In short, from the gigantic steamer that crosses the Atlantic, to the smallest of ornamental shirt-buttons, this metal has become so prevalent, that the island ought to be ticketed like a laundress's window,| with " ironing done here." But the wealth and comfort arising from this state, makes it equivalent to the much more lauded advantages of the golden age; indeed, iron can assume much of the character of the more precious metal—for a ton of the former at the cost of 1*l.* 10*s.* can be manufactured into the same weight of ornaments worth 55,000*l.* For this, and other equally interesting particulars, we must refer the reader to the able work Mr. Scrivenor has produced, which cannot but be acceptable to every mercantile man, and which ought to be attentively read by every one desirous of being acquainted with a subject of such national interest as the Iron Trade of this country.